JANUARY · 35 CENTS

Redbook

The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS

Norman Vincent Peale: SIX KEYS TO SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE

"THE BIG STORE"

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Jean Simmons

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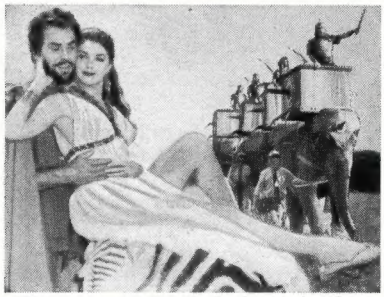
MAR 1

PICTURE of the Month

in CINEMASCOPE

"Jupiter's Darling", the New Year's musical pride and joy from M-G-M, just can't help being everybody's darling!

It's a bang-up job of movie-making, a giant and jubilant musical with Esther Williams, Howard Keel, Marge and Gower Champion, George Sanders, producer George Wells, director George Sidney and screenplay writer Dorothy Kingsley all having a hand in making it the spectacular fun it is.



The racy result—decked out in Color and spread out in CinemaScope with a fabulous parade of pastel-painted elephants thrown in for good measure—is a young-in-heart, tongue-in-cheek take-off on the grandeur that was Rome, smartly done up with the musical "know-how" that is M-G-M.

The eye-filling Esther Williams, of course, is "Jupiter's Darling". The wonderfully giddy notion of the story (which bounces out of Robert E. Sherwood's playful play, "Road to Rome") is that Esther's not only the reason why the Roman boys never left Rome—but the gorgeous reason why the conqueror Hannibal never got there.

Howard Keel, who was so riotously red-headed in "Seven Brides", is in great voice and high spirits again. He's Hannibal, but only human. He can get an army on elephant-back over the Alps. But he can't get over Esther in her Hooray-array of filmy tunics and early bikinis.

Maybe Rome *was* never like this. Maybe the gleaming chariots *weren't* built for woo. Maybe Rome couldn't gasp, as we can, at Esther in her three underwater wonder-sequences. Maybe the Appian Way *wasn't* this way—teeming with sandals tapping to Harold Adamson-Burton Lane song hits like "Never Trust A Woman", "I Had A Dream", "Don't Let This Night Get Away". Maybe Esther didn't even turn the Road to Rome into a lovers' lane ...

So much the worse for Rome, say we! No wonder it declined and fell! By Jupiter! We prefer Rome's hey-heyday as it leaps at us with "Jupiter's Darling". And so will you!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE and COLOR "JUPITER'S DARLING" starring ESTHER WILLIAMS, HOWARD KEEL, MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION, GEORGE SANDERS with RICHARD HAYDN, WILLIAM DEMAREST. Screen Play by Dorothy Kingsley. Based on the Play "Road to Rome" by Robert E. Sherwood. Songs: Burton Lane and Harold Adamson. Choreography by Hermes Pan. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by George Sidney. Produced by George Wells. An M-G-M Picture.

P.S. 1955 will be the year of "The Prodigal!"

JANUARY • 1955
VOL. 104 • NO. 3

Redbook

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN ENGSTEAD • EVENING DRESS FROM DON LOPER

The short stories and novel herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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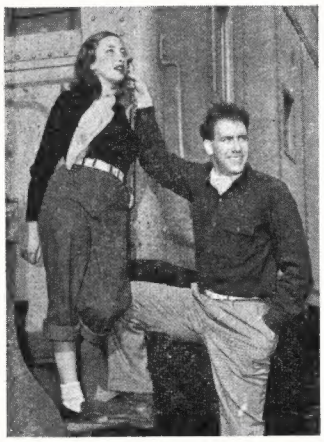
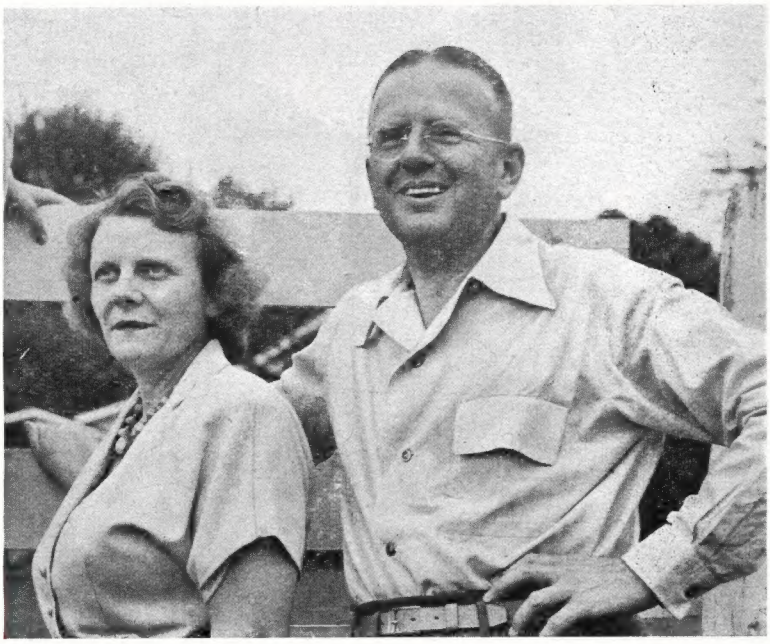
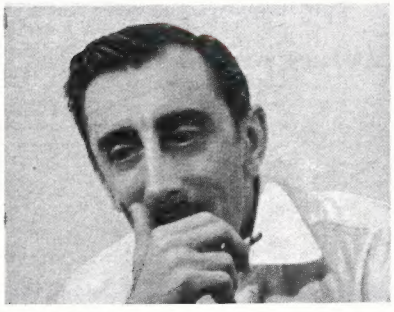


Joan and David Landman

BETWEEN THE LINES



The Norman Vincent Peales on the farm



Paul C. Benard

H. Goldberg, as he appears from inside a TV tube

COMING NEXT MONTH:

"Everybody Does the Mambo!" —A famous dance teacher shows you step by step how to enjoy the newest national pastime

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's "Six Keys to Successful Marriage" (page 24) are based on conclusions reached by the famous clergyman from his service as spiritual adviser to thousands of people with marital troubles, and it is difficult to believe that *anyone* can ponder the "keys" without some benefit. Minister of Marble Collegiate Church in New York City, Dr. Peale is the author of "The Power of Positive Thinking," which is one of the most widely read inspirational books ever published. In spite of a schedule of preaching, writing and lecturing heavy enough to tax ten men, he manages to find time for relaxation with his family on his farm in Pawling, N. Y. Dr. and Mrs. Peale have three children.

"The day the papers revealed how Jim McElvarr died, I knew I'd have to write this article," David Landman told us. "The thought that bad drivers can go on driving until they kill somebody makes my blood boil." We gave free lance Landman a "go-ahead," and his subsequent investigation provided the important story on page 34—"A New Way to Curb Dangerous Drivers." Right now Mr. Landman, his wife, Joan, and their young son and daughter are on their way to Indonesia, where they will live for a year under the auspices of a Ford Foundation fellowship while the family head pursues his studies of economic geography.

"Mexican Holiday," Paul C. Benard's travel story on page 42, ought to lure some hundreds more of travelers to the sunny land below the border, and we hope one of the lucky ones in 1955 is you! Mr. Benard makes the trip sound like the experience of a lifetime, and for all the champagne joys the place offers, the cost is but that of beer, especially for Americans now that the peso has been devaluated. The author's enthusiasm isn't feigned; he himself went there for a two-week vacation which so far has stretched into going-on five years.

When Hyman Goldberg took on the assignment of profiling Garry Moore for REDBOOK (see page 40), he began watching TV to catch the famous comedian's show. TV didn't agree with him, he says, and he provided us with the portrait at left to prove it. The author has been a reporter for various newspapers in New York City, where he was born. He claims he was 30 years old before he ventured outside the city limits, and he returned from that misadventure thoroughly frightened by the sights and sounds of the Connecticut countryside. His next out-of-town trip was to the South Pacific as a staff correspondent for *Yank*.

"That Others May Live," a REDBOOK article of March, 1951, is included in "A Guide to Successful Magazine Writing," recently published by Scribner's. It contains outstanding articles with authors' notes explaining the writing problems involved. Selection was made by the Society of Magazine Writers.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Was age the problem that broke up the Sloan Simpson-Bill O'Dwyer marriage?

MAY-DECEMBER MARRIAGES

Your Sloan Simpson-Bill O'Dwyer story (October) imparts one message: There is no fool like an old fool when he meets a beautiful and self-centered woman.

Sloan may be an intelligent and successful woman in some respects, but she displayed a lack of intelligence in insisting that the older O'Dwyer wear shorts and take up water sports.

At a time in his life when he was beset with troubles, the ex-Mayor had no one to help him regain his peace of mind. He needed a mature woman.

BETTY DUVAL
Salinas, Cal.

The main problem of May-and-December marriages like that of Sloan Simpson and Bill O'Dwyer is that the elderly husband cannot believe his luck at winning a young bride. He feels within himself that he is not worthy of her and therefore cannot believe that she really loves him. Thus he is suspicious of every young man she meets, fearing that she has much more in common with the younger man.

Only when a man is completely secure in himself can he be happily married to a younger woman.

EMILY GORMAN
Manhattan Beach, N. Y.

WHODUNITS

■ *In our October Letters page we asked if you would like to see more mystery stories in* REDBOOK. *While some readers wrote that they did not like mysteries, most of them said that they would like us to continue our policy of varying the fiction we print, including a mystery every once in a while. Here are some of your letters.* *ED.*

Let's have more of the REDBOOK type of mystery—suspense stories without mayhem, sadism and buckets of blood.

BERNA SIDNEY
Detroit, Mich.

I like to read REDBOOK after I've tucked the children in bed for the night, when I can lean back and take it easy. So I want stories which will relax me—not get me all excited and upset, as suspense stories do.

MARILYN BERNER
Los Angeles, Cal.

I like mystery stories, but there are things in a good many of them I do not like—red-hot sex and nasty talk. And I do not believe people drink as much as many writers would have us think. I know I'd be pie-eyed all the time.

L. LACKIE
Pine Mount, Fla.

THE COLOR LINE

Despite your article "The Schools that Broke the Color Line" (October), I am firmly convinced that segregation is right for the South. Here you are dealing with millions of people who have been brought up with the idea that they should not mix. You can't shove a Supreme Court decision at them and expect them to take it. Your article made it appear that racial integration was an accepted thing here. It's not, and it won't be.

A SOUTHERNER

Won't people ever learn that we are all human beings? Why must there be a barrier between us simply because of different-colored skin?

JOYCE M. TRUMAN
West Newton, Mass.

BARGAINS

In your article "The Worst Bargains You Can Buy" (September), you say, "Buy used cars from a franchised dealer only." To make such an unqualified statement actually does a disservice to the public and a dishonor to the reputable merchandisers of used cars throughout the United States.

Of all the complaints we have received from used-car buyers in the Philadelphia area, 95 per cent refer to purchases made through new-car agencies, and of our own 5 per cent we have been able to promote harmony between the customer and dealer in every instance.

STANLEY W. HOFFMAN, Executive Secretary
Philadelphia Used Car Dealers Assoc., Pa.

Independent used-car dealers provide a real public service, because in many cases they are in a position to furnish good transportation to the auto-buying public at reduced prices. Used-car dealers can do this because they do not have the high overhead costs of showroom establishments, and in order to obtain a fair share of the market they have to know all makes of automobiles—thus are noted for their keen insight and know-how in appraising, buying and selling used cars.

MARGARET CORELL, Executive Secretary
National Used Car Dealers Assoc., Inc.
Detroit, Mich.

PEACE OF MIND

Your choice of stories is wonderful—especially the religious ones. There must be many people who wouldn't go near a church who have been reached by them. This Sunday I was lying awake all night, principally because of a worry I had in the back of my mind. Along about 3 A.M. I got up and read "God's Sergeant" (October). It seemed it was meant just for me. Like the young minister, I prayed and then left it up to God. A wonderful sense of peace came over me, and I slept.

ADELE M. SCHABACKER
Pitman, N. J.

WOMEN UNDERPAID

REDBOOK is to be commended for directing attention to the problem of "The Low Price on Women" (September). The practice

of paying women less than men for performing identical work is one that is not justified morally, logically or economically.

U. S. SENATOR JOHN F. KENNEDY
Massachusetts

CHILDLESS MARRIAGE

■ *In October, a troubled woman wrote us that her fiancé insisted he would never want children because of the financial sacrifice involved in their upbringing. The following letter typifies our readers' response to this problem. ED.*

Try to interest your fiancé in other people's children and thus bring out a love for and need of children in him. But if you don't succeed, I would hesitate to marry this man, since no home is really complete—or completely happy—without children.

MARCIA MUSKY
New York, N. Y.

★ **Address: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York**

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"How dare you intrude!" Amelie shouted. Then she recognized Richard and her eyes softened. *(Lord Vanity)*

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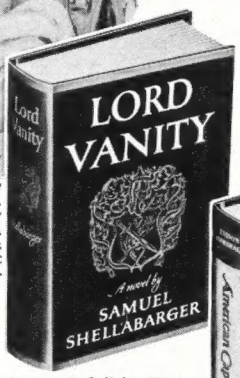
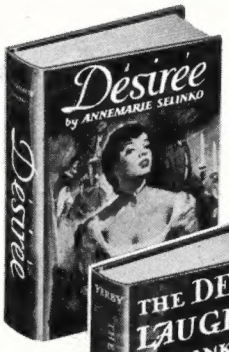
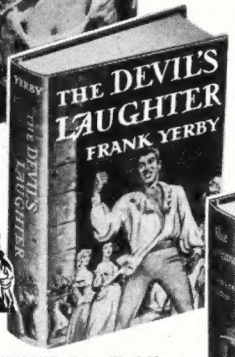


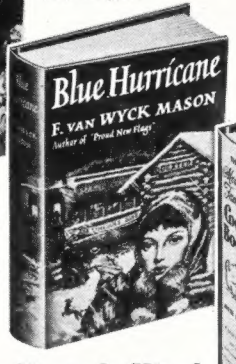
LORD VANITY—Samuel Shellabarger. By the author of *Captain from Castile.* In gay 18th century Venice, fate drew together a young musician, a beautiful countess, an aspiring ballerina, and a dealer in black magic—in a fantastic web of romance and adventure! Publisher's edition $3.95



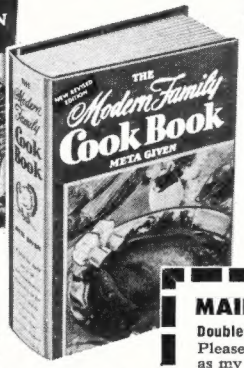
DESIREE—Annemarie Selinko. The story of lovely Désirée Clary, the modest village beauty who at 19 became the much admired wife of Napoleon's greatest general—until her strange meetings with Napoleon himself rocked Paris with scandal! 512 pages. Pub. ed. $4.50



THE DEVIL'S LAUGHTER Frank Yerby. The fiery tale of Jean-Paul Marin and the tawny-haired beauty he adored in a world mad with the wanton excitement of the French Revolution. "Flaming story of action, passion, revenge, love."—*Chicago Tribune.* Pub. ed. $3.50



BLUE HURRICANE—F. van Wyck Mason. Why did pious young Matt Hovey become a notorious blockade runner—the most feared man on the Mississippi? Why were *two* women, fair Phoebe Whidden and dark, sultry Leonie Dulac essential to his happiness? New best-seller! Pub. ed. $3.75



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Exciting adventure in an unknown world is dramatized in Walt Disney's biggest film—

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

Kirk Douglas fights the giant squid that has forty-foot tentacles. Weighing two tons, it was handled by twenty-eight men.

When Jules Verne's science-fiction appeared in 1870, it created a sensation. Readers of that day were fascinated by Verne's ideas of travel and adventure in the world beneath the sea. And long before such craft had been proved practical, Verne wrote of a submarine that cruised far below the surface of the ocean, and of characters who walked on the ocean floor in diving suits. So amazing are his conceptions that his book has entertained young people for generations and has been a constant challenge to film makers. Walt Disney finally solved the problems of making the Verne story into a movie, but only after investing more time and money than he has on any other project.

Cast and crew worked underwater at Nassau in specially-devised diving suits. Even fish were controlled.

Verne's story concerns *Capt. Nemo* (James Mason), an embittered man who invents a submarine, the *Nautilus,* disguises it as a sea monster, and preys upon ocean traffic. *Ned Land* (Kirk Douglas), *Prof. Aronnax* (Paul Lukas) and *Conseil* (Peter Lorre) are members of an expedition sent to find the mysterious monster. They are captured by *Nemo* and, in a series of thrilling episodes, finally outwit and destroy him.

Disney's technicians spent weeks reconstructing a submarine which followed Verne's descriptions. It has eyes and scales to look like a monster. Its interior is furnished in elegant Victorian style with carpets, paintings, draperies, a pipe organ and a fountain. There are windows where the undersea world can be observed.

A new stage with a huge tank was built, in which a miniature *Nautilus* was photographed for certain scenes and where the terrific fight with the giant squid was staged. A cast and crew of fifty-four men worked eight weeks in Nassau shooting underwater, with divers protecting the technicians from sharks, barracudas and morays. Scenes were plotted on blackboards on shipboard, much as football plays are taught, so that each man knew what to do underwater. Directions were given by hand signals, and the men could only stay down thirty-five minutes at a time. Fish which became scared by the confusion swam off. Others were captured, kept in traps, and released when needed. *(Buena Vista Films)*

Childish Questions

BY O. A. BATTISTA

Would my little sister have much of a trade-in value on a baby brother?

•

Don't you know that I'm allergic to food from other people's plates?

•

Will you please breathe this balloon up for me?

•

Why doesn't the juice from pink grapefruit look pink in my spoon?

•

How is it that poisonous snakes don't poison themselves?

•

When a policeman is bad, who throws him in jail?

•

Will you please take me to a ball game, so I can see it in natural television?

•

Are your shoes really going to kill you, Mommy?

•

Dad's such a wonderful playmate—why didn't I get to know him much sooner?

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and Five little Orphans in trouble!

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So This Is Paris • If You Were There
A Dame's A Dame • Looking For Someone To Love
Wait 'Til Paris Sees Us • It's Really Up To You
The Two Of Us • Three Bon Vivants
I Can't Do A Single (But I'll Try)

DIRECTED BY RICHARD QUINE • SCREENPLAY BY CHARLES HOFFMAN • PRODUCED BY ALBERT J. COHEN • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

It's
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good for
your hair!
Helene Curtis
shampoo
plus egg
CONCENTRATE
WITH HAIR-CONDITIONING ACTION
See how exciting this new luxury lather makes your hair! Glowing clean, silky . . . so manageable! That's the magic touch of Fresh Whole Egg! Conditions any hair. Try it! 29¢, 59¢, $1.

THREE OTHER FINE

"DEEP IN MY HEART"

THESE DAYS any good song writer is likely to have his life story appear on the screen. This time it's Sigmund Romberg, whose life almost encompasses this century. José Ferrer portrays the song writer. The picture starts when Romberg was an orchestra leader on New York's lower East Side in 1911. His success brought him into contact with most of the great people of show business, many of whom are depicted in the picture. Popular singers and dancers of today, such as Rosemary Clooney, Gene Kelly and his brother Fred, Jane Powell, Vic Damone, Cyd Charisse, Howard Keel and Tony Martin, appear in famous Romberg tunes from "Maytime," "The Desert Song," "My Maryland," "The Student Prince" and other hits.

Mr. Ferrer sings, dances and clowns. At one point he enacts the whole plot of his latest show, but his best scenes are with that great entertainer Helen Traubel, who has found night clubs and movies more fun than the Met. *(M-G-M)*

"SIGN OF THE PAGAN"

PUTTING TWO of the top male box-office stars in the same picture should insure a big success for "Sign of the Pagan." Jack Palance plays *Attila*, the Hun, and Jeff Chandler is *Marcian*, the Roman centurion. The two men lived in the fifth century, when the Roman world was split between Rome and Constantinople. *Attila* planned to conquer this divided world, and he might have done so had not *Marcian* won the support of the beautiful Eastern princess *Pulcheria* (Ludmilla Tcherina). With her help, he deposed her brother, got control of the throne for her, and was made general of her armies. He and *Attila* met many times before *Marcian*, with very few troops, defeated *Attila* at Rome.

This is a picture which is more than a spectacle. The characters are well drawn and well played. There are savage battle scenes, intrigue and romance.

Rita Gam and Allison Hayes play prominent parts in this interesting dramatization of a little-known period of history. *(Universal)*

JANUARY BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Aïda—The famous opera produced as a movie, with excellent music. * Dec.

The Barefoot Contessa—The fascinating story of an actress, told by the men in her life. Ava Gardner, Humphrey Bogart and Edmond O'Brien. * Dec.

Beau Brummell—Stewart Granger as one of Britain's handsomest men and its greatest scoundrel. * Dec.

The Human Jungle—Documentary, full of action, of a police captain who tries to clean up his own precinct. Gary Merrill, Jan Sterling.

The Littlest Outlaw—A Disney charmer about a Mexican orphan who saves a famous jumping horse. * Dec.

Passion—Cornel Wilde and Yvonne de Carlo in a fast-moving adventure story which takes place in Mexico.

Phffft—Judy Holliday and Jack Lemmon, of "It Should Happen to You" fame, in a marital comedy.

A Star Is Born—The famous Hollywood

FILMS

"TWIST OF FATE"

THIS PICTURE has a thrill a minute, the incomparable Ginger Rogers, and marks the screen debut of her handsome husband, Jacques Bergerac.

As *Johnny Victor,* an unsuccessful American actress who has found security with French tycoon *Louis Galt* (Stanley Baker), whom she hopes to marry when his divorce is final, Ginger Rogers looks beautiful and has an opportunity to pull all the stops in her virtuoso acting range. *Galt* is not really divorcing his wife, and the real source of his wealth is a counterfeiting ring. A chance meeting with *Pierre* (Jacques Bergerac), a young ceramic artist, after she has learned the truth about *Galt* brings love to *Johnny* for the first time and plunges everyone into a network of complications in which excitement mounts and there is no release of tension until the final fade-out.

Girls everywhere will find a new idol in Jacques Bergerac, who is not only handsome, but a sincere and compelling actor. *(United Artists)*

story, with Judy Garland and James Mason at their very best.

There's No Business Like Show Business—Ethel Merman, Marilyn Monroe, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Johnny Ray and Mitzie Gaynor should be enough inducement for anyone.

Three-Ring Circus—Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are a circus any time. Now they are working in one.

Young at Heart—Doris Day and Frank Sinatra handle the tunes, with Ethel Barrymore as an added attraction.

•Previously reviewed in Redbook

Party Fun for Everyone

Presented with the hope you find this interesting and useful

games to liven things up!

Here are some games that are laugh-getters. They are so silly they appeal to the widest assortment of ages and seem to give everybody a good time. No cost attached and can be gotten up in a split-second.

1 Puzzler at beginning of meeting can cause merriment rest of afternoon or evening if answer is kept until last minute. A rather famous brain twister goes in the following manner:—

Story teller begins by saying, "Suppose you are a cab driver and a lady gets into your cab. She has on a bright red dress with buttons and pockets. And she is wearing red, high buttoned boots."

After going into long detail as to how she looked, story teller begins to describe trip over familiar high roads and streets. Listeners try to follow route. When story becomes sufficiently involved, story teller suddenly asks, "What color is the cab driver's hair?" By that time most have forgotten first line revealed "you" are the cab driver.

2 **Broom race.** Two equal teams line up at starting point. 1st player of teams, each stride a broom and hop to goal (about 50 ft. away if outdoors). As soon as they touch goal with broom, they grab it and run back to pass it on to next player in line, of the team. First team to have all players touch goal and return to start, wins.

3 **Bean bottle.** Looks easy but is plenty difficult and actually fascinating to try to do. A bottle is set on the floor and a chair is backed up to it. Each person is given 20 beans and turn at kneeling on the chair, trying to get beans into bottle. One who dropped most into bottle, wins. If your group is large, just divide in teams and give each team own bottle and chair.

ABOVE GAMES *are from* THE FAMILY BOOK OF GAMES AND SPORTS. *At your library or book store. Or write* POPULAR MECHANICS, *200 E. Ontario St., Chicago. $2.95 postpaid.*

THE DAILY TREAT OF MILLIONS. Everyone loves that lively, long-lasting taste of Wrigley's Spearmint flavor. So delicious, refreshing, it satisfies yet won't hurt appetite. And chewing helps keep young teeth bright. *Just try it.*

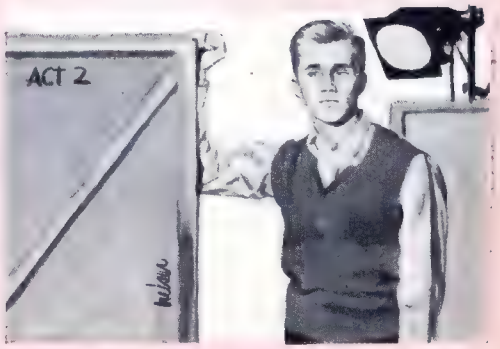
AI-36

PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK NO. 52

BY DR. JOHN R. MARTIN

Can You Diagnose this Case?

1. Jim was crazy about Helen from the first day he met her in college dramatics. He dated her every time he could. He was proud to be kidded about her. But Helen was very popular and, dated often by other boys, soon lost all interest in Jim.



2. Jim felt let down at first, but was not bitter about it. He still loved Helen very much. He didn't even try to forget her, for he enjoyed reliving every wonderful moment they had been together. He always hoped she would come back to him.

3. In his senior year Jim began dating Kay. She was studying home economics and didn't like dramatics. Jim liked her and felt he could depend upon her being there when he needed her. But he had difficulty making up his mind to marry her.

4. When Jim did propose, Kay accepted, and they happily set the wedding date. Then Jim found himself clouding up with doubts and becoming restless. Talk about the wedding made him feel trapped. Finally he told Kay he couldn't go through with it.

Did Jim propose to Kay while he was still deeply in love with the memory of a woman who had jilted him?

WHAT IS YOUR DIAGNOSIS?

1. **Jim realizes** he became engaged to Kay on the rebound from Helen, and so he distrusts his feelings about Kay. ☐

2. **Jim has held** inflexibly to an ideal concept of his perfect lover, whom he visualizes as being someone like Helen. ☐

3. **Jim is still** in love with Helen even though she is not interested in him, so he is incapable of caring for Kay. ☐

Turn to page 82 for Dr. Martin's analysis

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Address _____

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WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS

Music to Dance By

BY CARLTON BROWN

The big news in the music business is the comeback of the dance bands, on records and in "live" performances. Ballrooms and orchestras are recovering swiftly from the decline that began six or eight years ago when the big swing bands frequently stopped dancers in their tracks with high-speed, top-volume renditions of progressive jazz, or bop.

Jazz orchestras have found their own large audiences for concerts and for records intended primarily for listening, while dance bands have regained their following by returning to the fundamentals of a danceable beat and a melodic tune.

As in every period of high enthusiasm for dancing, the present revival has produced several new dances. Three—the bunny hop, the creep and the hokey pokey—that have won the fancy of the younger set are commemorated along with the Charleston on a four-tune Capitol extended-play record, "Dance Craze," by the bands of Ray Anthony, Pee Wee Hunt and Stan Kenton. The three new dances have been overpowered, however, by the wildfirelike spread of the mambo, which will be the subject of this column next month and a picture story in the same issue.

The strongest trend in the current dance-band revival is the return to styles of music popular 10 or more years ago. Today's best-selling band on records is Glenn Miller's, which played its last dates in 1942.

RCA Victor's 70-tune "Glenn Miller Limited Edition," Volume I, sold out completely at $24.95 a set, and has just been followed by a Volume II at the same price. The new volume consists of 60 selections from radio broadcasts of 1938 to 1942, as the band played its most danceable arrangements for ballroom audiences.

Victor's set of eight numbers featured in the movie "The Glenn Miller Story" has been high on the best-seller list for a year, and has been followed by more Miller reis-

Continued on next page ⟶

WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS

Continued

sues on two 12-inch long-play records, five EPs and 34 singles—all scoring as brand-new hits.

One of the most popular new bands is that of Ray Anthony, a Miller alumnus whose six albums for Capitol include "I Remember Glenn Miller"—collection of favorites from the Miller repertoire—and the new "TV's Top Tunes" as played on Anthony's television show.

•

Les Elgart, leader of the year's fastest-rising swing band, credits his success to the steady two-beat rhythm used by the Jimmie Lunceford band of the thirties. Elgart's successful Columbia collection of nine long-time favorite tunes, "Just One More Dance," has recently been expanded from a 10-inch to a 12-inch LP, with four numbers added.

So far, no dance-band leader has come close to rivaling the long-term popularity of Guy Lombardo, who brought his "Royal Canadians" to the Hotel Roosevelt in New York in the early twenties and is still—according to a poll of ballroom operators conducted by the trade journal *Down Beat*—the nation's top favorite in the "sweet band" division.

•

Lombardo is represented on Decca's current lists by 16 dance music albums; the latest is "A Night at the Roosevelt," available as a 12-inch LP and on three 45-rpm EPs.

The records mentioned here are only a small sampling of the great fund of fine dance music available today. Most of the major companies have issued series of collections especially designed for dancing, and are adding to them regularly.

Swing, sweet, Western, Latin American, polka—whatever music you like—your chances of finding it recorded by your favorite orchestra have never been so good.

YOU AND YOUR HEALTH

Brian Beattie, subject of a REDBOOK article, "New Eyes for Brian" (August, 1953), became cross-eyed when he was two. Today, after good medical care, he is cured.

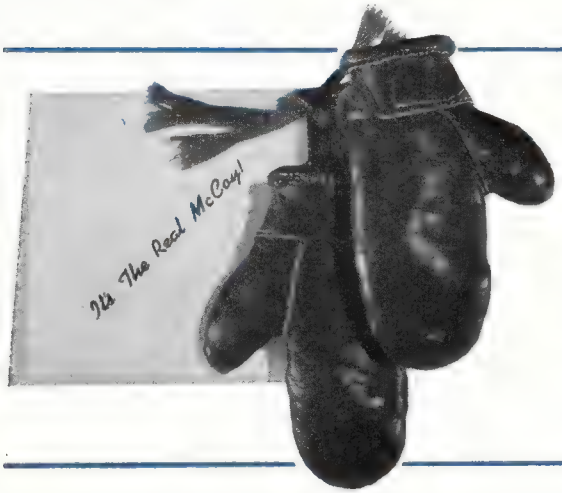
CROSSED EYES

If your child tends to close one eye, squint, or tilt his head in order to see, take him to an eye doctor to check whether he has crossed eyes. It's a fairly common problem, affecting about 1,000,000 U.S. youngsters. Thousands face permanent damage unless the condition is corrected in time, for otherwise they may fail to develop useful vision in the crossed eye. Children don't simply "outgrow" this condition. Medical care is necessary. Glasses; an eye patch, exercises, or sometimes surgery are methods of correcting the trouble.—Report by Dr. Franklin M. Foote, National Society for the Prevention of Blindness.

MUMPS IN MEN

When men get mumps, there is danger that the virus disease will involve their sex glands. But this danger apparently can be prevented or made much less severe if they are given daily doses of a sex hormone, diethylstilbestrol. The sex gland complication occurred in only nine out of 63 men who were given the hormone, compared with one-third of 34 men not given the hormone. To be effective, the hormone must be adminis-

Consult your physician before using any drug mentioned



WE ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE

When I found I was to become a mother, I tried to think of ways to use our last name in a birth announcement. I learned that the phrase "the real McCoy" originated with the famous old-time boxer Kid McCoy, who was known as the *real* McCoy. To make this theme suitable, our baby had to be a boy. He was.

MRS. N. N. MCCOY
Marion, Ark.

REDBOOK will pay $50 for each baby announcement used in "We Are Proud to Announce." Announcements must be original and must have been actually used to announce the birth of a child of the contributor. Announcements must be submitted within six months after the date of birth, and cannot be returned or acknowledged. Entries should be sent to Department A, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, N Y. Published entries become the property of McCall Corporation, publishers of Redbook.

BY ALTON L. BLAKESLEE

tered before there are any signs of involvement.—Lts. William T. Hall and Raymond N.F. Killeen, U.S. Naval Hospital, Bethesda, Md., in the U.S. Armed Forces *Medical Journal.*

YOUNG ADULTS' DISEASE

Multiple sclerosis, or M. S., is a disease of the central nervous system which mainly afflicts young people aged 20 to 40. How much are your chances of getting this disease affected by heredity and how much by environment or living conditions? Thirty-five sets of identical twins have volunteered to help medical science learn the answer to this question and others dealing with the causes and treatment of multiple sclerosis.

In persons who have M. S. something goes wrong with the insulating sheath covering nerves in the brain or spinal cord, and this leads to short-circuiting of nerve impulses, with consequent disorders of body functions. Symptoms include lack of balance and co-ordination, numbness, shaking, bad vision, slurred speech and other troubles. More twin volunteers are still wanted for studies aimed at control of the disease, says Dr. Harold R. Wainerdi, medical director of the National Multiple Sclerosis Society, 270 Park Avenue, New York City.

TRAVEL DURING PREGNANCY

Travel is not harmful for pregnant women if they use common sense. It does not appear to increase the chances of having a miscarriage, according to a study of nearly 2,000 pregnant women who made trips of 300 miles or more. If there has been an earlier threat of a miscarriage, however, it is probably wise not to make a long trip until four to six weeks after all those symptoms disappear.

Women traveling in autos should stop and rest when they feel tired. Long trips should be arranged to include stopovers. The jerking and swaying motion of trains makes railroad travel just as tiring as travel by airplane or automobile.—Report by Drs. Joseph A. Guilbeau, Jr., and Jack L. Turner, of Maxwell and Keesler Air Force Base Hospitals, in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology.*

FOOD ALLERGY

It's easy to blame food allergy for any ailments which cannot be easily explained. But only about two to three of every hundred persons have a serious food allergy and it's dangerous to put careless blame on foods, cutting them out of your diet and thereby running the risk of poor nutrition. The degree of sensitivity to certain foods can vary with different people, and with fatigue, tension, unhappiness, indigestion or other conditions. Foods most often at fault are wheat, eggs, fish, nuts, peas, beans, potatoes, onions, garlic and milk.—Dr. Samuel M. Feinberg, Chicago, in the AMA *Journal.*

HEALTH GUIDELINES

Don't toss or tilt your head back to swallow a pill—that just narrows the esophagus and makes it more difficult for the pill to go down. Swallow with the head held in a normal position. Don't leave a pill in your mouth too long, and don't try to swallow one without the aid of water.—Researchers of Arner Co., pharmaceutical manufacturer.

•

A regular habit of walking may help you avoid heart attacks caused by clogging of blood vessels. People with sedentary jobs, like teachers, bankers and administrators, showed more coronary disease and angina pectoris than coal heavers or dock and farm laborers, who move around. Bus conductors, who keep moving, die less frequently of early heart attacks than the drivers on the same buses.—Dr. Percy Stocks, Colyn Bay, North Wales, to the Congress on Clinical Pathology.

BABIES' GROWTH

Babies, especially those with poor appetites, will grow faster when fed diets rich in lysine, one of the components of proteins. Infants need more lysine than adults do. Some babies who fail to grow at normal rates may not be getting enough lysine, or else may not be utilizing it properly. Extra lysine added to babies' milk formulas improved the growth rate of 15 infants aged 6 to 26 months.—Dr. Anthony A. Albanese, nutrition expert of St. Luke's Hospital, Greenwich, Conn., before the American Chemical Society.

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

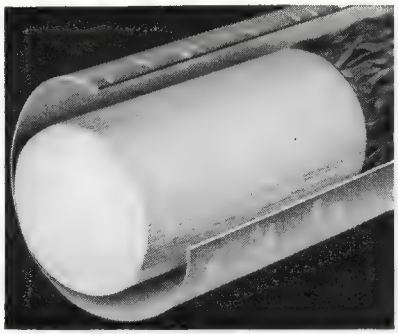
PHOTOGRAPHS:

Page 3, Between the Lines — Keystone Pictures; Page 4, Letters to the Editor — International News Photos; Page 12, We Are Proud to Announce — Binder & Duffy; Page 12, You and Your Health—Martha Holmes; Pages 14 & 15, Their Dream Came True — Pressens Bild and Sallstedts Bildbyra, Stockholm, Sweden; Pages 16-19, Tops In the Shops — Binder & Duffy; Page 21, A New Way to a Happy New Year — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Pages 34-37, A New Way to Curb Dangerous Drivers — Ewing Galloway; Pages 40 & 41, Garry Moore: The Man Who Speaks His Mind — CBS-TV; Pages 42-45, Mexican Holiday —Earl Leaf-Kelpix, Larry Kronquist-Rapho-Guillumette, John Gutmann-Pix, Jack Breed-F.P.G., Ewing Krainin.

SPECIAL CREDITS:

Page 10, Psychologist's Casebook No. 52—Illustrations by Don Neiser; Page 11, What's New In Records—Drawing by Georgi Wiggins; Pages 42-45, Mexican Holiday—Drawing of Necklace by Mary Suzuki; Page 65, Will It *Really* Wash?—Cardigan sweater by Lady Brooke, Blouse by Weber Originals, Van Raalte Lingerie.

What have VICEROYS got



that other filter cigarettes HAVEN'T got?

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WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING FILTER TIP CIGARETTE

Their Dream Came True

Don and Gloria Cosgrove knew the right answers. That's why they won a trip to anywhere in the world, as well as a car, a mink coat and many other prizes

BY FLORENCE SOMERS

How often have you wished you could be the big winner on a quiz show, or wondered what happened to those who did win? Perhaps you think fairies with magic wands have gone out of fashion. Well, you're so right. But you must know that television quiz shows often succeed in making the wildest dreams come true. That's what Don and Gloria Cosgrove learned. A most attractive couple, they were kidding as Donald drove Gloria to work one summer morning. Gloria continued working after their marriage so Donald could study for his degree in education, and as she left him that morning, she jokingly suggested he get on a quiz show and win some money.

Donald did even better. He went to CBS-TV's "The Big Payoff" and explained that he'd like to try to win some prizes for Gloria to show his appreciation of what she was doing for him. He and Gloria were told to report for a certain telecast, and when their big moment came, Donald not only answered four difficult questions correctly, identifying a song, a certain ship, a tool and a quotation, but Gloria had given the best estimate of the number of polka dots in a doll's dress and thereby won a new car.

The Cosgroves elected to go to Sweden at the suggestion of the pastor of their church, where Donald is studying to become a lay preacher. "The Big Payoff" provided transportation, wonderful hotel accommodations overlooking the Royal Palace, a car and chauffeur, luggage, clothing and entertainment. REDBOOK presents some shots of their trip.

LI Couple Wins $10,000 Jackpot

New York—A Long Island couple, married only six months, won a $10,000 jackpot on a
by English poet Alexander Pope and
any polka dots there were on a little
hing had to identify the song, "There
" he Is My Heart", name the ship
idn't (The Heart) featured
angel, "Her

Imagine our excitement as Bess Myerson and Randy Merriman of "The Big Payoff" gave us the mink coat that was just one of our prizes.

After a wonderful flight to Stockholm, we visited a pottery at Gustavsberg.

Don was very much interested in the Swedish schools. The beautiful glass in one of the shops inspired our make-believe toast.

At a fashionable dress salon, they made a model out of me.

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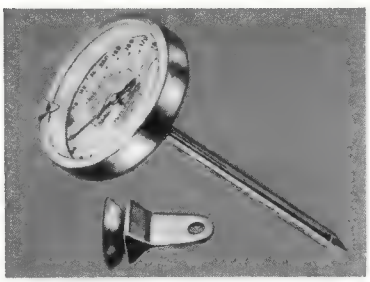
Tops in the

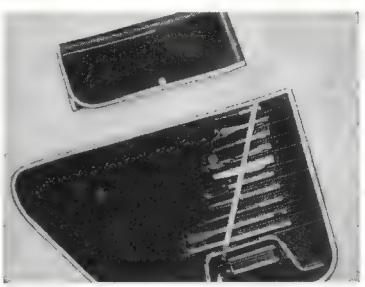
Food for thought goes to school in a combination lunch-and-lesson bag. Zippered hideaway for lunch is sponge-lined to protect a full half-pint vacuum bottle. Of washable plastic, 12" x 14½", in red plaid with black trim, blue with tan or solid tan. Complete, $4.98 ppd. Here's How, 590-R Third Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

One for the clown and one for Baby makes feeding time fun for pokey Pablum eaters. Food spooned into clown's open, laughing mouth returns to bottom of bowl, and Baby's none the wiser. Gaily-painted ceramic dish, 6" in diameter, is only $2.95 ppd. Collector's Corner, Dept. R, 527 W. 7th St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

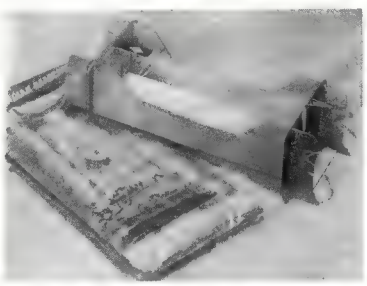


Meat thermometer takes the guesswork out of cooking roasts, steaks and chops. Meat is done when pointer on thermometer reaches desired temperature. Of stainless steel with pre-set indicator on rim for quick checking and suction cup holder for storing. $1.98 ppd. Godfrey Import, 277 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

"One God" is a most inspiring record album for you and your children. Starring Eddie Albert, 1-hour musical dramatization tells the story of the 3 great Western religions and of the different ways we worship one God. Available in LP 33⅓ or 45 rpm. $5.95 ppd. Kapp Records, 119 W. 57th St., Dept. R-1, New York 19, N. Y.



For a Handy Andy or his Annie: 12-piece tool kit has 10 useful tools which are interchangeable with either spring chuck handle or screw chuck brace. 3 precision drills, 3 screwdrivers, tack puller, awl, chisel and saw fit compactly into Vinyl carrying case. $2.50 ppd. Sanco Industries, 509-R Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



Beading is fun—and oh, so easy! With an Indian beadcraft loom kit you can make your own jewelry and decorate handbags and moccasins. Kit, with over 1000 ceramic beads in 5 brilliant colors, 2 lacing needles, thread, loom and instructions, is only 69¢ ppd. Tandy Leather Co., P.O. Box 791 RA, Fort Worth, Tex.

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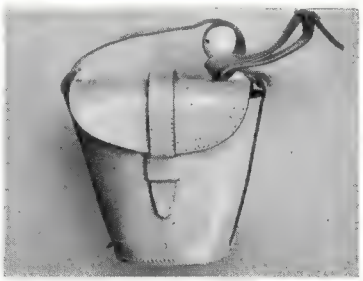
Button, button—if you don't find just the one you need in this selection, we'll miss our guess. 216 fancy buttons in sets of 8 are packed loose in a variety of sizes and colors for only $1 ppd. Similar buttons on cards would cost about $4.50. But why pay for cards? You can't wear them! The Button King, Dept. R, Hawthorne, N. J.

Conversation guest towels give your guests a chuckle and save on laundry bills as well. 18 hilarious sayings are printed on 36 linenlike paper towels. Folded to hang over your towel rack, they open to 16″ x 16½″. Box of 36, in assorted pastel colors, $1.25 ppd. Burgess House, 426-R So. 6th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.



A continental polish gives this leather shoulder-strap handbag its handsome luster and sleek new look. Direct from Italy, cowhide bag is 6½″ high and 7″ wide at top. Designed to be the delight of a teen-ager's life, it comes in natural tan with yellow stitching. $1.98 ppd. Tesori d'Italia, 920 Broadway, New York 10, N.Y.

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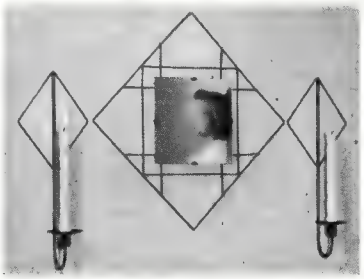

A reflection of good taste. Diamond-shaped wrought-iron mirror and sconce set lifts a darkened hallway from its mid-winter doldrums. 8″-square plate-glass mirror on black frame is 20″ overall. $3.95. Pair of matching sconces, 17½″ high, $2.95. (Candles not included.) Postage, 35c. Foster House, 430 S. Jefferson, Peoria, Ill.

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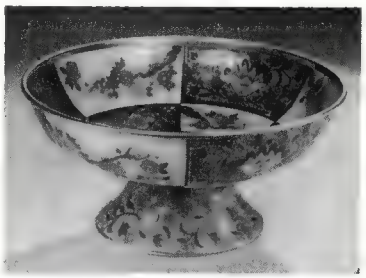
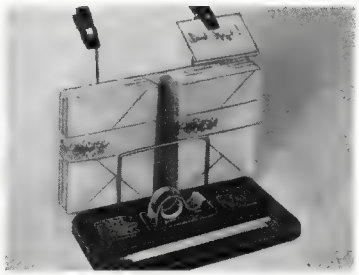
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



Canton Compote is an English import made of tole and decorated with a traditional Oriental design. The clear jewel colors, highlighted with gold and baked on a metal base, give the impression of beautiful porcelain. 8" in diameter, it's perfect for fruits and nuts. $2.95 ppd. Seth & Jed, Dept. R, New Marlborough, Mass.



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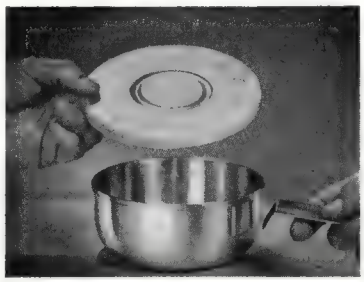

Two-in-one saucepan doubles as a refrigerator storage bowl for leftovers. Cook or heat food in ¾-quart-size stainless steel pot, then remove detachable handle, cover with polyethelene top and store. Later, food can be warmed in same bowl. Complete, $1.95 ppd. Artisan Galleries, 2100-R N. Haskell Ave., Dallas 4, Tex.

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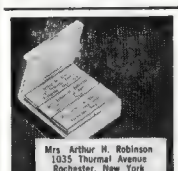

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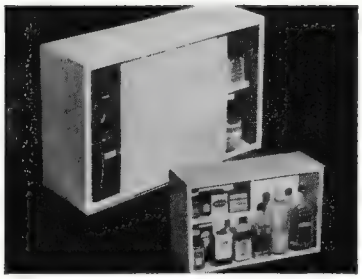
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



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Do you spend agonizing hours trying to get your child to eat the proper foods? Here's what to do about it.

How's Your Child's Appetite?

BY IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

Polly Brown sat before a heaped-up plate of food that might have given a hungry longshoreman pause. She turned her head away in distaste. "Don't you want to grow big and strong?" her mother asked. "Come on—take a big bite!"

Polly's mother knew that the well-cooked meat, vegetables, potatoes and salad on Polly's plate were all good food. And the diet list stated that a certain quantity of each was necessary in the daily diet of a "growing child." So, struggle or not, Mrs. Brown resolved, Polly was going to get that food down!

The only trouble with Mrs. Brown's calculations is that she left Polly's appetite out of them! Diet lists and other scientific aids to child-feeding have been of enormous benefit to your child. They help you to keep him from all kinds of unnecessary ailments—from mild tummy-aches caused by overly rich food to deficiency diseases such as rickets and scurvy.

But too great a reliance on diet lists may lead you to expect your child to consume food the way your family car consumes gasoline—at a predictable and unvarying rate.

This approach is guaranteed to produce hassles with your child over meals. He eats when he's hungry—it's as simple as that.

If you press your child to eat against his will, you are more than likely to *create* a feeding problem. A child who is used to struggling over every mouthful would rather satisfy his pride by *not* eating than satisfy his hunger.

Every normal child has off-moments when his appetite is small. At such times he is better off if he eats lightly. Some of the reasons why your child may go on a temporary hunger-strike are: 1) teething (and remember that this goes on all during the preschool years); 2) the onset of a cold or other illness (at which times his appetite may fall off before the symptoms are obvious); 3) extreme hot weather; 4) fatigue; 5) any emotional upset.

Many mothers worry because their children don't eat as well at the ages of two and three as they did when they were infants. There is a very simple reason for this: your child's growth rate is slowing down. He just isn't burning up his food as fast as he did in his first year.

Indeed, if your child continued to grow at the same rate as he did during his first year, he'd weigh almost two tons by the time he was five!

Of course, if you let your child fill up on candy and soft drinks, he will arrive at the table with a jaded appetite. But if you offer him good wholesome food, you can rely on his appetite as the best guide of all.

Unless your doctor specifically tells you that he needs certain foods, let him skip his meat or his salad. He won't suffer from malnutrition if he doesn't have a balanced diet at every meal. So relax—and let mealtime be a pleasant time for both you and your child.

A New Way To A Happy New Year

Dore Schary, former newspaperman and playwright, is in charge of production at M-G-M film studios.

BY DORE SCHARY

Not long ago, a young man asked me if there really is such a thing as an unselfish good deed. Didn't every good deed bring some selfish pleasure to the one who performed it?

I answered the young man by telling him about my first painful lessons in golf. At that time, I heard Ben Hogan explaining one of the secrets of his success. Like all good athletes, he was indebted to a phenomenon called "muscle memory"—the remarkable ability of the body to learn a difficult feat and *remember* it. Once an athlete has learned to swing a golf club or hit a tennis ball or do the backstroke with great skill, his muscles never forget how to do it.

That's true for all of us. If you learn to ride a bicycle as a child, you never lose the trick of balance. Years later, without any practice, you can get on a bicycle and your muscles will quickly recall what they must do.

I believe that in our spiritual lives there is the same kind of "memory." Once we learn the art of good deeds, we never have to go back and start all over again.

That's why, I told the young man, it doesn't matter *why* we begin to do good deeds—whether we do them selfishly or reluctantly or because we have been shamed into them. The important thing is that we begin *doing* them. After a while, doing them will become instinctive—like Ben Hogan's smooth swinging of a golf club. After a while, we will be performing our good deeds spontaneously, without any coaching from our own selfish motives.

It is good to remind ourselves of this "muscle memory" of the spirit at New Year's time, when we make all kinds of good resolutions—knowing, even as we make them, that many of them will be soon broken. But whether or not they are broken is not the important point. As long as we begin to act on them, we have set in motion another learning process for our spiritual muscles. The important question is not how often we *forget* to do an unselfish act, but how often we *remember*. If we can remember often enough, that unselfish act will become automatic. If we all give our spiritual memories a chance to learn the art of goodness, there will be less and less need for New Year's resolutions... and more and more happiness for ourselves and all those who touch our lives.

A NEW *Florence Jane Soman* STORY

It's Only Platonic, Darling

How could she explain the frantic kisses, the bittersweet urgency of each meeting, the thrill of the secret and forbidden?

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Kay came out of the apartment elevator, walked down the thickly carpeted hall, and heard the sounds of the cocktail party even before she was near the Russells' door. Her step slowed instead of quickened, and she felt something inside her spiral downward; a bleakness came into her eyes. I don't want to go in, she thought; I don't feel like trying to be gay. For a moment, she stood still in the middle of the hall; then, reluctantly, her feet took her forward again.

She pressed the Russells' bell. The wave of sound on the other side of the door rose even higher, and when the maid opened the door, the noise seemed to break sharply over her, pulling her into an undertow of light and movement and chatter. After Isobel Russell darted out from nowhere to greet her, Kay went inside to the bedroom and relinquished her coat to the maid. In front of the mirror, she stood motionless, seeing and yet not seeing the pretty, fair-haired girl in the chic black dress. Suddenly she heard a gust of rain splatting against the window pane, and it made a little shiver of sadness run down her spine; faint tears glazed her eyes. Her life seemed so empty now, so meaningless—just a dull, endless parade of hours separating her waking from her sleeping.

She turned quickly and left the room. In the crowded living room, she saw the Henderson boys talking to Midge Collier, *(Continued on page 50)*

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE:

SIX KEYS TO

A famous minister-marriage counselor recalls his most dramatic results in guiding young couples with emotional problems—and distills his experience into a plain-spoken plan for marital happiness

A young college graduate came to me recently for premarital counseling. One of his professors had suggested he seek guidance from both a physician and a minister, and after seeing a doctor, he called on me.

"But maybe I'm making too much of this," the young man said rather apologetically. "After all, I'm only twenty-two, and this will be my first marriage. If it doesn't work out, we can get a divorce and I can try again when I'm in my late twenties or thirties. The second marriage will probably stick. It happens that way very often."

I was deeply disturbed by that supposedly well-educated youth's attitude toward marriage.

"If that's the way you feel," I told him, "I'm afraid there's nothing I can say to help you. In fact, I advise you not to get married at all. You already have two strikes on you."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that happy marriages don't work out by themselves for anybody," I said. "They've got to be *made* to work. If you're going to get married, son, both you and your fiancée had better decide right now that it's for keeps, and decide that you will move heaven and earth if need be to make a go of it."

Key No. 1: Think in terms of success

I don't know whether or not the young man took my advice, but the attitude he expressed has become alarmingly prevalent. Many young couples enter matrimony with the idea they are merely making an experiment. Maybe it will work, they figure, and maybe not. By admitting the possibility of failure, however, they are actually inviting failure. If they would only *think in terms of success,* and think success intensely enough, and long enough, they could produce success.

That is just one of the conclusions I have reached after serving as pastor and spiritual adviser to thousands of people with marital troubles. Countless marriages go on the rocks, I have observed, because the parties to them do not really make up their minds in the beginning to remain united. Lacking that resolve, they yield to difficulties as they come along and gradually grow further and further apart, when, with a little determination and courage, they could conquer all obstacles and grow steadily closer together.

That is obvious common sense, you may say, and I will agree with you. Most of the soundest suggestions which can be made about marriage are obvious. Some of them are as old as the Bible, and older. *But these truisms must be restated for every generation of youth*—and

SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE

they desperately need re-emphasis right now if we are to reduce our appalling divorce rate.

Key No. 2: Form a true partnership

Second only to the importance of thinking in terms of success, experience has convinced me, is that every couple should decide right at the start to *make marriage a true partnership.* That has been said thousands of times, yet I have discovered that failure to accept the partnership concept breaks or mars as many marriages as any other problem.

Not long ago, a pair of young married people who were both employed came to see me after quarreling bitterly because they considered their earnings as "my" money and "your" money instead of "our" money.

More recently, I was consulted by a couple who were on the verge of separation because they had failed to stand united against pressures exerted by in-laws.

Another young bride once visited me in tears and announced her marriage was a failure. She had wanted a baby, she said, and so had her husband. But he had become cold toward her, and she in turn had frozen toward him. A divorce, she felt, was the only solution.

A little investigation soon revealed the root of the trouble. The young husband had always been dominated by his father, a prominent businessman, and after his marriage continued to be controlled by him. He worked in his father's office, took his bride to live under his father's roof, and hardly made a move without the father's approval. The wife resented this domination and insisted that her husband become more independent of his father. When he resisted her suggestions, they engaged in a series of almost nightly quarrels during which they became highly distasteful to each other.

Once I understood the problem, I tackled it on three fronts. First, I advised the young lady to be more tolerant of her husband's devotion to his father. Second, I invited the young man to my office and explained to him that his first loyalty was to his wife, even if it meant, in the words of the marriage ritual, "forsaking all others"—including his father. Third, I had a talk with the father and told him as tactfully as I could that his selfish, domineering love of his son was stifling the young man's development and ruining his marriage. The old man flushed angrily, but agreed eventually that it would be good for the boy if he stood on his own feet.

Finally, I counseled the young couple to pray together. "Instead of quarreling tonight," I said, "try talking with God before you go to bed. Just tell God in simple, natural language how much you appreciate all He has done for you, and ask Him to help you love each other. You'll be surprised how different your voices sound in prayer than when you're quarreling."

When I next saw that couple, about a year later, they were both so radiant that I hardly recognized them. They had become true marital partners in every way, and were happier than they had ever been. *(Continued on page 78)*

He was afraid of marriage.
But she was woman enough to gamble her love-
win or lose-with shocking frankness!

STAY AWAY FROM WOMEN

BY BETTY KJELGAARD
ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

One weekend in May, Matt Bonsell had to go to Connecticut on business. His customer and host, Patrick Cope, took him to the station on Monday morning. As the two men sat waiting in Patrick's car for the 8:50, a cab drew up nearby and a dark-haired girl got out. She had a suitcase.

"Well," Patrick said, "looks like you're going to have good company going in to New York, Matt." He called out the window, "Meg!"

She turned, then smiled and came over. "Hello, Patrick," she said. Her voice had a lovely clarity.

Patrick said, "Why didn't you holler that you were visiting Julia?" To Matt he said, "We're practically next-door neighbors of Meg's sister. This is Meg Garney; Meg, Matt Bonsell."

Her eyes went by Patrick to rest on Matt. They were calm and gray. "I'm glad to know you," she said. "Are you taking the 8:50, too?"

"So Patrick says," Matt replied.

There was sudden laughter in her, and Matt had an astonished feeling that he had deliberately spoken that way to make her laugh.

The train came in with a rush, and they waved to Patrick and boarded and moved away with it.

Meg settled herself by the window. "Are you an old friend of Patrick's, or a business associate, or what?" she asked.

"Both," Matt said. "I'm building his new plant."

He told her then about the contracting business which had first been his father's, then had passed on to Matt and his brother Jason, and now was Matt's solely, because Jason had moved West. *(Continued on page 80)*

"I'm glad my husband's the boss"

Hollywood can't understand Jean Simmons: How can a beautiful, talented actress let her husband run her life—and love it?

BY LOUIS POLLOCK
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

Jean Simmons spends as much time as she can with her husband, Stewart Granger *(opposite,* on the set of "Moonfleet," in which he is starred). She has adapted herself to his mode of living and relaxes often in his trophy-filled den.

Most people in Hollywood cannot understand how Jean Simmons can be happily married to Stewart Granger. First of all, there are two successful careers in the family, which almost invariably creates problems. Jean has been starred in such film classics as "Great Expectations," "Hamlet," "The Robe," "The Egyptian" and "Désirée," and Granger has inspired the heroine's love in such hits as "King Solomon's Mines," "Scaramouche," "Beau Brummell" and "Moonfleet."

Secondly, Granger is in his forties—in effect, "an older man"—and Jean is only 25.

The third and perhaps most important "obstacle" to their happiness, according to Hollywood observers, is that Granger is considered a complete tyrant in his household. He makes all the decisions, dominates his wife—and is, in fact, "the boss." He and Jean have been described by local gossips as "domineering husband and abused wife" ever since their marriage four years ago.

But Jean Simmons is content. "You can see in their eyes," she says of her Hollywood friends, "that they can't understand why I am not more independent. Well, everyone knows Hollywood is full of independent women. But no one has ever said it was full of happy ones. I live my husband's kind of life because it has always been more natural for the wife to do the adapting. If *he* lived *my* kind of life I'd miss what he wasn't and not care much for what he was!"

A slender girl, five feet four and a half inches tall, with brown hair and deeply-set hazel eyes, Jean has an intriguing femininity which registers on the screen with a mystic and even regal quality to it. "She sits a throne beautifully," is the way Darryl Zanuck, head of 20th Century-Fox Studios, once put it. The same look is there in real life, but she makes no effort to match it with any grand manner. Instead, she has an engaging, almost confiding, simplicity about her, especially when she grows serious, as she can on the subject of her marriage to "Jimmy," as she calls Granger.

"No man is ever handed the portfolio of master of the house," Jean points out. "It is a privilege he has to earn.

"Actually, Jimmy has never insisted that I do anything. If he did, I might never obey. I don't think any husband

Beautiful as a blonde or brunette, Jean

an important one—especially her real-life

Jean's movie lovers cause her heartache. In both "The Egyptian" *(left)* and "Désirée" (with Marlon Brando) she is badly treated by her leading men.

with real authority ever has to insist. He isn't an overseer hammering things out his way. He is a leader because that is his responsibility to his wife and to their mutual security and welfare."

A good illustration of this, she recalls, is the way Granger solved her dilemma two years ago when she and producer Howard Hughes could not agree on the kind of pictures she should make. Granger, who is the guiding voice in her career, not only had her file suit for freedom from her contract with Hughes, but then waged and won the fight for her. By backing her, she pointed out, he was endangering his own career.

"Wise actors don't joust with big men in show business," she said, "and not even when a husband is helping his wife is it considered smart to put two careers on the block to save one. Everybody told him to let the lawyers do the fighting. He wouldn't hear of it. He threw himself into the case all the way, up to and including his whole future.

"A man can avow many things and a girl can tell herself to believe him," she added. "But when he *does* something to prove his interest, she feels wonderfully wanted—way past words."

Jean calls her husband "Jimmy" because he was born Jimmy Stewart. He changed it to Stewart Granger when he got into the movies and found that another pretty good actor by that name was already firmly and fondly established in the public mind. Granger has been married be-

Simmons makes every part she plays role as Stewart Granger's wife

fore, to the English actress Elspeth March, who has custody of their two children, an eight-year-old girl, Lindsay, and a ten-year-old boy, James. The youngsters visited their father in Hollywood last year and became fast friends with their "Aunt Jean."

Jean holds that the difference between her age and Granger's is not too great, and that his clear seniority has actually strengthened their marriage. She believes that too often there is lack of maturity in a young husband which is unsettling and is resented by the young wife, sometimes unconsciously. By an interesting coincidence, one of her best friends is Elizabeth Taylor, who at 22 is the wife of 42-year-old Michael Wilding, after having divorced Conrad Hilton, Jr., who was in his twenties. "Liz is not only the mother of Mike's child, but she is much happier now," Jean reports.

Granger picked the mountaintop home he and Jean live in, and he remodeled and decorated it, even to her bedroom. With the help of a man-around-the-house (a former Army aide), a three-times-a-week cleaning maid, and a secretary whom he and Jean share, Granger manages the household.

At all of this he is very good, and for all of this Jean is grateful. But she honestly admits there are drawbacks to being second in the marital chain of command.

Among the disadvantages seems to be the fact that their friends are mostly Granger's friends and their activities more on the contemplative side, like staying home to watch television rather than going out dining and dancing. "And another thing," she complains, "is that whenever you get into an argument with your husband you are bucking a strongly established precedent—one you've helped set yourself—that he is always right. Like they say in the gangster pictures, you feel the 'fix' is in against you. You want to keep running to the referee to protest. But when you look for him, why, who does he turn out to be but your husband—*he's* taken over that job, too!"

But no tears fill Jean's eyes when she tells this. She feels she has her rewards, and, too, there are prerogatives she hasn't given up. There is the respect she gets for her work—from Granger, too, of course—and the glamour of it. "And of course, I hate to mention it, but there's the money, too," she says. Her salaries are as huge as anyone's in Hollywood, including Granger's.

Because she loves dancing and Granger is a good dancer, there are occasions when he must take her out to where there is a floor and a band. She also likes to discover unusual dining spots, to which she leads him—places, usually, where the atmosphere is much thicker than the steaks. And if she wants to wear jeans she wears them, despite an objection he is quoted as having made (and quoted so often it has become a classic around the studios): "If girls are made as they should be, and Jean is, blue jeans do not become them."

Jean was born in a corner of London known as Crouch End, on a street which had a pub at one end of it and a prison at the other. But she was raised in another

Granger thought Jean too inexperienced to play *Ophelia* in "Hamlet," but she surprised him with a moving performance.

dreary part of the city, known as Cricklewood. "No Cricklewood girl would ever admit being from there," remembers Jean. "Usually she'd lay claim to someplace else, like Golders Green, which was the suburb next to us and at least boasted a fine crematorium if nothing else.

"The big point about Cricklewood children, though, is that their parents stood for no fancy notions. They taught their daughters that when you married a man you gave him devotion in return for security and protection; otherwise you might never get out of Cricklewood." The state of Jean's wifehood today traces curiously back to her original thinking about the importance of being attached to a man.

Jean never wanted to be an *(Continued on page 77)*

One More River

Your heart will go out to Debbie, the lonely one, who met the test of adulthood with untarnished honesty

BY CHARLES MERCER
ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

For a moment she was Ava Gardner, walking slow and slinky, chin tilted, eyes lifted dreamily, going forth to meet Bogart or Gable or, preferably, Gregory Peck. Then she passed through the hall and the screen slammed behind her, bang, and the brightness of afternoon sun on the Atlantic blinded her.

"Hullo, Debbie," Bill Clair said.

He was sitting on the steps. He was tall, but any other similarity to Gregory Peck was purely coincidental. For he was just eighteen and, too bad, you'd have to call him thin instead of lean.

"Hi."

She wished he'd look at her with fascination. But he just looked at her with his persistently puzzled expression, as if she were a faulty distributor or one of those unmentionable things he always was taking apart down at Flint's Garage.

Glimpsing her reflection in a floor-length bay window, she pirouetted on bare toes, bending gracefully and touching the tips of her right fingers to her left elbow. The window reflected her blue shorts and white T-shirt and the delightful fact that the old sturdiness of her legs was yielding to a new shapeliness. After all the years of thinness and plumpness she was, oh happy day, going to have a figure. But from the neck up she'd change no more. Of that she was positive as she peered closely at her dim reflection in the salt-streaked window. The wind ruffled her cropped dark hair like a lover's fingers. In the sea glare it seemed as blue as her eyes. Against the tanned smoothness of her face her lips were full and red, not from a stick, but as if— as if—

"In the olden days," she said aloud, so that Bill could hear if he cared, "girls were *(Continued on page 86)*

Bowler

A NEW WAY

TO CURB DANGEROUS DRIVERS

Too many young families are being shattered by killers behind the wheel. Here's how to find them and stop them

BY DAVID LANDMAN

On a warm summer night, Jim and Myrtle McElvarr were walking home arm-in-arm, laughing and talking as they neared their houseful of six children in Bellmawr Park, New Jersey. They never got there. Within a few seconds, a black coupé made a widow out of slim, redheaded Myrtle McElvarr.

According to an eyewitness, the car came straight down the highway and swung off the pavement to the right. The headlights showed Jim McElvarr, a husky man in a white T-shirt, trying to push his wife to safety. The car swept him into the air and onto its hood, flung him 50 feet away, and continued off into the night. Nearby, beside a cemetery fence, the woman lay crying until someone came and helped her home.

The editors of REDBOOK asked me to find out why Jim McElvarr died, and why thousands of young men and women like him are being needlessly crippled and killed each year. What could have been done to save a father for Joanne, Mary Ann, Mitchell, James, Lynn and Marie McElvarr?

The answer is "plenty." That's what this article is about. I have talked with police officials, safety experts, motor-vehicle examiners—all the people who know this problem only too well. From them, I discovered that there *is* a way to get the killers off our roads. But it will take your anger and your demand for action to make it work in your state.

To find out what happened to the McElvarrs, I interviewed state officials and local police. I visited the county courthouse. I drove along Browning Road myself to find out what a driver can see by moonlight on the stretch of highway next to the cemetery.

I discovered that the driver who killed McElvarr was a repeater. The police had traced him hours after the accident through the crumpled hood and broken headlights of his car. The list of convictions on the back of his license was a catalogue of things drivers shouldn't do. He broke the motor-vehicle law so often that his driving privileges should have been revoked in 1952, but somebody fumbled and let him keep on driving. Three times the traffic-court judge fined him ten dollars and costs. Once it was seven-fifty. They suspended his

license for a while, but they didn't find out why he continually and willfully broke the law, or whether he was going to break it again. Three weeks after they handed the license back, he went out on a straight road on a clear night and killed a man.

Jim McElvarr died proving something that didn't need any more proving—that a small group of accident repeaters are as dangerous to the community as killers armed with guns. Though these repeaters number less than 20 per cent of all drivers, they are involved in 80 per cent of the accidents. They are identifiable. They are predictable. They claim a new victim somewhere in the United States every 17 minutes.

In California recently, statisticians of the department of motor vehicles made a study of repeaters in its file of 7,000,000 drivers. They found that two and a half per cent of the drivers get into 25 per cent of the accidents—and, among these accident-makers, 70 per cent had previously been convicted of dangerous driving.

In Connecticut, a survey showed that 36 per cent of the accidents happened to just four per cent of the drivers, a group whose accident record was 15 times as bad as that of the rest of the state's motorists.

Michigan's Chief Examiner George W. Newman told me, "Auto collisions are not accidents; they are caused. They can be expected as a result of violations and poor judgment. Eighty to ninety per cent of the collisions couldn't occur if there were no violations."

The driver who killed Margaret Mitchell, author of "Gone with the Wind," had 26 offenses on his record the day he struck down the "first citizen of Georgia" on Peachtree Street in Atlanta. Conviction in a court of law didn't cure him of dangerous driving, either, for while he was out on bail, he went out and crashed into a truck.

In New York City, one man was literally a killer on the loose armed with a murder weapon. *After* he had killed a six-year-old girl with his car, he was caught ignoring red lights four times, driving without lights twice, backing onto a crosswalk, and driving through a play street. The police ticketed him for driving recklessly with a can of beer in one hand, too, and for eight more offenses before he was finally stopped.

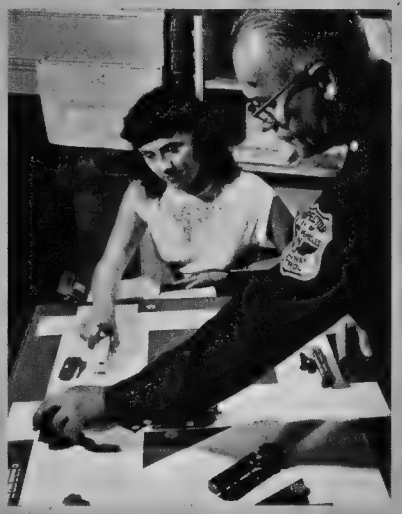
The truth about the drivers who cause all these accidents is of vital concern to young American families. The death or injury of a breadwinner or the hospitalization of a mother brings special hardship. Young families usually ride all in one car, whether going to Yellowstone on vacation or to Grandmother's for Sunday dinner. When the newspaper headlines report "Seven Die as Cars Collide," whole families are almost always involved. And at these times, the repeaters' $5,000 or $10,000 insurance policy does a blighted young family little good.

Fortunately, bad drivers are not all doomed to grow worse until the bad crash comes. With help, most of them can be cured.

Companies that operate fleets of vehicles know this. Because it costs dollars and doesn't make sense to pay for unnecessary traffic-court tickets, vehicle repairs, damage claims and extra high "bad risk" insurance premiums, they either retrain their repeaters or get rid of them.

The American Fidelity & Casualty Company, world's largest insurer of trucks and buses, has a unique safety affiliate called the Markel Service, Inc., which helps fleet owners cure dangerous drivers. Charlie Ray, vice-president of Markel, showed me how they do it.

This is how young



Inspector Oldis sets up a traffic problem to be solved by Mary Bossio as the driver.

How Safe Is Your State?

To help you find out how much your state is doing about getting dangerous drivers off the road, here is a summary of the corrective measures described in the accompanying article—and a list of the states that are carrying them out:

Point System for Dangerous Drivers: Arizona, California, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Indiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Washington.

State-Sponsored Correctional Clinics: California, New Jersey, North Carolina.

Central Record File and Driver-Improvement Program: All states except Arkansas and South Dakota.

Re-examination on Renewal of Driver's Licenses:
A. Full re-examination, including road test, recognition of road signs, vision, rules of the road: Arizona, North Carolina, South Carolina.
B. Re-examination of driving ability, recognition of road signs and vision only: Maine.
C. Re-examination on road signs, vision and rules of the road only: Colorado.
D. Re-examination of vision and rules of the road only: California.
E. Re-examination of vision only: Iowa, Michigan, Utah, Washington.

drivers discover their weaknesses—*before it's too late*

An elaborate machine helps Inspector Robert Wagner test the driver's side vision.

Manipulation of strings helps the inspector test driver's judgment of depth and distance.

On the Portaclinic Tester, the driver goes through driving motions for reaction-timing.

Photographs by Ike Vern

In a specially-equipped black sedan, we cruised along U.S. Highway 1 toward Boston, cutting in behind each tractor-trailer which bore the black and yellow "M" on the tailboard that showed it was under the Markel company's supervision. Our purpose was to check on drivers. Twice we found trucks which were exceeding the speed limit. Once we followed a driver in a big red "freight box" who drifted across the center line, breaking the law and inviting accidents. Another truck passed on blind curves. Each time, Mr. Ray pressed a button on the gearshift lever and recorded the scene with a movie camera and in his notebook—what the driver was doing, the time, the date and the speed.

Later, the men were shown the pictures, their driving records were reviewed, and they were told to do better. "Some men don't realize their errors," Mr. Ray said, "and we help them improve. Others quit speeding or driving carelessly because they don't want to lose their jobs. The companies we insure must improve or eliminate the bad drivers. We don't tolerate repeaters. That's one reason our drivers' accident rate is half the national average."

What about the ordinary drivers who have no Charlie Ray checking on their driving habits? It's up to the state governments that licensed these men and women to find the repeaters and try to re-educate them. As for those who can't or won't learn to drive safely, there is nothing to do but take their licenses away—for good. If thousands of known criminals were turned loose in your state armed with pistols, you would demand action from your governor. But because these killers are armed with automobiles, we often get official indifference. Yet while it's difficult to hit a man at 50 paces with a bullet, with a car it's difficult to miss.

Some states do outstanding work in correcting repeaters. Others do hit-or-miss jobs. If after reading this article you find that your governor and motor-vehicle commissioner aren't doing enough, you'll know they are inviting the repeaters to put your family and your neighbors in the same column of statistics as the McElvarrs.

Driving is a privilege, not a right, according to the supreme courts of several states. Many states have mandatory revocation, or suspension for at least a year, for repeaters of hit-and-run accidents or drunken driving. But others don't.

But it is the not-yet-serious repeaters who give the state motor-vehicle departments their biggest opportunity. These drivers are fender-bashing and ticket-collecting on borrowed time, until the big bang. Many of them are just careless, moving a little too fast, swinging a little bit wide on a right turn, cutting a little close on a left. Some have deficient eyesight. Some really do not know how to drive a car; some do not know the law. Some have an aggressive or don't-care attitude which leads them to try to fill the same piece of highway that another car is about to occupy.

States can find the repeaters, keep track of them, and correct them with a "point system"—a scheme in which all law violations and accidents are tallied against a driver's record in the statehouse. Thirteen states and the District of Columbia have point systems of some kind—Arizona, California, Connecticut, Indiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Oklahoma, South Carolina and Washington.

In Hartford, capital of Connecticut, where the first point system was set up in 1947, I saw how it works. Every time a Connecticut driver gets in trouble—through a collision, a traffic court conviction or an official warning from a highway patrolman—notice is sent to the Department of Motor Vehicles, and a certain number of points are recorded on his card in the master file. Running through a red light is a *(Continued on page 84)*

Would she love her adopted child less when her own baby was born? The question haunted Ann as she awaited

A Brother For Mike

This isn't anything that hasn't happened to a million other women, Ann Dexter warned herself when the first hint of labor pain trembled through her body. This doesn't set me apart, just because it's me, even if my situation *is* a little different. She relaxed, as the books had told her to, and tried to face the night with calmness. Beside her, Clay breathed evenly in his sleep, and the soft ticking of the clock sounded through the room.

Her serenity carried her through for a while, but it began to wear thin when the pains seemed to come closer together.

This thing may have happened a million times before, she admitted to herself with honesty, but never to me. And I think I'm a little bit scared!

She shook Clay. "Hey," she said. "Wake up. I think the baby is coming."

Clay made a few strangled, inarticulate sounds, moving away from her hand, but then was suddenly awake.

"Is it?" he demanded. "Is it really coming?"

"I think so," she said. "You help me count."

They lay together, tense and waiting, Clay's hand holding hers. The clock ticked persistently, like a soft questioning, like a heart beating.

"There," she said. "Now."

"Does it hurt?" Clay sounded worried.

"Of course, it hurts a little. Look at your watch."

They were silent for a while, and the luminous dial of Clay's watch wavered in the dark above them as he held his arm arched over the bed.

"Put your arm down," she said at last. "Just remember the time."

"Maybe I'd better get dressed," Clay offered. *(Continued on page 70)*

BY LOIS T. HENDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY PROHASKA

Guest stars like Morgan, the famous basset hound, help Garry Moore entertain the ladies.

Garry Moore: The Man Who Speaks His Mind

TV's unpredictable star can start a hot debate on anything—giveaway programs, dogs, even "Silent Night"

BY HYMAN GOLDBERG

When 26-year-old Margaret Deibel of Mount Pleasant, Michigan, came to see the "Garry Moore Show" last summer, she had no idea that her visit would make history. One of Garry's 12,000,000 women fans, she was naturally anxious to see her favorite in person during her vacation trip to New York. But Garry noticed her sitting in the audience and asked her to come up to the stage because she looked "so pretty and interesting."

When he questioned her, Mrs. Deibel told him proudly that she and her husband, an appliance salesman, "like to stand on our own feet, without help from anyone." Garry said he admired spirit like that. "It would be nice," he remarked to the audience, "if everyone who saw Mrs. Deibel on this show would write to her to commend her—and it would be even nicer if everyone who wrote enclosed a nickel."

Before long, more than 150,000 people from all over the country had written to Mrs. Deibel. Her local post office had to hire five additional clerks to handle the volume. The letters, which jingled with coins, had to be kept in the Masonic Hall and the town jail. When the deluge was over, the bewildered but grateful Deibels had received $10,000, which they will save for their children's education.

This spontaneous reaction to a few words from Garry Moore surprised no one who has been aware of Moore's ardent following over the years. Not so long ago his bosses at CBS-TV were brought up sharply by these same devoted fans, when they decided to fire Garry. A CBS official had come to the conclusion that the "Garry Moore Show" was a hodgepodge and needed a more definable format. Moore was told to make his show into a giveaway program "with gimmicks." When he rebelled, he was given an ultimatum: "Change or be fired." Garry chose to be fired. He told his audience:

"What they were trying to get me to do was to make the show into something I had fought against before, when I was in radio. They wanted me to be what I call a 'Jolly Charlie' type, just cheerful and happy no matter what. Without a care in the world. Pretty soon the show would turn into *(Continued on page 66)*

CALIF.
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
SAN DIEGO
TUCSON
EL PASO
NOGALES
TEXAS
HERMOSILLO
GUAYMAS
CIUDAD OBREGON
LOS MOCHIS
CULIACAN
MEXICO
15
MAZATLAN
TEPIC
GUADALAJARA
MEXICAN
HOLIDAY

Miles seem shorter and dollars longer on this new highway to adventure south of the border

BY PAUL C. BENARD
MAP PAINTED BY HARRY O. DIAMOND

An Indian craftsman fashioning silver jewelry, a matador sidestepping a charging bull, young lovers flirting in the square, Castilian dancers whirling to castanets, thin air floating over clean plateaus, tropical jungles steaming with life, church bells tolling from far away, a volcano erupting . . .

This is Mexico, a country of contrasts, where the three worlds of the ancient Aztecs, old Spain and the new West meet and mix—where adventure is real, where beauty has a thousand faces, where romance and excitement hang in the air.

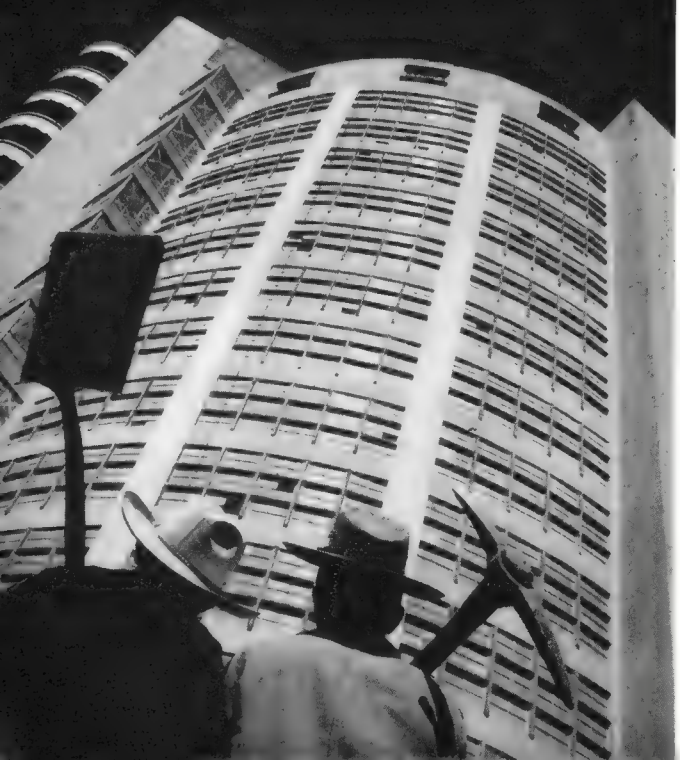
This golden land just across our southern border is so close you can get there in a few days and explore much of its spectacular life and scenery in two weeks. You can travel easily and at astonishingly low cost. And you can have all the pleasures of visiting a foreign country, with hardly any of the inconveniences—because English is Mexico's second language, because American-type hotel accommodations are numerous, and because Mexicans are among the friendliest people on earth.

Railroads, ship lines, air lines and bus companies offer the Mexico-bound vacationer a variety of comfortable, moderately-priced ways to get south of the border, and a choice of tours inside Mexico. But for freedom and mobility and minimum expense, an automobile trip is hard to beat.

Mexican roads have been greatly improved in recent years. Surfaces have been smoothed and routes realigned. The supreme achievement thus far is completion of Highway 15, the new West Coast route which will be officially opened early this spring. North America's most glamorous highway swings 1600 miles

Present-day descendants of the Aztecs each year revive the ancient glories with Indian ceremonial.

The birth of the volcano Paricutin *(above)*, in 1943, buried this village in lava. Buildings like the Hotel Plaza *(below)* make Mexico City a world show place of modern architecture.



from the border town of Nogales south to streamlined and cosmopolitan Mexico City. Traveling this route, you pass through barren but beautiful desert, rich farming country and wild mountains. You see tropical beaches, colorful villages, sparkling lakes and mysterious untamed rivers, and everywhere, the cheerful, philosophical, courteous *mestizo*, the average Mexican who is a mixture of Indian and Spaniard.

All this is within reach of both your speedometer *and* your budget. Mexico has always been an inexpensive vacation spot, but this year it's better than ever. Last April the Mexican peso was devaluated from 12 cents, American money, to eight cents. So the dollar now buys more in Mexico—and 1955 is the first full year in which you can take advantage of this vacation bargain.

Comfortable hotel accommodations and good food are available in all Mexican towns above hamlet size. The hub of each community is a town square or plaza which almost always has at least one modern hotel and one American-style restaurant. But here you must use the same care you would practice in the States. Ask to see the hotel room before registering. If the restaurant is clean, it's probably good. It's a good sign if the menu is printed in both Spanish and English.

Most eating places serve purified water, but if bottled water isn't available, drink soft drinks, coffee or tea. Don't drink milk unless it has been boiled. Eat native dishes sparingly until you have adjusted to the strong seasoning.

You can stop at elegant hotels in thriving tourist centers or "live in" with Mexican families in villages where the natives still stare at U.S. license plates. You can eat Mexican-style in open-air stalls, or American-style in charming sidewalk cafés —or even in hamburger heavens.

A usual hotel rate in Mexico, excluding so-called resort hotels, for an outside double room with private bath is 35 pesos a day ($2.80 U. S. currency). An American-style breakfast costs four pesos (32 cents). Dinner, eaten in midafternoon and including from five to seven courses, costs about 12 pesos (96 cents). And another six pesos (48 cents) can buy a light supper, served between 9 and 11 P.M. The cost for three meals each day averages $1.80 (plus tips which at home would seem miserly).

If you travel by car, you'll pay 16 cents a gallon for gasoline inside Mexico, and if you average 16 miles per gallon, you can travel 200 miles a day for $2. Transportation by bus and train once you cross the border is even cheaper. For example, first-class bus fare from El Paso, Texas, to Mexico City—a 1221-mile trip—is $11.

Although you may find it hard to believe, you and your husband or wife can see Mexico on a total of $10 a day. This total includes $3.25 for gas, oil, tolls; $4 for food, and $2.80 for a hotel room.

Please note that $10 will cover all daily *basic* ex- *(Continued on page 74)*

Mother and daughter *(upper left)* vend flowers from a canoe in Xochimilco, 14 miles from Mexico City. Indians *(above)* fish with the butterfly nets their ancestors used for centuries. Jewelry like this necklace *(left)* of jade and sheathed gold can be bought at modest prices in Mexico. The Cathedral of Mexico City *(below)* was finished in 1667.

"We Dared to Love

What happens when two warmhearted people, defying all warnings, choose a baby who desperately needs special care and affection? Theirs is a story of a love that refused to conform

BY DOROTHY F. LYNCH
AS TOLD TO AL HIRSHBERG
PHOTOGRAPHY BY IKE VERN

One evening just before Christmas, 1950, I handed my husband a gaily decorated package to put under our tree. On a card attached to the package I had just written: *Merry Christmas to Susan, from "Mummy" and "Daddy."* Before placing the box with the other gifts, Frank held it a moment—gently. He looked at the card and the quotation marks around the "Mummy" and the "Daddy." Then he looked up at me and said quietly, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could keep her permanently?"

My heart skipped a beat.

Susan, who was only six months old, had given Frank a hard time during the few weeks she had been with us. She had shown no interest in his attempts to be affectionate. She had squirmed and cried every time he had picked her up. She had refused to let him feed her. Night after night she had kept him awake with her screaming. Each morning he was tired before he even started to work.

There was something else, too. Susan was a victim of retrolental fibroplasia, an eye condition which attacks unusually tiny premature babies. She was blind.

"Do you really want her, Frank?" I asked.

He stood up, came over, and put his arms around me. That was when we decided to adopt Susan.

After telling our friends and relatives, we discovered that almost all of them were against the plan. Members of the family warned that we were inviting a lifetime of heartache. They said Susan would never be able to do the things other children did—that as she grew up her handicap would become more disabling and we would become more bitter.

Our friends thought we were being rashly brave. They realized we wanted a child, but why, they asked, take one with such a terrible handicap when there were so many sound youngsters available for adoption?

At the Lighthouse, one of New York's best-known private agencies for the blind, we were told it was neither in our best interests nor in the best interests of the baby for us to adopt her. They said we would run into problems we couldn't handle, that we would have more expense than we anticipated, that we might even have to turn Susan back eventually, which would be worse than if we had never taken her at all.

The investigator from New York's Surrogate Court, which would make the final decision on whether or not we could adopt Susan, was skeptical. He reminded us that Susan had been born in Newport, Rhode Island. If we had to give her up, she would become *(Continued on page 72)*

This Child"

Dorothy Lynch shares happiness and a unique kind of achievement with Susan, four and a half (left), *and Beth, three.*

"You're smart enough to conquer a budget. Right?" He said. "Right," she whispered, wanting that kiss.

DOWN PAYMENT ON MARRIAGE

BY HARRIET SHIEK
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT LEVERING

She had been engaged about two hours when she decided it was a mistake and broke the engagement. There was no use kidding herself; she could never learn to live his kind of life, and a simple thing like buying a tablecloth proved it.

It all happened—getting engaged, buying the tablecloth and getting unengaged—on a Saturday afternoon in April. They'd driven out in the country, had just finished their picnic lunch, and were tossing crumbs to a squirrel when Jim said, "Will you marry me, Donna?"

It wasn't as abrupt as it sounded. For six months—since they'd first met at Farrell's Boys' School, where he was football coach and where she'd appeared one day to help dedicate the new library as a memorial to her father—they'd both known this moment would come.

Sitting on the grass beside him, not touching him, not even daring to look at him because if she did she'd go right into his arms, she tossed another bite of cake to the squirrel, then answered, "No, Jim."

"Why?"

"We're too . . . different."

"Sure we're different. I'm male, six feet, homely, brown-eyed. You're female, five feet five, good-looking and blonde. That combination ought to work out pretty well!"

She had to smile. But she said soberly, "You know what I mean. Money. It makes a person weak, Jim."

"Your father wasn't weak."

"He was unusual. I'm not. Let's face it: when and if I marry, it'll have to be a rich man."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

"Nuts."

She turned, a flash of bitterness in her eyes. "Can you see me getting along without my props?" She meant the big house on Willow Drive, the servants, the fat check that came every month from her mother, who had remarried and was now on a world cruise.

Jim's eyes held hers. "Yes, I can see you without your props. I can see you in my apartment, getting along fine on my pay-check."

She shook her head. "No. Dad and Mother paid people to teach me a lot of things, but living on a budget wasn't included. I can dance, ride, swim, sail and mix a champagne cocktail, but . . ."

His hands on her shoulders made her draw in her breath. "You little dope," he said, his voice tender. "If you were smart enough to learn all those things, you're smart enough to conquer a budget. Right?"

His arms were around her now, and she was lost, her heart beating against his, her lips parted, waiting for his kiss. "Right," she whispered, wanting to believe him, wanting that kiss.

And so she became engaged.

Driving home at sundown, they sat close together. When Donna saw the roughly-painted sign on the road—HOUSEHOLD GOODS FOR SALE—she said impulsively, "Let's buy ourselves an engagement present! Something for the apartment." Then, "On second thought, let's not. See—I already wanted to spend money."

"Everybody enjoys spending money," he said, stopping the car. "And an engagement present—I can't think of a better way to spend a few bucks today."

Going up the path to the white farmhouse, she promised, "I won't buy a thing unless it's a bargain. Watch me!" And she actually felt excited. Maybe it *would* be fun not to have so much money. The challenge of it . . . learning to be clever . . .

A tiny old lady in pink gingham greeted them, and as they entered the cool, old-fashioned house, she asked if it was furniture or china or linens they were interested in. "I'm going to join my son out West, so that's why I'm selling out. You two been married long?"

"We . . . we're engaged," Donna said, flushing, and asked if they could see the linens.

"Yes, indeedy. They're old, but good as new." She opened a cedar chest, took out some doilies, pillowcases and a large linen tablecloth that was soft and rich to Donna's fingers as she helped unfold it.

"Look, Jim—isn't it beautiful?"

"It sure is, honey."

As Donna Farrell, she would have said to the woman, "I'll take it. How much?" As Jim's future wife, she didn't know what to do. You couldn't buy pure linen this size new for less than fifty dollars. What would a used one be worth? Half? But she was sure Jim's budget couldn't stand twenty-five dollars just for a tablecloth. How much *could* they pay? "Are . . . are there any worn spots?" she asked uncertainly.

"Oh, my, no. I only used it a few times. At my son's christening and wedding and such." She smiled at Donna, at Jim, then at Donna again. "When's your wedding?"

"We . . . we haven't decided yet," Donna answered, wondering nervously. How much? How much? "It . . . it isn't as big as I thought," she stalled.

"It's dinner-size. I *know* you'd enjoy using it."

"What . . . what were you asking for it?" At least I'm asking the price first, Donna thought.

"Well, I figured thirty dollars would be about right."

"Th . . . thirty?" Donna stammered. "I . . . I'm afraid that's more than we could pay. I mean . . . with all our other expenses . . ."

"Yes, I guess it's hard to get started these days. But I'd like you to have it. How would twenty be?"

Jim hadn't said a word. Donna couldn't tell what he was thinking. She shook her head, took a step toward the door. "I . . . I'm afraid not." All she wanted now was to get out of here.

"Fifteen, then?" the woman said.

Donna paused. That was a terrific bargain. But Jim shuffled his feet just then. Probably even fifteen dollars sounded high to him. "I . . ." Donna heard herself say. "We'll give you ten."

The woman considered it. "Hm . . . well, all right."

Silently, Jim paid her. She tucked the bill in her pocket, saying, "I'll find some paper to wrap it in."

Watching her go toward the kitchen, Donna felt her face burn with sudden shame. I cheated her, she thought miserably. How could I?

"I . . . I'll go help her," she said, and left Jim alone. In the kitchen, she opened her purse and took out a twenty-dollar bill. "Here . . . please take this." She laid the bill on the table, then turned away in embarrassed silence while the woman puttered on endlessly, folding the cloth in a newspaper.

Donna wasn't aware of saying good-by or walking down the path with the package under her arm. As Jim slid into the car beside her, she said in a tight, choked voice, "It's all off."

"What's off?"

"Our engagement." Her eyes blurred as she looked down at the package in her lap. "If your kind of life makes me do that kind of thing . . . cheat people . . ."

Jim reached for her hand. "You just had budgets on your mind and got carried away, honey, that's all."

"But I . . . I cheated on you, too, Jim. While I was in the kitchen I gave her twenty more dollars. Trying to . . . to buy back my self-respect."

"You did?" There was a hint of laughter in his voice. "Well, the little old gal did all right then—and the tablecloth cost us forty bucks, because I gave her a twenty-dollar bill myself, instead of a ten. She didn't even notice, or if she did she was pretty cute, pocketing it so fast."

Slowly, Donna turned to look at him. After a long minute she said, "Even with a budget, your kind of life must be just like mine—in the things that count." She added softly, "I . . . I guess we're not so different, after all, are we?"

He grinned. "Sure we're different. I'm male, six feet, homely, brown-eyed. You're female, five feet five and . . ."

He didn't finish, because by then his lips were on hers and she was engaged again.

It was several minutes before they noticed that their forty-dollar tablecloth had slipped to the floor and the newspaper had fallen away from it. Jim picked it up, and they both stared at the note which was fastened to a corner of the white linen with a safety pin. *May your marriage be as happy as mine was,* it said. And underneath the slip of paper they saw the corners of two green bills peeking out at them. Two twenties. . . . THE END

(Continued from page 23)

and after she had collected a glass of sherry, she wandered over and joined them. But somehow, after she had become part of the group, their talk and laughter began to sound flat and hollow. Her spirits drooped further to some low, sorrowful place. I'll go home, she thought; I shouldn't have come, anyway.

She murmured an excuse to the others. She turned away from them so abruptly that she bumped into a young man. The impact made her drink slosh over the rim of her glass and down the front of her dress.

"I'm terribly sorry," the young man said. whipping out his handkerchief. "I thought I was crossing with the light." He bent over and began making ineffectual stabs at her skirt.

"It was my fault," Kay said. "I shouldn't have turned like that." As he straightened, she lifted her empty glass with a rather sad smile. "I didn't want to finish my drink, anyway; now it's all taken care of. And I was just going, besides."

"Going?" He seemed astonished. "But you just came!" The color rose a little in his face, and he cleared his throat. "That is—I *did* see you come in a little while ago, didn't I?"

"Yes. But I guess I'm not in the mood for a cocktail party." She gave him the sad little smile again.

"I wish you wouldn't go, really," he said. "I don't know many people in the room." He drew in his breath. "I'm Isobel's cousin, Mark Russell. I've only been living in New York for a few weeks."

"Mark Russell? From Ohio?" Kay felt a slight quickening inside her, as if a dead current had begun, very feebly, to flicker into life. "Why, Isobel's told me a lot about you." Vague phrases dotted her memory: "An only son"; "does something with department stores"; "in a quiet way, very popular."

"I'm Kay Walton," she said. "Is it your work that's brought you to New York?"

"That's right. Brak's made me a rather inviting offer." He grinned. "I headed East like a guided missile before they could change their minds."

He was a very nice-looking young man, Kay thought. Nothing like Tony—but then, how many men looked like Tony? The old cliché "tall, dark and handsome" fitted him perfectly, whereas this young man was of only medium height, had sandy-colored hair, and wasn't at all handsome. Attractive, you might say—yes, definitely attractive in a rather young, engaging way. Maybe some girl in Ohio was eating her heart out this minute because *he* had gone away. How ironical it was, when you thought of it. But she couldn't imagine a girl reacting to this young man with the depth of emotional intensity she felt for Tony. It was because Mark Russell, as nice as he was, was still an *average* young man, whereas Tony— Something twisted sharply inside her.

Mark Russell's face changed abruptly. "What is it?" he said. "Don't you feel well?"

"I'm fine." Kay smiled bravely. "Only I really think I'd better—"

He broke in quickly: "Isobel's told me a lot about you, too. Only I'm rather confused."

"Confused?"

"She said—" He hesitated. "That you were very gay and full of life and fun. I—" His eyes searched her face. "I can't help wondering if something's happened to change all that. There's something in your face and smile—" He drew in his breath. "As if you'd had a death in the family. Is that it?"

Kay was so startled that the color rose in her face. "Oh, n-no," she stammered. "Nothing like that." She gave a rather shaky laugh.

But his eyes were gentle. "You're sad about something," he said. "There's been *some* kind of loss?"

Nearby, a group of young people gave a shout of laughter, but Kay didn't hear it; she was looking into his eyes. They were a nice warm gray, she noticed. Full of insight and understanding.

"I didn't know I showed it so clearly," she said. "I didn't mean to. The truth is—" She looked away. "Someone I was—very fond of, has gone away."

She swallowed. The noise and gaiety almost made her wince. Why had she come? But her mother and father had urged her to come; her married sister, Gail, had said with a snort of impatience, "For Pete's sake, get out among some young people again. Ever since your Lover Boy dissolved into space, you've been mooning around as if you were composing suicide notes in your mind."

Kay's mouth twisted. Lover Boy. That was so typical of her family's reaction to Tony. They had been hostile toward him from the begining. "Too old," her father said. Thirty-six too old for a girl almost twenty-one! "Too unstable," her mother had said. Just because he was so gay and mercurial in temperament! "Too obvious," her sister Gail had said. "That Grecian profile; those white, white teeth flashing on and off like traffic lights; that studied charm." Because he was handsome and brilliant and had the most beautiful voice in the world! Oh, it was maddening how blind all of them had been! After the first few weeks, her parents' disapproval of Tony had been so sharp that she had had to see him secretly. For six whole weeks, with only her sister Gail knowing, she had met him in hotel lobbies, in restaurants, at the homes of her girl friends. It had been terrible.

"I see," Mark Russell was saying.

She looked at him. But he couldn't see; no one could see how terrible it had been. Something pricked at her eyes and throat. Terrible and wonderful. The stolen kisses in the shadow of a building, the clinging glances exchanged under the head waiter's eyes, the prearranged calls to him from the corner drugstore when, with his "Hello?" the dead stale air in the telephone booth suddenly became charged with an almost unbearable excitement—yes, it had been terrible and wonderful. And now it was all over. The threat that had hung like a darkening shadow over their entire affair had finally become a reality. His firm had transferred him to their California branch.

Her eyes focused with difficulty on the eyes of the young man before her. They were filled with gravity and sympathy.

She said, "I came to this party because I thought it would do me good."

He grinned faintly. "I've never measured the therapeutic value of a cocktail party. But I guess it does have its points. It loosens the tongue, for instance, and flexes the elbow joints." The grin faded suddenly from his face. "Look," he said. "I can see how all this noise and gaiety must jar you. Why don't we go to some quiet place where we could really talk?" He looked down at the glass in his hand, and when he spoke again, his voice was low. "I know exactly how you feel. You see—" His eyes lifted. "I left someone behind in Ohio that I miss terribly, too."

So, Kay thought; I was right.

They left the party a few minutes later. As they waited for the elevator, Kay couldn't help smiling to herself. Because, on the outside, it looked as if they had met at a cocktail party, become instantly attracted to each other, and gone off because they couldn't wait to be alone. And on the inside, it was so different—why, they were just two lonely people drawn together because they were, emotionally, in the same boat.

He took her to a quiet little French restaurant where soft music played in the background. They had coffee and pastries, and smoked a great many cigarettes. At first, Kay decided that she couldn't possibly discuss Tony with a stranger. But it was amazing how his sympathy and understanding seemed to draw confidence from her like water from a hidden spring. Little phrases came first, then long sentences; she told him how brilliant Tony had been, how worldly and charming and different from the others. She began to feel better, almost—yes, almost good. As if something inside her had eased.

Finally she looked at Mark. "You were telling me at the party that you, too—" She paused delicately.

He nodded. "Gerry," he said. "Short for Geraldine." He looked away. "She had such charm and gaiety; she was the most graceful thing I've ever seen."

Suddenly Kay thought, He has a wonderful profile; there's something strong and yet sweet about his mouth. She was instantly shocked at herself.

"Graceful?" she said.

He looked at her again. "Oh, yes. And such fun to be with." He sounded very sad.

"Why didn't you bring her to New York with you?" Kay said. "I mean—you could have gotten married."

He looked away. "Marriage was impossible."

She was already married, Kay thought instantly, or maybe she had some terrible wasting disease. All her natural warmth and sympathy welled inside her. "I'm terribly sorry," she said. She drew in her breath. "I think we ought to close our memory books for a while. It isn't good, you know, to dwell on the past. We ought to try and forget."

"How right you are," he said.

They began to talk about books and the theater and music and baseball. They argued good-naturedly; some of his ideas startled Kay, others made her laugh. She laughed quite a lot, and once, turning her head, she caught sight of herself in the mirror and stiffened with shock. Her face was gay and animated, her eyes quite bright. Tony, she thought instantly, Tony . . . But the memory of his face seemed to drift just beyond her reach like a pale balloon. She felt almost as if she had betrayed him.

She began to see Mark two or three times a week. It was all natural enough, she reasoned; they were simply two lovesick young people who were reaching out to each other in their mutual need for comfort and understanding. But it was difficult to explain this status to her family; they saw Mark only as a new suitor, and they beamed their collective approval. "Now you're talking," her sister Gail said. "This one is a veritable broth of a boy."

With Mark, Kay could talk about Tony, and at first it was as if she couldn't talk enough. But after the second week, it was strange how the seemingly endless stream of her memories broke up into sporadic spurts and then settled into a thin trickle of reminiscence. They had, it seemed, so many other things to talk and argue about; to laugh over. Mark, she noticed, did not say so much about his Gerry any more, either, but Kay found that a mental image had formed, constructed out of the verbal bits and pieces he had already given her. It was the picture of a small girl, quick and graceful, with "the most marvelous big, brown eyes."

After a few weeks, a queer thing began to happen when she was with him. He never made any physical move toward her, of course, but she became very conscious of his hand under her elbow as they crossed a street, or of his shoulder brushing against hers as they sat side by side in a restaurant. Once, when she got something in her eye and he leaned forward very closely to wipe it away with his handkerchief, she felt almost dizzy when he straightened again.

One morning toward fall, the telephone rang in her bedroom and she lifted the receiver. "Hello?" she said.

"Hello? Kay?" A deep, man's voice.

She felt a stinging impact on her senses. Her mouth went dry. "Tony?" she said.

"Tony it is," he said. "How are you, my darling? It's marvelous to hear your voice again."

"Where are you?" It was difficult to breathe. "California?"

"New York. Hacket and Belding have shipped me East again. For good, this time."

For good, she thought. Her mind whirled so dizzily that she couldn't speak.

"When can I see you?" he said. "Tonight? The usual place at eight?"

She wet her lips. Thank heavens, she had no date. "Tonight," she said. She heard a step in the hall outside and added quickly, "At eight. I've got to hang up now." She hung up. And suddenly it was all back—the secret excitement, the flutter of her senses, the thrilling lift of expectation inside her. She could not believe it.

When she walked into the little Italian restaurant that night and saw Tony rising from one of the tables, it was as if there had been no empty stretch of days between this meeting and the last. She walked over to him; they sat down; he said something to her, but she hardly heard him or knew what she was saying; she was in that curious state of happiness which consumes everything like a fire.

In a low voice, he said, "Miss me?"

"Oh, Tony—so much." She could feel herself trembling.

"I've missed you, too." Under the table, his hand groped for hers and held it. "The California girls don't hold a candle to you. You look lovelier than ever, darling." He smiled down into her eyes. His teeth showed almost startlingly white against the darkness of his skin.

One way a girl can tell her boy friend is getting serious is when he starts to spend less and less money on dates. —*Dan Bennett*

For a second, Kay heard her sister Gail's voice saying, "Too obvious. Those white, white teeth flashing on and off like traffic lights; that studied charm—" She instantly closed her ears to the words. If Gail couldn't recognize depth and sincerity and completely *natural* charm when it was written all over a person—

His fingers tightened on hers. "How do you think I look?" he said. He frowned. "You don't think I got too much of a suntan in L.A.?"

"Oh, no," she said breathlessly. "It looks marvelous."

He looked happier. "I was thinking—maybe I'll buy a sunlamp." He coughed. "It's an investment in health, actually; they say the sunshine vitamin's the most important one to stock up on; I—" But a waiter had come over and was handing them menus.

They ordered. The food came, but Kay hardly tasted it. They talked, but they couldn't say anything that really mattered, because the tables were so close together and the waiters were hovering around. It was always like this, Kay thought with despair; they could never really be alone.

Later, walking down the dark street, Tony suddenly took her arm and pulled her into the shadow of a building. A moment later, he was straining her to him; his mouth was on hers. Kay's eyes closed; she could feel her heart thudding against her ribs. And then there was the sound of approaching footsteps and they broke apart and began to walk on again. But as Kay looked ahead, her breath came light and quick in her throat, and she thought there was surely nothing more exciting in the world than to be kissed by Tony Ferris and walk beside him on a darkened street.

She saw Mark the next night. In her living room, from the opposite side of the sofa, he said abruptly, "What's happened? You look like a Roman candle about to go off."

She leaned toward him. "Oh, Mark—you'll never guess. Tony's come back."

For a moment, his face was completely still; then he smiled. "Well, well," he said. "That's wonderful. When did that happen?"

"Yesterday. And this time he's back for good. His firm decided to give up the idea of a California branch." She leaned back and grinned. "I saw him last night. And I told him about you."

He bent over and carefully selected a cigarette from the box. "Is that so? What did you tell him?"

"Oh—how we'd met and about my pining after him and your pining after your girl. How nice you were, and understanding." She shook her head, still grinning. "At first he wouldn't quite believe that it was just a platonic friendship, but I finally convinced him."

"You must be very happy," he said.

"I'm the happiest girl in the world." Sudden realization flooded through her; her smile faded, and her eyes became warm with sympathy. "Mark—I wish your story could have a happy ending, too—with Gerry, I mean. Maybe it will."

"Maybe. I haven't given up hope." He jumped up. "What do you feel like doing tonight?"

They went to a movie. He seemed rather quiet. At her doorway at the end of the evening, he cleared his throat. "I don't think I'll be coming around any more, Kay," he said.

She felt a sharp drop inside her. "Why not?"

"You don't need a Wailing Wall any more."

"But—" She swallowed. "You've been much more than that, Mark. I've had such a good time with you."

"Yeah—well. Your boy-friend's back on the scene now." He smiled. "Anyway, I was never a great admirer of the Platonic Approach. At heart, I'm the Romantic-Aggressive type." He drew in his breath. "I'll see you around, Kay. I'm glad everything's straightened out for you."

Going up the hall stairs a few moments later, her legs felt surprisingly weighted, as if she were walking under water.

She saw a lot of Tony that week, and on the days that she couldn't see him, there was the excitement of stealing out to the corner drugstore at a prearranged time and telephoning him from there. It was too dangerous, she thought, for Tony to call her. Not that her family had ever *forbidden* her to see him, exactly, but the whole issue might come to a head unless she was careful and kept it all in the background.

But one morning, her mother came

to her in her room. "Kay," she said. "Tony Ferris is back in town, isn't he?"

The color rose in Kay's face. "Yes, Mom," she said. She hesitated, and then cleared her throat. "And I'm seeing him." She took a step toward her mother, feeling a little cold and sick. "I never wanted it to be this way, but you and Pop—"

"I know." Her mother stood motionless, looking at her. Now she turned away. "Maybe we were wrong—maybe we judged Tony too quickly." She turned to Kay again and managed a wavering smile. "If you're sure that you care for him, Kay, don't meet him secretly any more. Bring him here, to your home."

Kay felt a swelling inside her; for a moment she could not breathe. Then she went over and put her arms around her mother, pressing her cheek against hers. "Oh, Mom," she whispered. "Thank you. You won't be sorry."

The next night, sitting opposite Tony on the sofa, she could not believe her luck. Her parents had been—not warm toward him, exactly, but certainly polite, and they had gracefully withdrawn to the den upstairs.

"Let's not go anywhere tonight," she said to Tony. "For the first time since we've met, we can spend the whole evening alone." Happiness spread like heat in her chest. No waiters, no cab drivers, no strangers eyeing them covertly or trying to eavesdrop on their conversation. Oh, how wonderful it was! And he was in New York for good now; there was no California branch threatening momentarily to snatch him away.

She leaned toward him eagerly. "Let's talk and talk and talk."

He smiled. "About what?" His thin, dark face looked very handsome in the glow of the lamplight.

"Anything. We've got hours." And nights and nights, she thought, and months, maybe years.

They began to talk, or rather, he talked. She had never heard him talk so much before. He talked about his trip West and about a slight illness he had contracted there; he talked about his job and an idea he had for luring a new account into the firm; he talked about his successful maneuvering on the train to dine with a very wealthy and well-known business tycoon; he talked—

As she looked into his face, Kay swallowed a yawn. It made faint tears come to her eyes; they glazed slightly. "Isn't that wonderful," she murmured as he paused momentarily. Then, realizing what had happened, she looked down suddenly at her lap, her body stiff with shock.

I didn't yawn, she thought; or if I did, it's just because the room is warm. Dimly, she heard Tony's voice flowing on, and she looked up slowly at him again. He seemed happy and relaxed. She leaned back against the cushions. She was a fool to attach any significance to a little yawn. It was, after all, very comfortable and peaceful, their talking like this. Very comforting and relaxing and peaceful—

His voice flowed on like an aimless stream, winding, stopping, flowing on again. As she looked at him, her eyelids drooped just a little.

It was early autumn again, and people were home once more from the country and the sea shore; a round of parties caught the young crowd before they scattered to distant colleges or new jobs. Kay, getting out of the apartment-house elevator, heard the sound of the Russells' cocktail party long before she reached their door. It made her think of the last time she had come exactly like this, and she smiled a little sadly. So much had happened since; so much had changed. She felt a hundred years older.

She pressed the bell. Would Mark be somewhere on the other side of this door? Her head lifted, and a tightness came into her throat. It would be so good, so wonderful, to see him again.

The door opened, and it was as it had been before, with the groups of people, the spiraling smoke, the waves of chatter and laughter, and Isobel darting out from nowhere to greet her. Kay's eyes roamed the big room quickly. She swallowed. He wasn't there. She was astonished at the sharpness of her disappointment.

She exchanged a few words with a few people, picked up a glass of sherry from a tray, and turned. Far back in the corner, she saw the sandy-colored head, the straight line of shoulder and back in navy blue. She stood suddenly motionless, feeling a high, running excitement. He was talking to his uncle, and now Mr. Russell moved away—

She walked quickly through the knots of people until she reached him. He hadn't seen her. "Mark," she said.

He turned. His face changed. "Why, hello," he said.

"Hello." She couldn't say anything else for a moment, and then she blurted out, "It's wonderful to see you again."

"It's wonderful to see you. How's your family?"

"Fine. How's your job?"

"Fine."

"Did you have a good summer?"

"Good enough. Not much vacation —I worked like a stevedore. How was yours?"

"Just—fair."

Suddenly he sighed; his shoulders slumped. "All right," he said. "Let's have it. You want to tell me something, don't you?"

Unaccountably, faint tears came to her eyes. He had always been able to see right through her. She looked down quickly at her glass, her voice low in the surrounding bursts of talk and laughter. "Oh, Mark," she said. "I've been such a fool. About Tony, I mean."

"Tony?"

She looked up and nodded mutely. "I thought I was crazy about him. But I was only fooling myself." She swallowed. "It was the excitement of a secret love affair that I was crazy about, not him." Her mouth twisted a little. "I guess I have a highly developed sense of drama, and the whole thing—" She met his eyes as she groped for the right words. How could you explain about the frantic kisses snatched from nowhere, the bittersweet urgency of each meeting because it might be the last, the thrill of the secret and the forbidden?

She finished lamely: "I guess I wanted to live dangerously, and Tony seemed to be the answer." She shook her head. "But once he was back in New York for good, and my family said I could see him openly—I don't know; I—" She met his eyes again. "I really *saw* him for the first time."

Mark's face was expressionless. "And what did you see?"

"Someone who wasn't—for me," she said. "No, not for me at all. Why, we hardly had a thing in common; would you believe it?" She shook her head again. "Thank heavens he came back from California. If he hadn't, I would have gone to my grave thinking I'd missed out on the great love of my life." Something stung at her throat. "Oh, Mark. How could I have blinded myself like that?"

His face was gentle. "It's done all the time. I guess it's sort of an emotional astigmatism."

She thought of something, looked down at her glass, making her voice casual. "How's Gerry, by the way?"

"Fine," he said. "We're together again; I was finally able to send for her."

Her head jerked up, and something plunged sickeningly inside her. "Why, that's wonderful," she said. She tried to make her eyes bright as she looked at him, but everything around her seemed to have grown faintly dim and bleak. "Simply wonderful."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "We're going for a walk in a little while. Would you like to meet her?"

"I— Not today, thank you." There was a pinched look around her mouth. "But I'm awfully glad for you."

"I'll show you her picture, then." His hand went to his inside pocket and took out a snapshot, which he handed to her. "That one was taken last year."

She stared down at the picture. It was the picture of a cocker spaniel panting in the grass. It had very soulful eyes and huge, flopping ears.

"I told you," Mark was saying, "about her magnificent eyes. Maybe I should have mentioned the ears." He cleared his throat. "But I *did* say, I think, that . . . marriage was impossible."

She looked up at him. He was gazing at her with a straight face. Very clearly, she heard her own voice saying, "I could kill you." But something inside her was blossoming like a flower, sending out little shoots and tendrils of warmth, and she thought she had never been so happy.

As they waited in the hall for the elevator a half-hour later, their eyes met and held and could not look away again. He took her hand and held it. "Maybe," he said, "we ought to put an ad in the Lost and Found column."

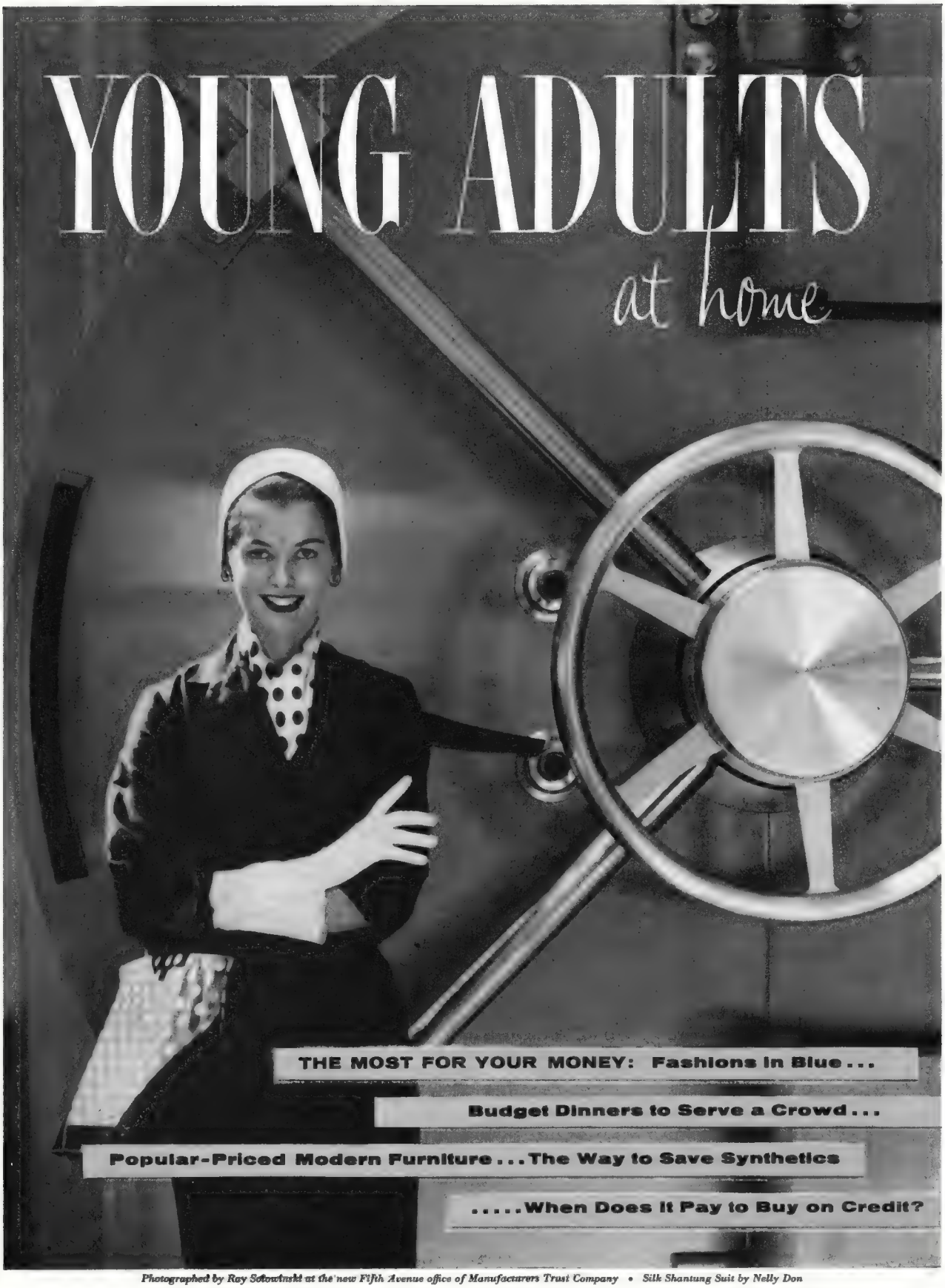
"For what?" she said.

"You mean to say you don't know? You don't miss anything?"

The look in his eyes made her feel a little giddy. "Miss what? What's been lost?"

The elevator came; the doors hissed open. They walked into it together.

Mark cleared his throat. "One platonic friendship," he said. . . . THE END


YOUNG ADULTS
at home
THE MOST FOR YOUR MONEY: Fashions in Blue . . .
Budget Dinners to Serve a Crowd . . .
Popular-Priced Modern Furniture . . . The Way to Save Synthetics
. . . . . When Does It Pay to Buy on Credit?

Photographed by Ray Sotowinski at the new Fifth Avenue office of Manufacturers Trust Company • Silk Shantung Suit by Nelly Don

Photos by Ray Solowinski

YOUNG ADULTS • FASHIONS

RUTH DRAKE
FASHION & BEAUTY EDITOR

Bank on Blue

Pay to the order of . . .

"The Girl-Who-Looks-Ahead." She knows the long life of a navy dress touched with white. Here are moderately-priced new fashions that will look pretty and fresh right now—and all through spring

These three dresses at Lord and Taylor, New York

Photographed in the new, beautiful glass-walled Fifth Avenue branch bank of New York's Manufacturers Trust Company

Left: The trim navy dress in sheer wool with the illusion of a bolero, traced with braid, and white piqué accents. By Dorothy Hubbs. In 8 to 16. About $30. Betmar hat. Umbrella by Uncle Sam. Coronet bag.

Above: Tiny-check dress in navy and white Orlon and rayon. Navy taffeta binds the collar, cuffs, and ties in a bow at the neck. Graceful cluster-pleated skirt. By David Crystal. In 10 to 18. About $40. Dachette hat. Cellini shoes.

Right: Crisp navy and white checked coat-dress of Orlon and rayon, outlined in removable white piqué. Lowered waistline contour belt. By David Crystal. In 8 to 20. About $40. Dachette hat. Coronet bag.

Left: Navy-and-white printed rayon taffeta dress with white piqué collar and cuffs. Elongated bodice with all-around unpressed pleats that begin at the hipline. By Pat Hartly. In 8 to 16. About $23. Dachette hat. *Right:* Pure silk shantung in navy with white, pink and green confetti dots makes this princess coat-dress. White piqué collar and cuffs. The bodice, trim and molded, with fullness over the hips. By Pat Hartly. In 8 to 16. About $25. Betmar hat. Cellini shoes.

Both dresses at Lord and Taylor, New York

All bags by Coronet • Coro jewelry • Gloves by Madeleine

Above: Navy and white polka-dot jumper with gently fitted torso and graceful pleats in washable wrinkle-resistant Caribe. Smart neckline adapts to your blouses. By Nelly Don. Sizes 8-18 and 10C to 18C (custom sizes). About $13. Also in other colors.

Left: Elegant navy silk shantung suit, water-spot resistant. Jacket peplum lined for shape. Skirt has seamless front and a three-gore back for walking ease. By Nelly Don. Sizes 8-18, 10C to 18C. About $25. Also in other colors. Dachette hat.

Both at Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago.

For additional stores where fashions may be seen, turn to page 68

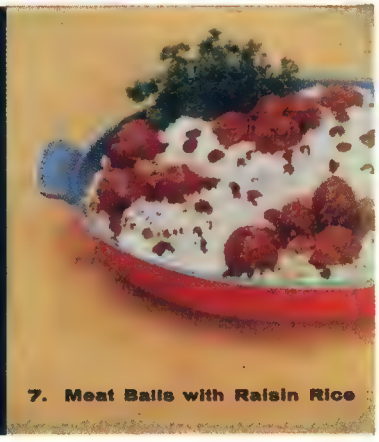
RUTH FAIRCHILD POMEROY
HOMEMAKING EDITOR

8 Dinners Budgeted to Serve a Crowd

1. Tamale Pie

5. Wonderful Sausage Stew

6. Shrimp Dinner Salad


7. Meat Balls with Raisin Rice

MENU

** Baked Stuffed Lasagna*
(large picture at right)
Whole Green Beans
Hearts of Lettuce Salad
Hot Rolls
Mixed Fruit Compote
Tea or Coffee

* BAKED STUFFED LASAGNA

LASAGNA STUFFING:

3 tablespoons butter
1 8-ounce package frozen chicken livers, chopped fine
1 medium onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
2 cups (1 pound) uncooked ground veal
¼ teaspoon thyme
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 beaten eggs
16 lasagna noodles
2 tablespoons olive oil

Melt butter in a large skillet. Add livers, onion, garlic, veal, thyme, salt and pepper. Cook till veal is no longer pink. Remove from heat and blend in beaten eggs.

In large kettle, bring 3 quarts of water to a rapid boil. Add oil. Add lasagna, one at a time, stir occasionally to keep from sticking together. Cook until tender. Drain. While lasagna is cooking, prepare this sauce:

2 6-ounce packages process American cheese, cubed
1 chicken bouillon cube
1 cup hot water
¼ cup dry skim milk
¾ cup shredded sharp cheese

Place all ingredients, except sharp cheese, in top of double boiler over rapidly boiling water. Stir occasionally until cheese is melted and sauce is smooth.

Spread half of each lasagna with meat mixture. Fold remaining half over sandwich style. Place stuffed lasagna on broiler pan. Pour cheese sauce over, sprinkle with shredded cheese. Broil to brown. Makes 8 servings of 2 lasagna each.

Your time: 30 minutes • Cooking time: 35 minutes
Approximate cost per serving: 21c

Turn the page for recipes of dinners pictured above

2. Tuna-Toss Spaghetti

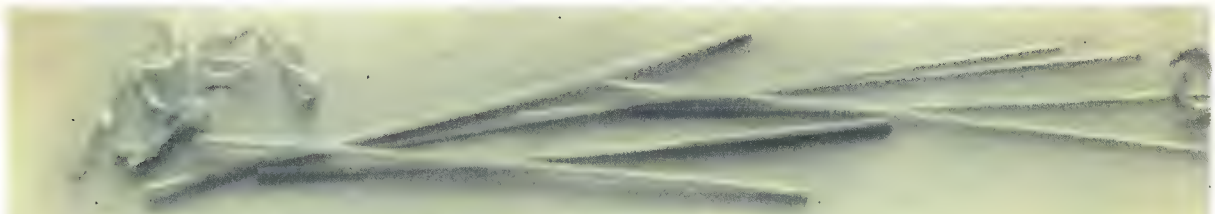
3. Deviled Ham Tetrazzini

4. Sweet Cream Noodle Ring

Photos by Paul Weller

Having a crowd for dinner is delightful, if the cost doesn't unbalance your food budget. These menus solve that problem. The hearty main dishes require few extras to make a meal. They're all of the rice and macaroni family, sauced to keep you in the fine-cook class.

All accessories in large photograph from La Cuisiniere, NYC.



Budget Dinners to Serve a Crowd

** Tamale Pie*
(Picture No. 1, page 58)
Cole Slaw Corn Chips
Frozen Melon Balls
Tea or Coffee

* TAMALE PIE

2 pounds round steak cut in ¾ inch cubes
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
About 2 cups water
1 6-ounce can tomato sauce
2 tablespoons chili powder
2 tablespoons flour
1 large clove garlic, minced
½ teaspoon Tabasco
1 8-ounce jar stuffed olives, sliced
2 cups uncooked yellow cornmeal

Preheat oven to 300°F. (slow).

Brown meat in oil in a large skillet. Add salt, pepper and water to cover. Simmer covered for ½ hour. Add tomato sauce, chili powder and flour mixed with water to make a paste, garlic, Tabasco, olives. Cook until thickened. Make cornmeal mush as package directs. Pour meat sauce into a 3-quart casserole. Top with mush. Bake for 1 hour. Serves 10.

Your time: 30 minutes. • Cooking time: 1½ hours • Approximate cost per serving: 28c

** Tuna-Toss Spaghetti*
(Picture No. 2, page 59)
Romaine Salad Bread Sticks
Chilled Canned Pears in Madeira Wine
Coffee

* TUNA TOSS SPAGHETTI SAUCE

½ pound dried mushrooms or 2 6-ounce cans mushrooms stems and pieces
2 cups water
4 cloves garlic, finely minced
½ cup olive oil
2 10½-ounce cans tomato puree
¼ teaspoon black pepper
1 teaspoon salt
3 6½-ounce cans tuna, flaked
1 cup coarsely chopped fresh parsley

Soak dried mushrooms in water 30 minutes or add water to can liquid to make 2 cups. Brown garlic in oil in large skillet. Add mushrooms, water or juice, puree, pepper, salt. Cover, simmer 1 hour. Add tuna, parsley, toss with 2 pounds cooked spaghetti. Serves 10.

Your time: 18 minutes • Cooking time: 1 hour • Approximate cost per serving: 20c

** Deviled Ham Tetrazzini*
(Picture No. 3, page 59)
Spinach with Lemon Butter
Tomato Salad
Bread Sticks
Baked Apples with Cream
Milk or Coffee

* DEVILED HAM TETRAZZINI

4 cups uncooked macaroni, broken in 2-inch pieces
4 tablespoons grated onion
2 cups condensed chicken soup, undiluted
1 soup can of milk
2 cups grated sharp cheese
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
2 4½-ounce cans deviled ham

Preheat oven to 350°F. (moderate).

Cook and drain macaroni as package directs. Combine macaroni and remaining ingredients in a 3-quart casserole. Stir well to blend. Bake, covered, for 20 minutes. If desired, top with cheese wedges and brown lightly under broiler before serving. Makes 10 portions.

Your time: 20 minutes • Baking time: 20-25 minutes • Approximate cost per serving: 19c

** Sweet Cream Noodle Ring*
(Picture No. 4, page 59)
Pineapple Salad
Brown 'n Serve Rolls
Lemon Sherbet Brownies
Tea or Coffee

* SWEET CREAM NOODLE RING

2 cups uncooked medium noodles
4 eggs, separated
¼ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon oregano
¼ teaspoon marjoram
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup melted butter
½ pint heavy cream, whipped

Preheat oven to 350°F. (moderate).

Cook and drain noodles as package directs. Beat egg yolks in a bowl. Add paprika, oregano, marjoram, salt, butter. Beat to blend. Beat egg whites stiff, whip cream. Fold egg whites, then cream into yolks. Pour eggs over noodles.

Grease a 1½-quart ring mold well; pour noodle mixture into mold. Set mold in a pan of hot water and bake for 1 hour. Take ring from oven, let stand 10 minutes. Gently loosen from mold with a table knife and turn out on a warm serving platter. During last 15 minutes ring is baking, start the blanquette sauce.

SAUCE BLANQUETTE

4 eggs, to be hard-cooked
1 chicken bouillon cube
1 cup water
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup light cream
2 beaten egg yolks
¼ teaspoon salt
½ pound sliced, fresh mushrooms
2 tablespoons butter

Place 4 eggs in boiling water, cook for 15 minutes. Dissolve bouillon cube in 1 cup water. Melt butter in skillet. Blend in flour. Add bouillon, cream, egg yolks, salt. Stir to blend and keep warm over very low heat.

Put mushrooms in a skillet with 2 tablespoons butter, cook over low heat to brown mushrooms. Peel and slice cooked eggs. Add eggs and mushrooms to sauce. Serve over ring. Garnish with almonds if desired. Serves 8.

Your time: 40 minutes • Baking time: 1 hour 10 minutes • Approximate cost per serving: 21c

** Wonderful Sausage Stew*
(Picture No. 5, page 58)
Carrots and Celery Melba Toast
Orange-Grapefruit Ambrosia
Tea or Coffee

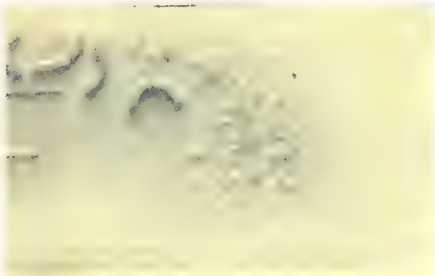
* WONDERFUL SAUSAGE STEW

2 tablespoons butter
1 medium onion, chopped
1 small clove garlic, minced
4 leaves lettuce, shredded
4 large mushrooms, sliced (¼ lb.)
4 peeled, cubed medium tomatoes
½ pound sweet Italian sausage, mashed
1½ cups uncooked elbow macaroni
3 chicken bouillon cubes
3 cups hot water
1½ teaspoons salt
1 package frozen peas, cooked
1 canned pimiento, diced

Preheat oven to 425°F. (hot).

Melt butter in a small skillet, add onion, garlic, cook till soft. In a 3-quart casserole, combine lettuce, mushrooms, tomatoes, sausage, raw macaroni, bouillon cubes dissolved in hot water, salt, onion and garlic. Stir well. Cover and bake ½ hour. Uncover, bake 15 minutes more until macaroni is tender. Stir in peas and diced pimiento. Serves 8.

Your time: 25 minutes • Baking time: 45 minutes • Approximate cost per serving: 19c



** Shrimp Dinner Salad*
(Picture No. 6, page 58)
Buttered Asparagus
Parmesan French Bread
Lemon Meringue Pie
Milk or Coffee

* SHRIMP DINNER SALAD

4 cups uncooked shell macaroni
½ cup bottled French dressing
2 cups raw cauliflowerettes
1 cup thinly sliced scallions
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 5-ounce cans shrimp
1 cup ripe olives, sliced
1 cup mayonnaise
½ cup chili sauce
Lettuce leaves

Cook and drain macaroni as directed on package. Put into a large bowl, toss with French dressing and chill 1 hour. Then add cauliflowerettes, scallions, salt, pepper, shrimp and sliced olives. Blend mayonnaise and chili sauce. Pour over salad. Toss and serve in bowl lined with lettuce leaves. Serves 10.

Your time: 20 minutes • Chilling time: 1 hour • Approximate cost per serving: 19c

** Meat Balls with Raisin Rice*
(Picture No. 7, page 58)
Tossed Green Salad *Hot Muffins*
Angel Food Cake with
Lemon Pudding Sauce
Tea or Coffee

* MEAT BALLS WITH RAISIN RICE

¼ pound butter
2½ cups uncooked white rice
2 teaspoons salt
2 large onions, diced
4 chicken bouillon cubes
5 cups hot water
1 tablespoon salt
2½ pounds ground beef
1 46-ounce can vegetable juice cocktail
½ cup raisins, plumped in hot water

Put butter and raw rice in a skillet, cook and stir until rice is golden brown. Add salt, onion, bouillon cubes and water. Cover, cook slowly for ½ hour.

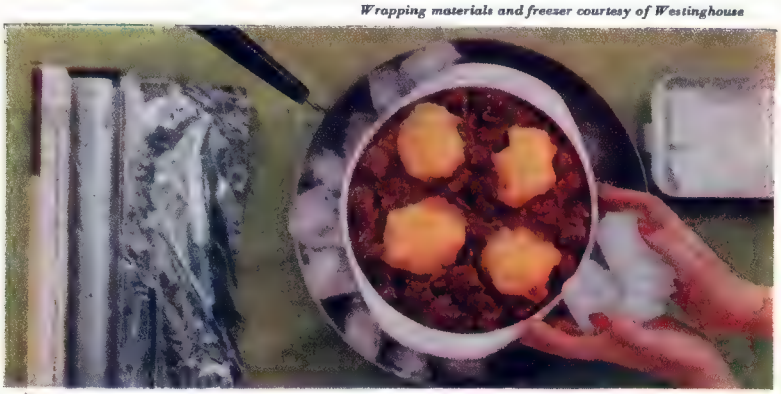
Meanwhile, add tablespoon of salt to beef and form into 1½" balls. Pour vegetable juice into a skillet, add meat balls. Cook slowly for 30 minutes. Drain cooked rice, add raisins. Serve meat balls and sauce over rice. Serves 10.

Your time: 23 minutes • Cooking time: 1 hour • Approximate cost per serving: 19c

How to Freeze Our Budget Dinners

Your home freezer can be a real convenience that will save you both time and work on party days—

Wrapping materials and freezer courtesy of Westinghouse

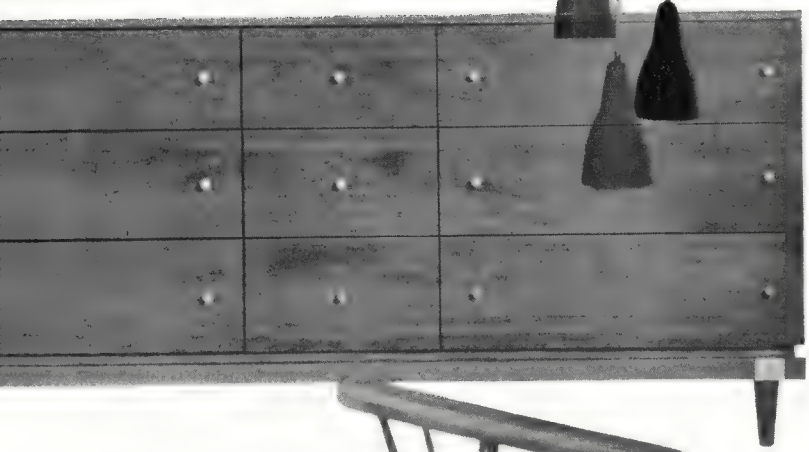


1. Most of our budget dinners may be frozen ready-to-use. Casserole dishes to be frozen should be cooked 15 minutes less than recipe time to allow for extra cooking during reheating. Chill cooked foods immediately, before wrapping, to prevent continued cooking and loss of flavors. Setting the casserole in a pan of ice (shown above) is the most efficient cooling method.

2. Sausage Stew, Tamale Pie and Tetrazzini may be frozen in baking dishes or in polyethylene bags. Be sure to make an airtight wrap, for air-pockets draw moisture from the food. Secure folds of wrap with freezer tape; label package with storage date and name of food. Store these cooked, seasoned dishes not more than 6 weeks to prevent loss of flavors and texture.

3. Put packages directly on shelf of upright or against wall of chest-type freezer. Once frozen, store wherever convenient in freezer. To reheat, unwrap, bake 1 hour at 375°F. Cover with foil if top gets too brown. Italian salad, without mayonnaise, and Lasagna, stuffed without sauce, may be frozen in the same way. Meat balls and sauce and Tuna Toss sauce may be kept in rigid containers or jars for not more than 6 months.

THE CLEAN, UNCLUTTERED LOOK



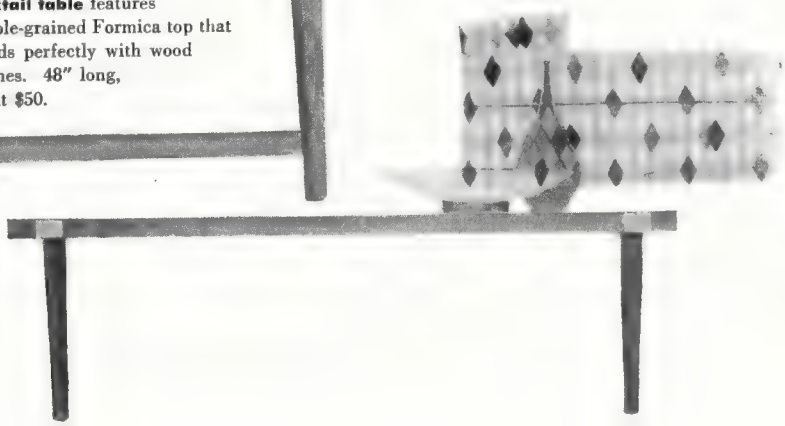
Nine-drawer triple dresser in warm tones of Finnish walnut. Shown here with extender placed between chest and dresser to create desk, make-up shelf or a place for books. Dresser, 63½" long, about $150; extender in 70" length, about $45.

Side chair can be used at either a dining table or dressing table. Softly upholstered seat; priced at about $25.

Drop-leaf table extends to 92" to seat 8 or more. Table has practical Formica top. With two 12" leaves about $150.

Arm chair with upholstered seat is an example of graceful line combined with deep-chair comfort. Its fine construction makes it look far more than the budget price of about $31.

Cocktail table features marble-grained Formica top that blends perfectly with wood finishes. 48" long, about $50.



Stressing simplicity and charm, this Raymond Loewy designed furniture will give your home . . .

OF CONTEMPORARY

With comfort the keynote, the living, dining and bedroom furniture shown here is wonderfully flexible—can be used harmoniously in every room. One of the best features: the marble-grained Formica tops which resist heat, stains and scratches. Prices are modest to fit low-budget needs

Three-drawer chest occupies small space; can be used in any room. Shown here with extender and dresser. About $95.

Room divider has "look-through" spaciousness, plus enclosed cabinet section accessible from both sides through sliding doors. About $120.

Box spring and mattress are slip-covered in harlequin chintz. Adaptable to one-room apartment, a TV-guest room, or child's room.

All furniture by The Mengel Company, Louisville, Kentucky; Chintz by Cyrus Clark; all accessories and lighting fixtures by Raymor, New York City

Photomontage by Somoroff • Drawings by George Wiggins

Accessory Quiz

Below are several examples of contemporary accessories. Can you identify them?

1. *This is a wicker*
- A. Cheese tray
- B. Wall clock
- C. Bread basket

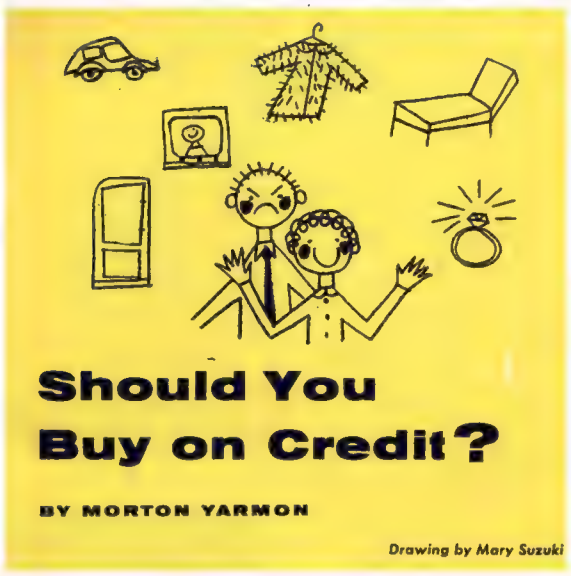
2. *This is an iron*
- A. Wine-bottle holder
- B. Door knocker
- C. Free-form sculpture

3. *These ceramics are*
- A. Salt & pepper shakers
- B. Decanters
- C. Vinegar & oil cruets

4. *This is a wrought-iron*
- A. Fire basket
- B. Bread tray
- C. Foot scraper

5. *This is a*
- A. Wastebasket
- B. Droplight
- C. Plant holder

For correct answers, see page 87



Should You Buy on Credit?

BY MORTON YARMON

Drawing by Mary Suzuki

Credit, like fire, can be your friend and helper — if you use it carefully. It permits you to buy things when you want them, and to pay for them when you are able. Without credit, as reflected in the mortgage, most American families would be unable to own their own homes. Without credit, many a family that now posseses a car and a television set would have to go without both. Because of new travel-credit plans, many more people can enjoy long vacation trips. Also, credit is a kind of forced saving.

But if you use credit carelessly, it can hurt you. Buy on credit beyond your means, fail to meet your payments, or don't bother to read the details of your sales contract — and you'll soon wish the word "credit" were erased from the dictionary.

• TYPES OF CREDIT BUYING

Charge Account — You shop in person or by telephone, and pay, generally by check, when your monthly bill arrives.
Budget Account — You buy what you want, then take three to six months to pay.
Revolving Fund — The store sets a maximum on your credit, and allows you to charge items until the total cost equals that maximum. Each month you pay a part, usually one-sixth, of what you owe.
Installment Credit — You may or may not be required to make a down payment, and you promise to pay the balance in installments. These may stretch over weeks or months, for as long as three years. You sign a sales contract with the retailer, or with a finance company.
Borrowing — You borrow cash and repay later.

Don't confuse these with the "deposit account" or "layaway plan," which are the reverse of credit. With a deposit account, you pay the store a certain amount of money in advance, then make purchases against that amount. The layaway plan allows you to reserve an article by leaving a deposit at the store. You make periodic payments until the total is paid, then take possession of the article.

• YOU'RE BORROWING MONEY

You are borrowing money when you buy on credit. The retailer usually does not charge you for this privilege under the charge-account, budget-account or revolving-fund plans, because he feels he is amply repaid in stimulated sales. Installment buying, however, always entails an extra charge. You pay not only for the use of the money but also for the paper work involved in the periodic payments. Therefore the larger the down payment and the fewer the installments, the less the ultimate cost. The installment charge is rarely less than 12 per cent, and may legitimately go as high as 30 per cent for used cars. Where abuses exist, the sky's the limit.

• BUYER, BEWARE!

Installment buying calls for particular caution because of a tiny minority of sellers who prey on the unwary. For example, installment advertising may confuse and mislead you. An advertisement may state "small service charge" without indicating the actual amount of the charge. The ad may talk of a "six-per-cent charge" and the charge may turn out to be double that. Here's why:

When you borrow $100 and the six-per-cent interest is subtracted immediately, you get only $94. What is nominally six-per-cent interest actually amounts to more than that. Then, since you pay back the full $100 at the rate of $8.33 a month, you do not have the use of all the money for the entire year, although the interest is charged as though you had. The real interest rate is approximately 12 per cent.

• CHECK THE DOLLARS AND CENTS

To avoid confusion, insist that all charges be translated into dollars and cents and be clearly itemized and totaled in the contract. In this way you can check one installment plan against another. Generally the cost breaks down into four items: a down payment; an insurance charge (common in the purchase of automobiles, for example, so that the seller is protected in case of fire or collision); a financing charge, and the regular installment payments.

• PROTECTION AGAINST RISK

Since the finance company or the installment seller is lending you money, he has to assure himself that you are a good risk. He wants to know your reputation and financial condition. Beyond that, he wants to bind you so that if you fail to make any payment due him, he is protected. He may do this in various ways, but you will rarely come across the more oppressive remedies:

Repossession clause — The seller can take back his goods.
Deficiency judgment — You would be liable for the difference between what you owe and what the seller can get for the repossessed goods.
Assignment of interest in other property — The seller can take back another article he has sold you and for which you have already paid in full.
Promissory note — You sign a separate promise to pay the unpaid amount to the seller or to the finance company. When your note is discounted at a bank, a judgment against you can be more easily obtained.
Guaranty — A third party (often your wife or your husband) adds his promise to pay your debt if you fail to do so.
Wage assignment — The seller can go to your employer and attach part of your wages.

A promissory note, a guaranty and a wage assignment involve the signing of separate documents. The other types of security devices are usually written into the sales contract.

• STUDY THE FINE PRINT

Your best protection is to read the contract and all accompanying documents carefully — especially anything in fine print. If something puzzles you, discuss it with your attorney or the local Better Business Bureau. ***Never sign anything until all blanks are filled in.***

• PRESERVE YOUR CREDIT STANDING

If you want to take advantage of credit buying, be sure to retain your credit standing. Good credit standing has real psychological value in your community, and should be carefully guarded. Don't think you can violate a credit arrangement at one store and get credit elsewhere. Most stores belong to central credit bureaus. If you can't make a payment, discuss your problem with the credit manager. He will probably try to help and will respect your frankness.

Above all, don't overextend yourself. One of the virtues of paying cash is that you can't spend what you haven't got. When you buy on credit, sometimes there's a temptation to buy too much. The best way to avoid this is to develop a family budget (REDBOOK — November 1954) and stick to it, making certain that all credit payments, just like cash payments, can be covered by your income.

Will It Really Wash?

Most synthetics take enthusiastically to suds. But if you're wondering about that new blouse, bright sweater, or those dainty undies, here is some washday know-how. First, if garment carries a fact tag, read it carefully. You don't have to coddle these fabrics, but you should avoid hit-or-miss washing methods. Let this chart be a handy guide—

	NYLON	RAYON	ACRILAN, DYNEL, ORLON	DACRON
WASHING	Wash white with other whites, never with colors. Can be washed by hand; in automatic or conventional washer. Use hot water; synthetic detergent or mild soap; short washing time. In hard-water areas, condition wash and rinse waters with water softener. Colors are best washed in warm water; test for color-fastness unless specified on label.	Wash white and color-fast blouses, lingerie, negligees in hot water, either by hand or in automatic or conventional washer. Use synthetic detergent or mild soap. In hard-water areas, condition wash and rinse waters with water softener. Hand-wash sheers, loosely woven rayons and knits in lukewarm water. Check labels to see if garment is color fast.	Wash white with other whites, *never* with colors. Can be machine-washed if garment is well-constructed and seams won't fray. Use short washing time, hot water, mild soap or synthetic detergent. Condition hard water with water softener. Always hand-wash sheer and loosely woven or knitted garments. It is safest to wash colors in lukewarm water.	Blouses, sweaters, socks of 100% Dacron or blends with cotton, wool, rayon, can be machine-washed if garment is well-finished to resist fraying. Use lukewarm water, synthetic detergent or mild soap. Keep washing time short. Condition hard water with a water softener. Wash whites in an all-white load. Dacron garments must be thoroughly rinsed, as particles of soap or detergent left in fabric can cause undesirable discoloration.
DRYING	Do not wring or twist. Dry jersey, tricot knit, delicate fabrics by squeezing out moisture in towel, then hang on wooden or rustless hangers to drip-dry. Crepe, taffeta, satin blouses and lingerie should be hung right from rinse water to drip-dry. Avoid direct sunlight.	Roll fine rayons in bath towel to absorb moisture; remove at once, as some rayon fabrics will water-spot if left rolled. Lay out flat; shape to original measurements; dry only to damp-dry. Sturdy garments can be damp-dried in automatic dryer set at low heat.	Do not wring or twist. Hang all garments, right from rinse water, on wooden or rustless hangers to drip-dry; the weight of the water will do the ironing job for you. Smooth out seams and hems by hand. Blot sweaters between turkish towels; shape on towel and dry flat. Avoid direct sunlight.	Do not wring or spin-dry. Hang garments of 100% Dacron right from rinse water to drip-dry for wrinkle-free results. Follow instructions for Orlon when drying sweaters and socks. Dry these garments away from sun.
IRONING	The key to no ironing is drip-drying. Finger-press seams, cuffs, collars several times during drying. Steam-iron if you wish, or with conventional iron at medium heat setting. Steam-press sweaters very lightly to restore new-looking finish.	Most rayons should be ironed at a medium heat setting, while slightly damp. Iron slips, blouses, lingerie on wrong side; iron up and under free edges of seams and iron with the grain to restore shape and size. Steam-pressing with your steam iron produces excellent results, as it does on all the man-made or synthetic fibers.	Little or no ironing is needed; it is best to iron only for touch-up. All these fabrics are thermoplastic. Too much heat causes shrinking and glazing; test fabric before pressing. Use very low heat, or steam-press. A pressing cloth is recommended.	One of the many conveniences of Dacron is that it needs little or no ironing. If pressing is desired, use a steam iron, or regular iron set at low heat. Only light touch-ups with an iron needed for sheer garments.
BLEACHING and STAIN REMOVAL	Remove stains from white and colors with cool detergent or soapy water soon after staining. If whites are discolored or gray, soak 5 minutes in hot water and instant bead bluing like La France; or in sodium perborate bleach like "Snowy." Follow instructions on package. Wash at once.	Bleach or bluing is usually not required. (See instructions under Nylon.) If whites or colors become gray-looking, it is caused by soap or soil that has not been properly removed. Thorough rinsing is important to preserve color and freshness. Sponge out stains right after staining, then wash garment at once as directed.	Remove stains with warm detergent water or soapy water quickly after staining. If whites are discolored or gray, soak 5 minutes in hot water and instant bead bluing like La France; or in a sodium perborate bleach like "Snowy." Follow package instructions. Wash at once.	Many stains can be removed right after staining with warm suds or detergent water. If whites are discolored, soak 5 minutes in hot water and instant bead bluing like La France; or in a sodium perborate bleach like "Snowy." Follow package instructions. Wash at once.
BLENDS	When nylon is blended with other fibers, labels on garments must so state. Follow instructions for the fiber requiring greatest care: *i.e.*, hand or machine washing, minimum washing time, proper drying and ironing.	All-rayon or part-rayon fabrics must be specified on the label. Check tags if blended with cotton, acetate, nylon, wool, etc., and gear the washing to the most sensitive fiber. (See comment under Nylon Blend.)	If any of these fibers are blended with rayon, acetate or wool, the label must so state. Check tags and gear the washing to the most sensitive fiber. (For instructions see comment under Nylon Blend).	If Dacron is blended with other fibers, the label must so state. For blends other than those mentioned above, follow washing guide for the most sensitive fiber. (For instructions see comment under Nylon Blend).

Photo by Emerick Bronson

(Continued from page 40)

just another giveaway show, and I'd find myself trading in avarice and exploiting human misery. I'd had that experience before, in Hollywood, where I made a lot of money in radio doing just that. But I felt unclean, so I quit it and started doing something altogether uncertain—a show of my own. Now, if I didn't fight this new plan, I'd find myself doing exactly what I hated, in television."

In the first week after this broadcast, CBS-TV was inundated by 14,000 letters denouncing the network for even thinking of tampering with their favorite program, much less for firing *Garry Moore*.

When the letters continued to pour in, the shocked executives at CBS told prospective sponsors what had happened.

Before long, Garry had acquired a full quota of sponsors and had established a waiting list. He had won the fight to be himself. And he was given a nighttime show, "I've Got a Secret," which more than once has been rated the most popular panel show on the air.

But despite his popularity, and the fact that he is one of CBS-TV's top moneymakers, Garry Moore is not a "favorite son" at his network. Hubbell Robinson, a CBS vice-president, characterized the general feeling about him when he remarked, "Garry is a very talented young man with a rock-bound integrity that is very often indistinguishable from plain stubbornness."

Mr. Robinson was thinking, perhaps, of the numerous occasions when Garry has used the facilities of CBS to speak frankly on controversial subjects. He refuses to keep silent when an ideal he believes in is involved—even if he, personally, is not. Since controversy is something most television performers sedulously avoid, the industry was taken aback when Garry entered full force into the George S. Kaufman dispute during Christmas, 1952. Kaufman, the playwright who had long been a feature on the TV show "This Is Show Business," was fired by CBS. He had remarked, just before Christmas, that he hoped his program would distinguish itself during the Yuletide season by being the only one on which "Silent Night, Holy Night" was not sung.

A number of persons wrote indignant letters to the network and to the show's sponsors, complaining about "Mr. Kaufman's sacrilegious attitude." Both CBS and the sponsors promptly responded in their traditional manner to what they thought was the voice of the cash customer: Kaufman was fired.

When this was announced, Garry Moore devoted a good part of one of his own shows to *l'affaire Kaufman*. "I am ashamed of the network," he told his audience, "and I'm ashamed of the public."

Mr. Kaufman, said Moore, did not have any sacrilegious intent in making his remark. All he meant to imply was that every program played "Silent Night, Holy Night" at this season until it became hackneyed by constant repetition to the point where the spirit of the song was lost. Moore said he was ashamed of the people who wrote denouncing Kaufman, for their small and uncharitable minds. And he said he was ashamed of the sponsors and the network for surrendering to such a misguided minority. At the end of Moore's speech, the studio audience broke into spontaneous applause.

And then Moore's vast and articulate audience around the country took over. They wrote to the sponsors of "This Is Show Business," and to the network. The anti-Kaufman letters were not only smaller in number, but no match at all to the indignation of Garry Moore's cohorts. Kaufman was reinstated on his program the following week.

The format of the Garry Moore show is simple. He has two singers, a pretty girl named Denise Lor and a man named Ken Carson, as regular members of his cast, and an announcer, Durward Kirby, with whom he chats and puts on skits. Carson and Kirby have been with him since his radio days, and the others, including a small band directed by Howard Smith, have been on the show through his four-year-long TV career. During the half-hour of the show, Miss Lor and Carson each sing a song; Moore and Kirby kid about some subject which has taken their fancy, or they go through some gentle horseplay, perhaps burlesquing a popular show like "I Love Lucy."

There are occasional guests—another comic, or a foreign correspondent, a beauty queen, a writer, an explorer, or just someone like Jim Purcell, a general-store keeper whom Moore once met and found to be a fascinating talker on the subject of the "good old days" toward the end of the last century. One guest, naturalist Ivan Sanderson, so intrigued Moore—and his audience—that he became almost a regular member of the cast, returning week after week with such varied friends as a baby elephant, a stork, a monkey and an alligator.

Sometimes, Moore will simply pull up a chair and sit down to read a long excerpt from some book he has found interesting, and which he believes his listeners will like. He may read some mail he has received—he gets around 500 letters a week—or some poetry, or he will simply chat about something that has happened to him, or an idea that has occurred to him.

One portion of Moore's show is markedly different from anything on any other program—a question-and-answer period. Moore undertakes, during this segment, to answer any question thrown at him by the studio audience. This is regarded in television as unnecessarily risky, but Moore enjoys it.

"He hasn't ducked a question yet," says Durward Kirby, "no matter what it was about. He had one once about religion, and I was sure this would be the time when he'd say 'no comment,' or something of the sort. The person wanted to know the religions of the people on the show. Garry said he really didn't know, and didn't care what religions people followed, but he said that since the question was asked he'd undertake to have it answered. So he called everybody on the show—even the stagehands and the technicians—before the cameras to give their religions. There were Catholics, and Jews, and every variety of Protestant. As a matter of fact, I think we had representatives of every religion except Buddhism and Shintoism. The audience applauded spontaneously at the end of that one."

One of Moore's more recent controversies, which caused much anguish in the higher echelons of CBS-TV, was exploded by just such an impromptu discussion. This one happened to be about dogs.

"I can never tell," Garry says, "what will cause a reaction. This did. I happened to mention that a doctor friend of our family had given us a little dog, which we called 'Nick.' It came from a hospital experimental laboratory, and the doctor said if we didn't take it, it would be done away with. So we called it 'Nick,' I explained, because we saved it in the nick of time.

"A couple of days later, I started getting mail from antivivisectionists who said they were glad I was opposed to using animals for experimental purposes. And then the medical societies started after me, berating me for trying to stand in the way of progress—which had not been my intention.

"So the first opportunity I got, I went on the air and said that if anyone had been given the impression, simply by my little anecdote about Nick, that I was an antivivisectionist, they were sadly mistaken. I said I had never meant to imply such a thing, because no matter how much I love dogs, I still realize that experimental work on animals is necessary to research.

"For a while, that subject seemed to be closed. But then the antivivisectionists really got to work. They're organized, and they wrote to the network that they were entitled, under the regulations governing broadcasting, to equal time on the air to refute my arguments. They got the time, too. CBS didn't like it one bit."

Occasionally, some of Moore's TV fans, carried away by a devotion which they feel must be reciprocated (and is, to a large degree), ask him to do favors for them which he finds embarrassing or impossible. One woman in Ohio wrote and told him that her 18-year-old son was going to New York on his first trip away from home, and since Garry Moore was the only friend she had in the city, would he please take the boy in his car, show him around town, and see that he didn't meet the wrong people or go to unsuitable places? Another woman wrote and said that Moore was the only person she could turn to for help. Her husband, she said, was an alcoholic. Would Garry please adopt her small child, because he, and not her husband, was the sort of man who should raise a child?

And a woman living in the Midwest once sent Garry two dollars which she asked him to invest for her. Since Garry seemed to know everyone of importance, she explained in her letter, she was sure

that he also knew jockeys, trainers and other people around race tracks. Would he please bet the two dollars on a horse, then bet the winnings, and keep on that way until the sum reached $1,000. "Then," she said cheerfully, "you can send me the $1,000. I certainly could use it."

Garry's wife, Nell, a pretty, dark-haired woman, and their two sons, Mason, 14, and Garry, Jr., who is 11, see a good deal more of the head of their family than do the families of most other TV performers. This arrangement was not achieved accidentally.

"I went into daytime television," Garry says, "by design, for two reasons. First of all, daytime is much better for the kind of show I have, which is the only kind of show I want to do. In those hours the format can be loose or even nonexistent, and you can experiment. I wanted to be able to do anything I wanted on my show, just as I do now.

"Second, and even more important, I wanted daytime TV so I could spend as much time with my family as possible. I happen to like family life, and I don't like the kind of life other comedians live. Hanging around in crowds of comedians in Lindy's in New York and in Romanoff's in Hollywood, seeing only other comedians, seems like a dreary sort of existence. It just doesn't appeal to me. I want to know other people besides comedians and I want to hear other things besides jokes."

In Rye, a small town in Westchester County in the northern suburbs of New York City, where he leads the family life he has made for himself, Garry Moore is known as Thomas Garrison Morfit, Jr.

"I've got two lives," Gary says, "and since I think it's healthier to keep them separate, I find it quite reasonable to have two names. Garry Moore is my professional name. I acquired it when I was working in radio in Chicago. People seemed to forget Morfit too easily, so we ran a contest to pick a name that would be easier to remember. A woman picked Garry Moore, and I took it.

"When I'm working, I'm Garry Moore. And when I'm living my private life, I use the name I was born with. My wife and children are not in television, so they go by the name of Morfit, too, because it happens to be their real name."

Garry has two separate checking accounts—one under the name of Moore, for matters relating to his television career, and the other for household and other private expenditures, under the name of Morfit. All of his wife's charge accounts in New York stores are also under the name of Morfit. "It saves a lot of trouble," she has told friends. "If I went into a department store and said, 'Charge it to Mrs. Garry Moore,' there'd be a lot of useless and pointless fussing. I like it better this way."

Garry and his wife and sons live in a ten-room, three-story white frame Colonial house, in a pleasant neighborhood of expansive lawns. Nell Morfit runs the house, which she decorated in Colonial American style, with the help of a cook and a woman who comes in by the day to clean.

One of Moore's great interests is a vast collection of classical and jazz phonograph records, which number in the thousands. For years, he has raised tropical fish, and for a while every room in the house was filled with aquariums. "Right now, though," he says, "I'm concentrating on only a few guppies. I'm trying to produce a new guppy strain in which the black tail will be emphasized in the female. They tell me in the guppy world that if I pull this trick they may name the breed I develop after me. The Garry Moore guppy! Think of that! It may be my chance at immortality."

Garry used to play golf, in the high eighties, but since leaving the West Coast he and the rest of the family have largely given up golf, although they still belong to the nearby Apawamis Country Club in Rye, for sailing. "Last time I played golf," says Moore, "it was somewhere above 100, and Nell, who used to play in the eighties, too, was just as bad. Nowadays, weather permitting, the whole family spends as much time as possible on Long Island Sound, on our boat, the *Red Wing*."

"Probably the only thing Garry isn't interested in," says a friend, "is food. Garry can't understand why people make such a fuss about food, because the only purpose he sees in eating is to get nourishment. It sometimes used to annoy Nell because she'd go to a lot of trouble to plan a meal and then Garry would act

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2. Deodorant (Protection from odor)
Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

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(PLEASE PRINT)
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City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Bank on Blue

The fashions shown on pages 54 through 57 are available at the following stores:

DOROTHY HUBBS *(Page 54)*

Albany, N. Y. ..... Flah's
Atlanta, Ga. ..... Rich's
Baltimore, Md. ..... Schleisner's
Cleveland, Ohio ..... Halle Bros.
Denver, Colo. ..... Denver Dry Goods
Fort Worth, Tex. ..... Meacham's
Houston, Tex. ..... Ben Wolfman
Indianapolis, Ind. ..... Wm. H. Block
Lewiston, Maine ..... Ward's
Milwaukee, Wisc. ..... The Grand
Portland, Ore. ..... Meier & Frank
Rochester, N. Y. ..... McCurdy's
St. Louis, Mo. ..... Garland's
San Francisco, Calif. ..... Joseph Magnin
Seattle, Wash. ..... Best's Apparel
Syracuse, N. Y. ..... Flah's
Washington, D. C. ..... Julius Garfinckel
Wilmington, Del. ..... Braunstein's

DAVID CRYSTAL *(Page 55)*

Asheville, N. C. ..... Carroll's
Columbia, S. C. ..... Mary Lowe
Denver, Colo. ..... Gano Downs
Fort Worth, Tex. ..... The Fair
Houston, Tex. ..... Everett—Buelow
Knoxville, Tenn. ..... Miller's
Los Angeles, Calif. .. Bullock's Downtown
New Orleans, La. ..... Kreeger's
Norfolk, Va. ..... Smith & Welton
Omaha, Neb. ..... The Aquila
Orlando, Fla. ..... Dickson & Ives
Philadelphia, Pa. ..... Bonwit Teller
Providence, R. I. ..... Mills Sisters
St. Louis, Mo. ..... Madeline et Cie
Washington, D. C. ..... Julius Garfinckel
West Palm Beach, Fla. ..... Anthony's

PAT HARTLY *(Page 56)*

Allentown, Pa. ..... Berte
Arlington, Va. ..... Casual Corner
Battle Creek, Mich. ..... Klein's
Bethlehem, Pa. ..... Filbrons
Boston, Mass. ..... Neals of California
Canton, Ohio ..... Parisian Co.
Chicago, Ill. ..... That Levitt Shop
Columbus, Ga. ..... Town & Country
Detroit, Mich. ..... Mademoiselle Shop
Elmira, N. Y. ..... Jerome's
Evansville, Ind. ..... Lois Fashion Shop
Fall River, Mass. ..... Arline Booth
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. ..... Burdine's
Haverhill, Mass. ..... Michel's
Holyoke, Mass. ..... Coret Casuals
Huntington, W. Va. ..... Milady Shop
Lancaster, Pa. ..... Casual Corner
Lorain, Ohio ..... Agnes Kay
Louisville, Ky. ..... Morrison's
Manchester, Conn. ..... Coret Casuals
Miami, Fla. ..... Burdine's
Miami Beach, Fla. ..... Burdine's
McKeesport, Pa. ..... Katzman's
Midland, Tex. ..... Swagger Shop
Milwaukee, Wisc. ..... Wisconsin Apparel
Mountain Brook, Ala. ..... Faye's
New Brunswick, N. J. ..... Brooks
New Haven, Conn. ..... Albrams
Oshkosh, Wisc. ..... Jeffrey's
Owensboro, Ky. ..... Levy's
Paducah, Ky. ..... Town Shop
Palo Alto, Calif. ..... Lunden McBride
Pensacola, Fla. ..... Toby Hertz
Pittsburgh, Pa. ..... Grace Miles
Plattsburg, N. Y. ..... Little French Shop
Pottstown, Pa. ..... Mae Leeder
Providence, R. I. ..... Bette Rand
Reading, Pa. ..... Parisian
Rockford, Ill. ..... Edith Parrish
Salem, Mass. ..... Newmark's
Scranton, Pa. ..... The Mayfair
Schenectady, N. Y. ..... Musler's
Silver Spring, Md. ..... Matt Ogens
South Bend, Ind. ..... Frances Shop
Springfield, Mass. ..... Casual Corner
Syracuse, N. Y. ..... Joan Dodd
Toledo, Ohio ..... Florence Toledo
Turners Falls, Mass. ..... Rockdale's
West Chester, Pa. ..... Maurice Dana
Westport, Conn. ..... Fannie Goodwin
Whiteville, N. C. ..... Kramer's
Wilkes Barre, Pa. ..... Hollywood Shop
Wilmington, N. C. ..... Mademoiselle Shoppe
Wilson, N. C. ..... Jo Ann Shop

NELLY DON *(Page 57)*

Allentown, Pa. ..... Hess Bros.
Atlanta, Ga. ..... Rich's
Augusta, Ga. ..... Cullums
Austin, Tex. ..... T. H. Williams
Birmingham, Ala. ..... Burger-Phillips
Boston, Mass. ..... Jay's
Buffalo, N. Y. ..... L. L. Berger
Canton, Ohio ..... Stern & Mann
Charleston, W. Va. ..... The Diamond
Charlotte, N. C. ..... J. B. Ivey
Chattanooga, Tenn. ..... Lovemans
Cincinnati, Ohio ..... Shillito's
Columbia, S. C. ..... Haltiwanger's
Corpus Christi, Tex. ..... Lichtenstein's
Dallas, Tex. ..... Titche-Goettinger
Dayton, Ohio ..... Rike-Kumler
Denver, Colo. ..... Denver Dry Goods
Evansville, Ind. ..... De Jongs
Fort Smith, Ark. ..... The Boston Store
Fresno, Calif. ..... Cahn's of Fresno
Greensboro, N. C. ..... Meyer's Co.
Greenville, S. C. ..... Ivey-Keith
Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich. ..... Town N' Casual
Houston, Tex. ..... Foley's
Huntington, W. Va. ..... Anderson Newcomb
Indianapolis, Ind. ..... L. S. Ayres
Jacksonville, Fla. ..... Cohen Bros.
Kalamazoo, Mich. ..... Gilmore Bros.
Kansas City, Mo. ..... Emery, Bird, Thayer
Knoxville, Tenn. ..... George's—Rich's
Lansing, Mich. ..... Marie's Fashion
Lincoln, Nebraska ..... Magee's
Little Rock, Ark. ..... Gus Blass
Los Angeles, Calif. ..... Bullock's
Louisville, Ky. ..... Stewart Dry Goods
Lynchburg, Va. ..... Millner's
Memphis, Tenn. ..... Gerber's
Minneapolis, Minn. ..... Dayton Co.
Mobile, Ala. ..... L. Hammel Dry Goods
Montgomery, Ala. ..... Nachmans
Muncie, Ind. ..... Collegiene
Nashville, Tenn. ..... Cain-Sloan
New Orleans, La. ..... D. H. Holmes
Oklahoma City, Okla. ..... John A. Brown
Omaha, Neb. ..... Herzberg's
Philadelphia, Pa. ..... Dewes
Philadelphia, Pa. ..... Gimbel's
Peoria, Ill. ..... Bergner's
Phoenix, Ariz. ..... Goldwater's
Pittsburgh, Pa. ..... Jos. Horne
Raleigh, N. C. ..... Ivey-Taylor
St. Petersburg, Fla. ..... Maas Bros.
San Antonio, Tex. ..... Frost Bros.
San Francisco, Calif. ..... Macy's
Salt Lake City, Utah ..... Auerbach's
Sarasota, Fla. ..... Sport Shop
Shreveport, La. ..... Rubinstein's
Tampa, Fla. ..... Maas Bros.
Tucson, Ariz. ..... Jacome's
Washington, D. C. ..... Jelleff's
Wichita, Kansas ..... Innes Co.

as if he were eating a ham-and-cheese sandwich from the corner drugstore."

Garry met Nell at a Halloween party in Baltimore—where they were both raised—when she was 14 years old. An intelligent, poised woman, she probably comes close to being a composite of the Moore television audience. Her interests are as varied as his own.

Recently, she branched out on a career of her own, as an interior decorator.

There is an easygoing, casual, but warm relationship between Garry and his two sons. It has been some time since Garry has spanked one of the boys, but there never was any doubt in his mind that some circumstances demand such drastic action. "When kids are little," he says, "the only way, sometimes, to have a meeting of minds with them is to spank their bottoms. When they're at a certain age, or when they're at a certain stage, there's no other way of reasoning with them. I remember one particular incident. Mason, the older boy, was about seven when it happened. He was talking about something that happened in school, to a boy in his class, and he used a word that I hate—a term that signifies prejudice of the worst kind.

"So I walked across the room and slapped him in the face. He went pale. I picked him up in my arms, and I explained to him that I'd hit him purposely to shock him, because I never again wanted him to use that word. I explained it was a bad word, because race-hatred is a bad thing. And the lesson took, because he's never again used that word."

Garry was born in Baltimore, Md., on January 15th, 1915, the son of a conservative, prosperous lawyer who was appalled when he saw his son turning into a comedian. Garry gave his first performance, impromptu, one night during his attendance at a private military academy. He was on the school grounds after Lights Out when he saw the commandant of the academy coming toward him. "I was in my pajamas," says Garry, "so I closed my eyes, and started staggering around, with my arms outstretched. The commandant believed, as I had hoped he would, that I was a sleepwalker. Thankfully, he had also heard that it's dangerous to awake a sleepwalker. So he led me to my room. I heard him mutter, 'If I find out this is an act, Morfit, I'll kill you.'

"If I'd kept still about it, everything would have been all right, but I was just a kid of 14, and I couldn't help bragging. A couple of weeks later, the commandant caught a whole group of boys out after Lights Out, and they all stuck their hands out and pretended to be sleepwalkers. So the story got out, and I was punished not only for my trick, but for theirs, too."

Garry later resigned from school, and his father put him to work in his law office, on the theory that he could keep a closer rein on his son there. This close supervision, Garry found to his horror one day, was causing him to stutter. The speech impediment persisted and kept getting worse, until Garry convinced his father that it might be better for him to go back to school. In public high school, Garry found a remedy for the

defect. He tried out for a school play and found, to his delight, that when he was pretending to be someone else he no longer had difficulty talking. He was cured.

Garry had thought, until he left his teens, that he was going to be a writer. In high school, his wrote pieces for the school paper and skits for the school plays. When he was a senior, he was asked to submit some sketches for a little-theater group. One of the members of the group was Zelda Fitzgerald, wife of the great novelist F. Scott Fitzgerald. After he saw a performance, Fitzgerald asked who had written the sketches he had liked. When he found it was 18-year-old Thomas Garrison Morfit, he invited the boy to collaborate with him on a play. Garry, of course, was tremendously impressed and flattered, for Fitzgerald, even though he was then deep in a decline, was still a great literary figure.

For months, during which Fitzgerald drank incessantly, Garry endeavored to work with him, but most of his functions turned out to be those of a male nurse. Word had spread around Baltimore, however, that Garry was working with the famous writer, and when he applied for a job, he was accepted as a continuity writer by a local radio station. He wrote sports, news and scripts for radio dramas for $3 a week until one day a comedian on the station became sick. The manager of the station put Garry on as a substitute and thought he was so funny that the regular comedian was fired. Garry promptly quit high school and soon was earning $20 a week.

Five years later, when he was offered a salary of $55 a week, he moved on to St. Louis, as a radio sports announcer. Next, he went to Chicago, to work with Ransom Sherman, who conducted a program called "Club Matinee." He was on his way to the big time.

Garry was called to New York after a few years, and then, in 1943, Jimmy Durante took him on as his partner. Durante and Moore were successful partners for five years, until Garry broke up the combination because he felt he should be getting somewhere on his own, and not as a foil for the great Durante.

CBS gave him a job as master of ceremonies on "Take It or Leave It," and when Tom Breneman died, Garry replaced him as M. C. of "Breakfast in Hollywood." When time became available, he was asked if he would like to organize a show of his own, and Garry leaped at the suggestion. The radio "Garry Moore Show" was a huge success with everyone, except sponsors. After seven months, CBS regretfully informed him they would have to kill his show for another one, which had a sponsor.

It was on this occasion that Garry Moore first discovered he had a loyal following. He told his audience that his departure from the airwaves was imminent unless he got a sponsor to pay for his time, and he invented one—"Mr. X, of Post Office Box 100, Los Angeles." He asked his audience to write to "Mr. X" and tell him how much they liked the show. To his surprise, and to the network's, 125,000 letters poured in. It was too late to save Garry, however, for his time had already been sold.

But officials of CBS were so impressed with this reaction that they asked him to try his hand at television. Garry eagerly accepted the offer, moved to New York, and started the show which is still running. "For the rest of my life," he says, "this is what I want to be doing. I'm happy because I'm doing the things I like."

An estimated 12,000,000 women all over the United States consider Garry one of the funniest as well as one of the most likable men in the world. "Women instinctively see that he's kind," says one television executive. "He never tries to get a laugh by being rude to someone, or by exposing some weakness. His gentlemanliness was the start of a new fashion in television a couple of years ago. He was on a panel show, and when one of the guests came by the panel to shake hands with them, Garry Moore stood up to greet the man. And then, suddenly, everybody realized how rude panel members had always been, because nobody had ever stood up to shake hands with a man on television before. People wrote in and mentioned it, and pretty soon panel members were bobbing up and down all over the channels."

If past performance is any indication, Garry Moore will be starting many more new ideas in television in the years to come. . . . THE END

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A Brother For Mike

(Continued from page 38)

"No, let's wait till I'm sure. I don't want to wake Mike till it's necessary."

"Won't he be excited?" Clay said. "Won't he blow his top when he knows Joe is really on the way?"

"You shouldn't have let him count on its being a boy. It might be a girl."

"Might. How do you feel?"

"Fine. Maybe it's a false alarm. Maybe it's—no, there it is again. How long has it been?"

"Ten minutes. Not quite ten. We'd better get going, honey. I'm not used to this sort of thing."

She sat on the edge of the bed. "I know." She tried to laugh, but her voice felt tight. "It was different with Mike. He didn't get us up at—what time is it? —three A.M.?"

"Two-thirty. Mike was more thoughtful."

"He's a living doll," she agreed. "Clay, do you think possibly—?"

She stopped, unable to say the words, unable to express the fears and uncertainties that had nibbled at her heart for eight months. You couldn't come right out and ask a man whether he'd stop loving an adopted child, just because he was going to have one of his own. You couldn't *really* even ask your self, and know whether your answer was honest.

That was where her greatest fear lay—in the knowledge that she wasn't sure, herself, how she'd feel toward Mike after the new baby was born. Oh, she'd still love him. Of course she would. But would she love him *enough*? Would she compare the two children so that Mike always came out on the short end? How could she know?

She dressed, and her hands trembled with the buttons. It wasn't only fear of the oncoming labor, although she admitted she must be a little frightened, as all women are the first time. But it was bigger than that, this feeling in her. It was because the answer to all her questions was close at hand, at last, and she didn't know whether the answer would be a good one.

Clay went into the other bedroom and came out with Mike in his arms. Mike was three, and he sprawled in heavy sleep, his head on Clay's shoulder. His face was flushed, his dark hair rumpled.

"Let me hold him," Ann said, and she felt a yearning for him, a desire to hold him close one more time before she had to leave him, before she had to cope with the experience that might cheat him out of all the security he had known.

No, it won't, she rebuked herself silently. But she didn't know.

"He's too heavy," Clay said.

"No, I'll sit down. You get his clothes while I hold him."

The little body was warm and sturdy in her arms, and she held him awkwardly, because of her bulkiness. He slept on, and she sat watching his face.

No, you didn't get us up at night, she thought, brushing his hair with her lips, but we waited for you a long time. Such a long time, little Mike.

And while she waited, half dreaming, for Clay to get the clothes and to call her mother, she remembered the time of waiting, the days and weeks and months.

There had been doubt in the beginning of that, too. They had not been sure, at first, whether they should adopt a child. The doctors could find no obvious reason for Ann's failure to have children, so there was always the hope that some day she would conceive—the hope that dwindled, month after month, into disappointment. When the doctor first suggested adoption as a possibility, Ann shied away from the idea.

"We're young yet," she said to Clay. "We might have a dozen children."

"Two dozen." Clay's voice reflected her optimism. "Think of the income-tax exemptions!"

But the months kept sliding by, and gradually Ann's optimism turned into sorrow and a reluctant acceptance of the facts.

"It looks like maybe we won't have a baby," she admitted one night to Clay. "We've been married three years. Surely, by now—"

"Don't be discouraged," he said, holding her close. "We can always adopt a baby, if we want to."

By the time they had been married four years, Ann had given up all hope of a child of their own, and they finally applied to adopt a child. If anything, the months of waiting for a baby to be found brought them closer together, for it seemed to them, in their rebellion against the red tape, the involved workings of social agencies, that they were teamed together against a hostile world that was trying to deprive them of their right to be parents.

But the time of waiting was over at last. The telephone rang one afternoon, and the bland, impersonal voice of the social worker told Ann a baby was available—a three-weeks-old boy.

The nursery was ready for him, as it had been ready for many weeks, and Clay and Ann went to get the baby, aware only of an urgency to hold the baby in their arms, to bring him home, to make him truly theirs.

At the agency, the baby was brought to them, and Ann looked down at the round face, at the dark lashes, and at the mouth that was sweet and, it seemed to her fatuous eyes, already bore the stamp of wisdom.

They had named him long before—Michael Clay Dexter—and they brought him home—their son, their child.

The memories came to an abrupt end as Mike stirred in Ann's arms, and another pain stabbed through her. She bent forward and clutched the little boy more tightly than she intended. The dark eyes opened and blinked.

"You're hurting me, Mummy," he said, sleep muffling his words.

Clay came into the room. "Come on, son," he said. "We're going to take you to Grandma's, right in the middle of the night. I'll put on your bathrobe and your shoes and socks, and a big blanket over it all, and you can go back to bed when you get to Grandma's."

He scooped Mike up into his arms. "Your mother's practically hysterical," Clay told Ann. "You'd think she was the first woman in all the world to become a grandma."

"She's a grandma now," Mike said in a solemn tone. "She's *my* grandma."

"Yes, she is," Clay said, and Ann avoided his eyes as he turned away to get Mike ready.

She sat still in her chair, while thoughts continued to whirl through her mind. It wasn't that she was unaware of why she was frightened. She even knew how the seed of doubt had been planted in her mind. She recalled the incident with such vividness that it was painful to think of it.

Her cousin Millie had done it. Tall, angular Millie, who was an expert in just about every field—according to her own opinions. The exasperating thing was that she *was* almost always right.

Millie had seen Mike for the first time when he was about a year old, and she had looked at the laughing, dark-eyed baby with reluctant admiration.

"Yes, he is pretty," she had admitted. "I can see where you'd get awfully fond of him."

"Fond?" Ann's voice went high with indignation. "He's our baby, Millie! We *love* him!"

"In a way, you do," Millie said, nodding her head. "But you don't know what it is to be a real mother—not actually, Ann. You've never nursed a child, or had the pain of having him. *That's* what makes you a mother. That and the months of knowing he's coming. Just taking care of a baby isn't being a mother."

Ann stared at her cousin. She was too well bred to say the sharp words that crowded to her lips, but the thing that really kept her silent was that she was honest enough, even in her anger, to admit that she never *had* experienced birth, so Millie might be right. Maybe a woman *was* endowed with some mystic maternalism through the processes of pregnancy and labor. Maybe her feeling for Mike was a feeble one, compared to that of a real mother.

After Millie had gone, Ann tried to forget what had been said. She didn't even tell Clay, and she truly tried not to think of it again.

And she hadn't thought of it for more than a year—not until the day when she had stared, unbelieving, at her doctor and heard him confirm what she had hardly dared to hope—that she was pregnant. She had paid little attention to his explanation that many women conceive after adopting children; that doctors believed there was a physiological reason for it; that it was not mere coincidence. What was the importance of words in the face of this miracle?

It was only later, when she had calmed her heart a little, that Millie's words came back to her.

I couldn't possibly love any baby more than I love Mike, she told herself over and over, but the doubt had taken

root in her mind to plague her with its dim, dark questions.

And now, as clearly as though Millie stood before her, Ann could hear her say, "*Now* you'll know what it is to be a mother. Really a *mother*."

Ann started to cry, foolish tears wetting her face. Clay, coming in with Mike bundled in his arms, stared at her in dismay.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Yes. I'm just being silly."

Mike stretched out his hands to Ann. "Mummy," he said. "Joe's gonna come. Daddy *said*."

"Is he?" she asked.

The baby smiled placidly. "Yes, so hurry to the hops-ittel and get Joe, Mummy."

"It might be a girl," she warned again. "It might not be a boy, Mike."

"It's a boy." Mike was complacent. "A boy brother for me."

She smiled at the baby, and they walked together to the car. The swift ride through the night had almost no meaning for Ann. The pain in her body and the worry in her heart had become all mixed up for her, so that logic deserted her and panic took its place.

They stopped at Ann's mother's house long enough to transfer Mike from Ann's arms to the older woman's.

"Take good care of him," Ann said, and she could hear the urgency in her own voice.

Her mother's face was calm. "He'll be all right," she said. "You don't have to worry about *him*, Ann."

"But it's him I *do* worry about," she said brokenly to Clay when they had driven away. "I don't know how I'm going to feel toward him, after tonight. I don't know how you're going to feel."

At last she had said it, the fears had been expressed in words, and, somehow, she felt worse than she had felt before, as though the expression of her doubt had given it a deeper reality.

"Don't be silly," Clay said. "You're just nervous and upset and maybe scared. It's all right."

"But we *can't* be sure," she cried. "How do we *know*?"

They reached the hospital before he could answer, and the next half-hour was a blur of questions, doctors, nurses, antiseptic smells and the darkness of pain. The confusion did not obliterate her worries; if anything, it tended to emphasize them. But she was settled in her bed at last, and Clay sat beside her until time for her to go to the delivery room.

"I wish I knew," she whispered after a long interval of silence between them.

"Look, Ann." He reached over and touched her cheek. "Look, honey—don't worry about it. We'll still love Mike. You just don't get over loving a kid."

"But will we love him *enough*?" There was almost a fierceness in the question.

"How do I know?" His shoulders sagged. "How much *is* enough?"

She tried to answer him, but the pain was suddenly stronger than she was, and it blotted out her thoughts. Nothing else was real. Nothing else mattered—not the nurses who came hurrying, or the wheeled cart that rushed her to delivery, or the doctor's voice, that tried to reassure her.

Then somehow, like a miracle, the pain was gone, and there was a sweet silence everywhere. But the silence was gradually broken up by recognizable sounds—the padding of rubber-soled shoes in the hall, a buzzer somewhere off in the distance, the murmuring of voices. Ann opened her eyes, and she was in her room again and Clay was beside her, looking at her with so much emotion in his eyes that his face seemed childlike and vulnerable.

"Are you all right?" he said. "Are you awake?"

"Is it all over? Is the baby born?"

"Yes, it's a boy. See, Mike was right. It's a boy."

"That's nice," she said with contentment, and closed her eyes and slept.

When she awoke again, her thoughts were clear. Clay was sitting by the bed, and he smiled at her.

"The baby," she said. "It he all right?"

"I haven't seen him yet," Clay said. "They're going to bring him in for a minute when you're awake. Are you awake now?"

"Tell them to hurry," she begged.

But her hands felt cold, and her heart pounded in her throat. Now I'll know, she thought. Now I'll know whether Millie is right; whether you really feel different when a baby is born to you; whether there is some miracle I hadn't experienced before, with Mike.

Clay pushed the buzzer, and in a few minutes a nurse laid a blanket-wrapped bundle on the bed beside Ann.

"There he is," the nurse announced. "You can have him for ten minutes, so make the most of it."

With hands that trembled, Ann pulled back the blankets. She stared at the little crumpled, red face, waiting for the smothering feeling of motherhood to sweep over her, the great onrush of an overpowering love that Millie had predicted.

But, instead, she felt only a gentle amusement at the sight of the baby. What a comical little thing he was—like a small, wrinkled prune. And with that ridiculous tuft of hair on his head!

Laughter trembled in her, and she looked up at Clay. His face was merry, and his eyes looked warm and proud.

"Why, he isn't half as pretty as Mike was!" she said, and she heard the surprise in her voice.

"Not half," Clay agreed. "But, maybe, if we're lucky, he'll be as smart."

They laughed together, and Ann reached out to cling to Clay's hand.

"Wasn't I an idiot?" she whispered. "I don't feel a bit more mother-y now than I did with Mike. Maybe not even as much. It's *loving* them that matters, Clay—not *having* them! How do you feel?"

"I feel wonderful," he said. "I'm a lucky guy. I've got a beautiful wife and two sons. What more could I want?"

"Nothing," she said. She reached out a gentle finger and touched the rumpled little tuft of hair on the baby's head.

"Hi, Joe," she murmured in a soft voice. "Hi, Joe, you little—you little brother for Mike." . . . THE END

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Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL

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(Continued from page 46)

an unwelcome additional burden on New York state taxpayers.

These were strong arguments. I knew perfectly well how I felt, but I wanted to make sure about Frank. One night I said to him, "Maybe we're wrong and all these people are right. Maybe we ought to give Susan up."

"Would you give up a child who had been born to us?" Frank demanded.

"Of course not."

"Well, as far as I'm concerned, Susan was born to us. She's our baby. We both love her and want her, and we're going to keep her."

That was all I needed. I knew then that no argument could persuade us to let Susan go. Today Susan, who will be five in May, has a younger blind sister, Beth, three, and Frank and I are completely happy with our family.

I had first heard about Susan while visiting friends in Newport, Rhode Island, during the late fall of 1950. My hostess and I were talking about children, a favorite subject of mine; Frank and I were terribly unhappy that we couldn't have any babies of our own.

"Have you ever thought of adoption?" my hostess asked.

"Yes," I said, "but we thought we'd wait until we could really afford it."

"Can you afford it now?" she asked. "I know of a wonderful little baby who is desperately in need of parents who love her."

"May I see her?"

"Yes, but I'm afraid she can't see you. She's blind."

A blind baby! I shuddered. Then I fought back tears of pity.

But the feeling passed quickly, because I remembered the rest of my hostess' words—"desperately in need of parents who love her." Here we were, Frank and I, wanting to give love and care to a child—and there she was, a child who was most in need of what we had in abundance. I thought no more about her handicap, and somehow, I felt that Frank would feel the same.

"Tell me about her," I said.

So she told me about Susan.

Susan was a premature baby who weighed only two pounds, two and a half ounces when she was born on May 21, 1950. For weeks she lived in an incubator and was fed with an eye-dropper. When at last she was ready to be taken home, her family wasn't prepared to take care of her. Her mother was sick. There were other children. There were financial problems. It was a busy, crowded household, and no one child could be given the special attention that Susan needed. After a few weeks at home she was returned to the hospital.

The same thing happened the second time she was taken home. By then her parents had discovered she was blind. They were having trouble bringing up their normal children. Trying to cope with a blind one was more than they could bear. Susan went back to the hospital again.

We drove to the hospital, and I saw Susan for the first time. Her head was a silky mass of jet black, curly hair, and my first impulse was to bury my face in it. She had a button nose and a Cupid's-bow mouth. When I reached into the crib to pick her up, she smiled, and my heart melted altogether.

This was my child! I knew it as surely as if I had been her natural mother. As I held her in my arms, I knew I would never want to let her go.

I looked at her eyes. They were blue, and at first glance they seemed to be all right, for the pupils were sharply distinguished from the iris. I found out later that retrolental fibroplasia causes a film to form behind the lens of the eye and in front of the retina, so that in the early stages there is often no physical sign of anything wrong.

I left the hospital and phoned Frank, who was in New York. A quiet, easy-going man, he has a steady job in a bank, and during the 10 years we've been married he's never refused me anything that was within his power to make me happy.

"Would you object if I brought a baby girl home with me?" I began.

"Object?" he shouted over the phone. "You mean a baby of our own—that we could keep?"

"I think so."

He was so excited he couldn't talk coherently for a minute. He sounded exactly like any other new father.

I braced myself, then said quietly, "Frank, she's blind."

"Blind?" His voice sounded hollow.

"—but I want her anyhow," I blurted out.

Frank didn't answer for a few seconds. I was just about to ask if he had heard me when he said gently, "Take her. Let's see how it works out."

I went to see Susan's parents. They didn't want to keep her, but they weren't sure they wanted to let her go. Finally they agreed to let me take her to New York on a temporary basis.

"You can give her a good home until she's well and strong," her mother said. "That's more than we can do."

I first brought Susan into our apartment on the upper west side of Manhattan in November, 1950. She was five months old, but she looked almost like a newborn baby. She weighed only nine pounds. At an age when most babies are turning over and beginning to try to crawl, Susan could barely move. Her thin cry sounded like the whimper of a sick puppy.

But she was cute, and though Frank didn't show it at the time, he admitted later that he, too, fell in love with Susan on sight. When he first saw her, however, he held back a little. I wasn't sure why, and I didn't find out until after we had definitely decided to adopt Susan.

"I loved her as much as you did," he explained, "but I didn't dare let myself go. She didn't look too strong. Suppose we'd become deeply attached to her and then lost her."

But at the time, his only comment was: "She could use a little building up."

He didn't say a word about her blindness. Neither did I. At that point, the only thing that counted was the improvement of her general health.

She was a feeding problem at first. In Newport she had eaten when she felt like it. I tried to get her to eat three times a day. For a while it seemed like a hopeless job.

In the morning I held her in my arms and said, "Now we'll have breakfast," and tried to spoon baby food into her mouth. She acted as though it were poison. A little later she howled, but I wouldn't feed her until noon. And when I said to her, "Now we'll have lunch," she wouldn't eat. That evening I took her on my lap and murmured, "Now we'll have dinner." She just screamed.

I don't think she ate the equivalent of a full meal during the two days I tried this system, and I said to Frank, "I'll have to try something else or she'll starve to death."

We talked it over and decided to try to get her to eat every three or four hours. "If I can gradually stretch out the periods between meals, it will come out all right," I remarked.

It worked, but it still took five months of frustrated cajolery before Susan accepted a proper schedule.

Actually, Susan's eating was much less a problem than her sleeping. This was the first difficulty caused directly by her blindness. Susan couldn't tell day from night. Many children suffering from retrolental fibroplasia have light perception. Susan is totally blind.

When we brought her home, she slept when she felt like sleeping, rarely more than four hours a night. When she didn't sleep, she was noisy and restless. Frank usually got up, because Susan really seemed to want him then. She rejected him at all other times. He was so happy to have her come to him that he would have been willing to walk the floor all night with her.

Her yelling must have bothered the neighbors, but, knowing Susan was blind, they were patient and understanding.

We called the people at the Lighthouse, who were always helpful with advice. They suggested we do everything possible to keep her awake days, so she would be tired at night. I kept careful watch over Susan. Whenever she showed signs of nodding off, I played with her, tickled her, bounced her, talked to her. "Susan," I said, "you go to sleep when you are in your crib. You stay awake when you are out of it." Every night, when I put her to bed, I said, "Now you're in your crib. Go to sleep." Sooner or later she had to learn, and—later—she did.

Sooner or later Susan can learn anything. That's one reason why Frank and I are so thrilled with her. When a sighted child does something new, his parents accept it as part of his normal development. But when a blind child does the same thing, it is a major achievement and a source of tremendous satisfaction to those around him.

Susan was a long time learning to

talk, and Frank and I were worried. Months went by, and the only sounds Susan made were unintelligible gurgles.

Frank was putting Susan to bed one night when she was 18 months old. He suddenly called, "Dottie, come here quickly."

I rushed into Susan's room. There was Frank, grinning excitedly. And Susan, clearly and surely, was saying over and over, "Mama—Mama—Mama—"

While we worked at teaching Susan, we worked at adopting her, too. In June, 1951, seven months after she came into our home, we made our first application. Before her case could be heard in Surrogate Court, we had to get permission from her parents. After refusing for more than a year, they finally signed a release. We still needed court approval. Because he wasn't sure we could handle Susan permanently, the investigator was reluctant to recommend favorable action.

But Susan's education couldn't wait on legal complications, and we went right ahead with it.

Weaning her away from strained foods and formula was a long, sometimes frustrating, process. Sighted children learn by imitation. Susan had to learn as basic an act as chewing in the same way she learns so many things—by touch.

I put a piece of food into my mouth and started chewing. I placed the palm of Susan's hand on the side of my face, and then I put my hand on her cheek.

"Start chewing, honey," I said. "Move your face up and down the way I do."

At first, she didn't react at all. Then, after several weeks, she began to try to make my hand move when I laid it on her cheek. One night, with Frank standing in the kitchen watching us, I put a small piece of meat into Susan's mouth and said, "Chew."

She did nothing for a moment, and I turned toward the stove. Suddenly Frank yelled, "Look, Dottie! She's chewing—she really is!"

Frank can't wait, when he gets home each night, to hear what new thing Susan has learned to do. No matter how simple the latest accomplishment is, he wants to know all the details.

We had a hard time getting Susan to learn to roll over from her tummy to her back. Most babies can do it somewhere between the ages of three and four months, and can sit up at six months. Not until Susan was eight months old did she try to turn over. I didn't know whether to help her or let nature take its course, so I called the Lighthouse.

"Help her," they advised. "She'll be rolling over in a week." They were right. In a week she was turning over without my help.

With Susan, we don't take anything for granted. Getting her to sit up, for example, was a major project. Susan wasn't able to sit up without help until she was 18 months old. We propped her up on pillows for months before she learned to keep her balance. After that, it took more months for her to learn to sit up alone. The day she did it for the first time was one of our red-letter days.

So was the day she first stood up by herself. When a sighted child has learned to sit up, he usually tries to stand, and sometimes succeeds within weeks. Susan needed six months.

We practiced with her day after day. At first I held Susan's hands and gently pulled her up and let her down. After a while I released her after getting her to a standing position. She simply toppled over, so I repeated the procedure until she finally got the idea.

Susan never crawled. Most blind children don't. They have nothing to reach for. For the same reason, Susan had to be coaxed to walk, since as far as she could know, there was no place to go.

We used pajama bottoms to teach her to walk. I let her hold them as I put one leg in front of the other, and said, "Here's how we move our legs when we walk."

Then I moved her own legs in the same way. We worked for months before she learned. She was three years old when she took her first step without help.

As Susan developed, new problems cropped up. Night after night, Frank and I talked them over, trying to work things out by ourselves. Often we succeeded. Sometimes we had to have help, and then we would turn to the Lighthouse.

There was the business of Susan's rocking back and forth while sitting. Rocking is a "blindism," a common characteristic of all blind children. Because he is unable to run around freely, a blind child seldom gets enough exercise. He always has energy to burn, and one way of burning it is to rock. Susan began doing it as soon as she could sit up.

We were advised to get her a rocking chair, which seemed like encouraging her to do the very thing we were trying to stop. But the idea worked. We put Susan in the chair and said, "The time to rock is when you're sitting here—in this rocking chair. Otherwise, you don't rock."

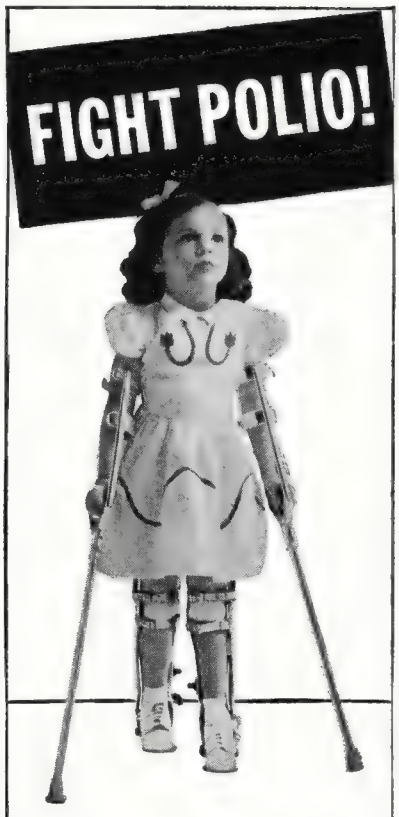
She learned after a while. It took time—months, in fact. Everything does. But the thrill of accomplishment is worth every minute.

Sometimes we discover that Susan knows more than we think she does. When she was about a year old, we gave her a set of nesting blocks—the kind that fit into each other. Up to then, Susan had been playing only with rattles. At first she would have no part of the blocks. Each time I gave them to her, she threw them aside.

Finally she learned to take them apart, but she couldn't put them together again, and wouldn't try. Often she screamed so unhappily when I gave them to her that I had to pacify her with a rattle. She had us pretty well convinced that she didn't like the blocks very much.

One day I noticed one of the blocks was gone. Susan didn't seem to miss it. Occasionally she went into a tantrum, but I thought it was because she wanted her favorite rattle. Sometimes, however, she kept on crying even after I gave her the rattle. Furthermore, she seemed to be at an absolute standstill in her development. She didn't show interest in anything, and she reacted badly to everything we said or did.

This continued for several months. Frank and I couldn't figure out what to



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do, so we went to the Lighthouse for help. The people there had plenty of ideas, but none of them worked.

Then one day Frank happened to bring home a set of blocks identical to the set Susan seemed to have forgotten. I gave them to her, and she started taking them apart. When she came to the one corresponding to the block she had lost, her face brightened, and to our utter amazement she said distinctly, "My block."

It was the first thing Susan ever said, other than "Mama," that made sense, and it removed whatever emotional problem had been holding her back.

Because Frank was so completely devoted to her, I hoped Susan would learn to say "Daddy" quickly, and I kept repeating the word to her. It didn't do any good. Susan said "Mama" when she was a year and a half old. She was nearly two and a half before she said "Daddy."

One night Frank said, "I can't seem to get to Susan. She loves you, but she doesn't want me."

Heartbreak and frustration were in his voice, and for a long moment I couldn't think of any words. Finally I said, "Frank, she loves you. You're the one she wants to comfort her at night."

"But she won't come near me when you're around."

"She will. Give her time."

Six more months went by, and Susan continued to reject Frank. Then one day he came home from work and as usual walked into the kitchen and greeted Susan and me. When he leaned over to kiss Susan, she said as clearly as you please, "Daddy." Then she reached up, put her arms around his neck, and hugged him with unrestrained delight.

"Did you hear her, Dottie?" he said softly, and his eyes filled with tears. "She called me 'Daddy.'"

Now Susan looks forward to his arrival every night. She asks about him and rushes into his arms when he walks into the apartment. That welcome is the highlight of Frank's day.

Susan is slow to learn. She's even slower than some blind children. It takes her a long time to grasp something new, just as it takes some sighted children longer than others to learn things. But this doesn't lessen our love for her.

Our belief that Susan, for better or for worse, was meant to be ours, just as surely as though she were actually born to us, was best expressed by Frank when things looked darkest. Susan was over a year old. Everyone was advising us not to adopt her. Her mother had not yet signed a release. Susan was developing with maddening slowness.

"It's God's will for us to have Susan," Frank said, "and we'll have her no matter what may be wrong with her."

On the day that Susan became legally and irrevocably ours, we felt as if a huge burden had been lifted from our shoulders. Up to then there was always the question "Can anyone take her away from us?" It was a vague sort of thing, constantly present, which could never be cleared up completely until the adoption went through.

Now that we have our baby, our only thought is to give her every chance for happiness. We don't even think about her handicap. It is, in fact, the only thing about her that we take for granted. Susan is blind, and unless medical research can perform miracles, she will be blind as long as she lives.

In the meantime, we face the future with more than just hope and confidence. For we have tried to build a complete family. An only child misses so many of the joys of life. We don't want that to happen to Susan.

We had talked about adopting another little girl before we went up to Maine for our vacation last summer. Frank left Susan and me in Boston on the way home, because I wanted to visit the Nursery for Blind Babies and show that institution how well Susan was getting along.

"Do you know anyone who would like to adopt a bright little redhead?" a member of the staff asked me.

How wonderful it would be to have another blind child, I thought. What a natural thing it would be for Susan.

"May I see her?" I asked.

Beth was a beautiful, vivacious youngster, two years old. She laughed and bounced in my arms the first time I picked her up, and I knew that she, too, was meant for me.

But first I had to tell Frank.

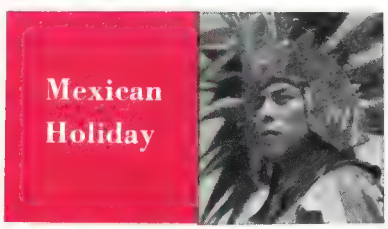
"Let's talk about it," he said.

I pointed out that Susan would suffer if we adopted a younger sighted child, for Susan was not quick and the other child would catch up to her and pass her too soon.

We agreed that we should have another girl, since two girls would be interested in the same things and would be a help to each other. So we decided to adopt Beth. She's in our home now

Susan is now four and a half years old, and Beth is three. Adoption procedures are being worked out, and Beth will be completely ours in the near future, we hope.

We have faith in the future of both our children, for we know that they can be brought up to lead full, rich, useful lives. Blindness is a handicap, not a tragedy. Susan and Beth are happy, healthy children, and there's no reason why they shouldn't grow up to become happy, healthy adults. Frank and I are doing everything we can to make them so. And we are sacrificing nothing. On the contrary, we are gaining everything. ... THE END



(Continued from page 44)

penses for two persons traveling in Mexico. You can have an extremely enjoyable time on that amount of money. However, certain attractions charge admission. It's a good idea to carry some extra money for special entertainment and for handicraft items and souvenirs you will probably want to buy.

Much of the fun of any trip is the anticipation and planning. When going to Mexico, careful planning is actually necessary—to keep from being overwhelmed by the great number and variety of sights and activities. Get a few books and pamphlets on Mexico (some helpful ones are listed in the box on page 76) and bone up on places of particular interest. Whether your inclination is to range leisurely on a trip of exploration or to settle in a resort, you must budget your time.

Make a tentative vacation schedule and try to stick to it. You will be tempted to overstay your time in many places—but don't. In Mexico there's always something more intriguing just ahead. Or you may want to save a few hours or days to take river trips through incredibly wild jungles, or to swim at some exclusive beach or in a secluded cove, or to fish for giant marlin, sailfish or manta ray.

You should see at least one fiesta. Fortunately, Mexicans celebrate at the drop of a sombrero, decorating the streets with crepe paper, calling out the town band and shooting off fireworks. If you stop over in a small village, *you* may be the excuse for a fiesta. It happened to me once.

Although you will always find someone who understands English, it is fun to learn a few Spanish phrases. If you do master several basic words, you may be taken aback when you walk up to the hotel desk and ask, "*Hay cuartos?*" and the clerk replies in faultless English, "Yes, sir, we have rooms. Would you like one on the patio?"

Mexico is the land of constant sunshine, and you can take your warm rays, undiluted, on a tropic beach or tempered by the cool breezes that cross the snow

capped mountains. No matter what the calendar says, it's always spring on the vast Central Plateau which holds Mexico City. Take suits, sweaters and light coats for these cool days and evenings. You'll want mid-summer clothes in the vicinity of Acapulco and all points south.

The Mexican authorities require that you present a vaccination certificate less than three years old. And you also need a six-months' visitor's permit which can be obtained for three dollars at any Mexican Consulate, Mexican Government Tourist Bureau, major airline serving Mexico or at any border station. Children under 15 are not required to carry permits, but they must be mentioned on the card of the accompanying adult.

More than 115,000 U.S. cars pass through Mexican Customs each year. To accommodate tourists, reliable garages and service stations have been built within safe distances of each other, not only on main routes, but on all highways.

By car, you have a choice of three excellent scenic routes from the U.S. to Mexico City: the Pan-American Highway, 761 miles from Laredo, Texas; the Central, 1221 miles from El Paso, Texas, and the new West Coast Highway.

U.S. vacationers have been using sections of the West Coast route for some time, but full-scale travel has been discouraged by the Mexican Government during the period of construction. If you drive south on this highway, you should make the return trip on one of the other roads, enjoying new experiencies and actually saving time.

Nogales, northern terminus of the West Coast route, is a honky-tonk border town. But just outside its limits the atmosphere changes as if a stage manager had suddenly shifted the scenery. A barefooted farmer in white cotton trousers, working his field with a team of oxen and a rough piece of board for a plow, pauses in his work and waves. A dark-skinned girl kneels by a stream, pounding her laundry on a stone and spreading it out on the bushes to dry. Two little boys, jogging along the road on burros, look at your license plates and shout, *"Bienvenidos, Americanos!"*

The average Mexican is kind, courteous and friendly, sometimes at the expense of his own comfort. If you offer him a cigarette, he'll smoke even if he loathes tobacco. If you ask him to dinner, he'll eat even though he just stuffed down a seven-course meal. Mexicans show almost no fear of physical pain, but their souls are extremely sensitive.

At Guaymas (as at Mazatlan and Acapulco), you'll find some of the best deep-sea fishing in the world—marlin and swordfish, in particular. Take a dip in the pleasantly-warm waters of the bay. And if you're in the mood for a snack, try an oyster cocktail—eight cents for a dozen oysters—at one of the open-air foodstalls along the waterfront.

South of Guaymas, you're in one of the world's richest agricultural regions. Twenty-five years ago there was only sand and cactus here, but today, thanks to irrigation, the state of Sonora is the most progressive in Mexico. Vast patchwork farms of rice, corn, wheat and sugar cane have supplied the funds for new universities, libraries, hospitals, clinics, museums, hotels, two new cities—Ciudad Obregon and Navojoa—and 150 schools. Twenty-five thousand more children go to school in this state today than in 1940. Among adults, illiteracy has been cut 50 per cent.

In Ciudad Obregon's new streamlined market place of four city blocks, you can find examples of every art and handicraft for which Mexico is famous. Prices are slightly higher than in the villages where the items are manufactured, but still incredibly low.

In the public market places you're not expected to pay the quoted price. Mexicans love to bargain. A weaver may ask 10 pesos for a hand-woven basket large enough for a laundry hamper. You cut the price in half. He makes it nine. You say six. He says eight. You both settle for seven.

A 16-mile all-weather road takes you from Los Mochis to Topolobampo, the largest bay on Mexico's west coast, where tremendous turtles, tied to stakes along the beach, are waiting to be shipped to every corner of the world. If you're in the mood for adventure, ask one of the fishermen to take you out into the bay. He'll be happy to oblige, perhaps even at no cost. And if it's a good day for fishing, you may be an eyewitness to a death struggle between a man and a giant ocean reptile. You can sample delicious turtle meat at El Pacifico, an American restaurant operated by a Chinese family in Los Mochis.

In Culiacan, the oldest city of the Americas, more than half the vehicles are covered one-horse surreys called *arañas* (spiders) because the long, dangling "fringe on top" reminds the imaginative Mexican of the legs of a spider. A ride through the beautiful rose gardens along the river will take an hour and cost 40 cents. It will be one of your most treasured memories of Mexico.

South of the Tropic of Cancer you enter the Torrid Zone. Bamboo villages cluster at the feet of tall coconut palms. Hundreds of multicolored parrots, perched on the huge leaves of banana trees, screech as you drive past. In the heart of this tropical belt is the Mexican Riviera, Mazatlan. Old Spanish inns and swank hotels stand side by side, and the pounding surf crashes noisily against the sea wall. Farther out on the beach road, past the rotting hulks of long-forgotten ships, you'll find Las Gaviotas, a fairy-tale beach where palm trees come right down to the sea.

One attraction of the new West Coast Highway is a side trip to San Blas. A 24-mile paved road plunges down through dense jungle, cutting through twisted palms, wild banana trees and enormous ferns as high as telegraph poles. Pink flamingos stare at you from picturesque lagoons. Brilliant red and blue orchids grow by the roadside. At the end of this Technicolor jungle, you find San Blas, a quiet fishing village with a luxurious hotel and a romantic beach, patiently waiting to be discovered by the 20th century.

A mammoth bull ring marks the entrance to Tepic, a charming old-world city. At the Convent of the Cross, green plant life which hasn't been watered or

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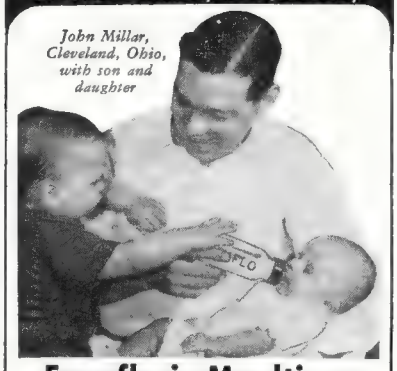

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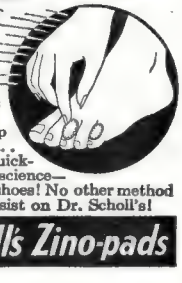

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If you stop over in Tepic, stroll over to the plaza in the evening to hear the town band's noisy versions of Sousa and Strauss and to see the young people who come out in full force for the promenade, a traditional Mexican courting custom. The boys walk around the plaza in one direction, the girls in the other. If a young man sees a maid who strikes his fancy, he smiles. If she returns the smile, he joins her in the girls' line and they promenade together.

North of Guadalajara you can visit a tequila factory in the town of the same name. The guide will offer you a small glass of Mexico's potent national drink, and as soon as you take one sip, he'll have another waiting. Unless you plan to spend the night there, refuse the second glass politely. You may offend the guide, but you'll stand a much better chance of getting to Guadalajara.

Guadalajara used to be more Spanish than Mexican, but a few years ago a progressive governor gave the downtown area a face lifting, and today the old colonial city is more like the Midwest U. S.

In the villages that surround Guadalajara, almost everyone is a master craftsman. In Tlaquepaque the least expensive pottery designs will make everything you've ever admired seem like cheap imitations. Handmade wood-and-leather furniture is also a Tlaquepaque specialty. You can buy four chairs and a low table for $6.50. In Ajijic you can buy attractive materials in pre-Hispanic colors and patterns, woven by hand as you watch, for as little as 50 cents a yard.

While you're in the vicinity of Guadalajara, visit Juanacatlan Falls, where the second largest waterfall on the American continent crashes over jagged cliffs. And at one of the lake-front hotel dining rooms in Chapala, try *charales*, a small white fish, and also try a glass of "devil's blood," an exotic combination of tequila, chili and orange juice.

At Carapan, take the side road to Paracho, the home of Mexico's finest guitars, Paricutin, the world's youngest volcano, and Uruapan, where you can buy delicately-formed lacquer trays and boxes for as little as 40 cents each.

Turn right at Quiroga for the Lake Patzcuaro region, the last stronghold of the Tarascans, one of Mexico's oldest tribes, who still fish with the famed butterfly nets of their ancestors. At Patzcuaro you can see the Cornstalk Virgin, a bizarre statue of cornhusks and orchid glue, and in the public market you can buy a 22-piece set of pottery dinnerware in primitive designs for $2.75.

The graceful twin spires of Mexico's most impressive cathedral tower over the city of Morelia, where you can sample delicious fruit candies called *ates*, enjoy a leisurely meal at one of a dozen pleasant sidewalk cafés, or spend a few hours wandering through the State Historical Museum or the Conservatory, the oldest music school in North America.

You can find anything from a bent nail to a refrigerator in Toluca's public market, the largest in Mexico. Nearby towns specialize in woven shawls, palm mats and dolls, clay figurines and masks, serapes and embroidery work. If you have a strong constitution, the winding dirt road that climbs to the crater of the volcano Navado de Toluca is an experience you'll never forget. One hour beyond Toluca you pass through the Lomas, Mexico City's most fashionable suburb, and just inside the city limits Highway 15 joins the Paseo de la Reforma, a magnificently-landscaped boulevard, designed in the time of Emperor Maximilian.

Your first glimpse of Mexico City's impressive skyline, backed by two tremendous snow-capped mountains, may come as a mild shock, for here on this great plateau is one of the world's most modern cities (population 3,353,000). And here you'll realize that one of Mexico's most intriguing aspects is its variety. Each city and area has its own individual character. No two are alike. Each has its own traditions, its own mode of dress, its own fiestas, its own tempo of living, even its own style of sombrero.

Clustered around Mexico City's main square, the Zocalo, are the largest cathedral on the North American continent, the National Palace, and the world's biggest pawnshop. A marvelous exhibition of 2000 years of Mexican art (admission free) is on permanent display in the Palace of Fine Arts. For four cents you can visit the National Museum, with its thousands of pre-Hispanic relics, or roam through the halls of Emperor Maximilian's 18th-century castle in Chapultepec Forest. You'll find boxing and wrestling at Televicentro, jai alai at Fronton Mexico, rodeos at Rancho de Charros, horse racing at the Hippodrome, golf at Churubusco Country Club, and bullfighting at Plaza Mexico. You can enjoy any kind of night life you prefer. And after midnight, take a cab to Garibaldi Plaza, where *mariachis* will serenade you for eight cents U.S. per musician per song.

Just outside the city are located Mexico's national shrine, the Basilica of the Virgin of Guadalupe; the pyramids of Teotihuacan, built as a religious mecca by the Toltecs in 400 A. D.; the lovely floating gardens of Xochimilco, and University City, where skyscraper classrooms and a 105,000-seat stadium spring up from lava beds.

Within easy traveling distance of Mexico City are a score of cities and towns rich in history and folklore. Two-day trips will take you to the Gulf of Mexico and the international seaport of Vera Cruz, or to the Pacific Coast and Mexico's tropical paradise, Acapulco. Despite its reputation as a resort for millionaires, Acapulco offers pleasant rooms with private bath for as little as $3 a day, *including three meals.*

If you have time, you can head south to explore Oaxaca, Tehuantepec, and the state of Chiapas, areas seldom visited by vacationers. Or you can fly to the remote peninsula of Yucatan, the seat of the ancient Mayan civilization. One thing is certain: You won't be bored in Mexico. The problem is never what to do next—but what not to do.

When you're ready to come back home, you can bring $200 worth of gifts and souvenirs through U. S. Customs if you've been in Mexico less than 12 days. $500 worth if you've stayed longer. But your most treasured acquisition will have cost you nothing. And you won't have any trouble getting it through Customs. You'll be carrying it in your heart.

A Mexican friend explained it to me this way: "We Mexicans like tequila and holidays and love and jokes and bullfights, but above everything else, we like people. I'm interested in everyone I meet, and I expect him to be interested in me. We're all tied up together, you know—you and me and that farmer over there driving his flock of turkeys through the automobile traffic.

"It's like this: An old man comes from a distant village to see the great new University. While he stares in wonder, he spies a tiny piece of volcanic glass no bigger than a centavo. That tiny piece of stone came from the old man's village in the state of Jalisco, 350 miles away. Suddenly, this university is *his* university. When a student drives past in a shiny new car, the old man smiles and waves. The student smiles, too, and waves back. That's how we Mexicans are, *señor.* We know that everything in God's plan has beauty and dignity and importance—whether it's a tiny stone or a great university. Or a man." . . . THE END

MORE ABOUT MEXICO

• For detailed information about your trip to Mexico, contact your travel agent, your automobile club, or transportation lines serving Mexico. The Mexican Government Tourist Bureaus issue tourist cards at the following addresses:

27 East Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
815 Walker St., Houston, Texas
511 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif.
40 Columbus Arcade, Miami, Fla.
203 St. Charles St., New Orleans, La.
8 West 51st St., New York, N.Y.
518 West Houston St., San Antonio, Texas
330 Broadway, San Diego, Calif.

Your trip through Mexico will be more fun if you know something of the country's customs, history and points of interest. The following books can be obtained at your local bookstore or library:

"Tourist Guide to Mexico" by G. M. Bashford (McGraw-Hill)—the newest of the tourist guides.

"Many Mexicos" by Lesley Byrd Simpson (G. P. Putnam's Sons)—a modern history of Mexico.

"A Treasury of Mexican Folkways" by Frances Toors (Crown)—a complete guide to Mexican customs, fiestas, superstitions and legends.

(Continued from page 31)

actress; the only goal she ever had as a youngster was to become a dancing teacher. When Jean was 14, her father, Charles Simmons, a schoolteacher who died some years ago, pledged money enough to start her in a dancing school run by a Mrs. Aida Foster. Two weeks later most of London's dancing schools were solicited by an English producer, Val Guest, who was looking for a young girl to play a role in a picture called "Give Us the Moon," and wanted a fresh face. The freshest one Mrs. Foster knew was Jean's. She recommended her and promptly lost her new pupil; Jean was accepted over 200 other applicants.

Jean's middle name, Merilyn, was dropped by Mr. Guest. He also voted against adopting her mother's maiden name, which was Loveland, and which almost everyone in Cricklewood thought was desirably theatrical. And he gave her 30 days' work at the rate of five pounds a day (or a total of about $500). This induced her father to draw her aside hastily at the first opportunity and warn her against getting any silly notions about becoming a cinema queen. "It can't last, all this, you know," he said worriedly. "You'll be back here soon, just a plain Cricklewood girl again; so keep your head screwed on tight."

Jean nodded eagerly and was pleased with his every word; she not only believed her father—she loved to be sat down and given a talking to. Since then three other men have sat her down to expound on her place in their worlds . . . and they didn't mean Cricklewood.

David Lean, who directed her first big hit, "Great Expectations," when she was 16, told her she did have a future if she learned her job—and not until then had she ever really been serious about acting. Laurence Olivier, a few years later, chose her to be *Ophelia* in his "Hamlet," and she is still not over this honor. The third of these men, of course, was Stewart Granger. When she first met him she was still 14 and in her second picture, "Mr. Emmanuel." He had come to visit his wife, Elspeth, who was playing Jean's mother in the picture.

Jean thought Granger was the most handsome man she had ever seen in her life, but she felt that way about most good-looking men those days. For the next few years they would wave at each other around the studios, and during this period Jean prospered and began to give signs of enjoying the life of a movie star. She got herself a cute apartment in the town proper. She went dancing in the night clubs. And she traveled about in an eggshell-blue convertible, a Bristol Racer, that could do a hundred miles an hour.

The motorized constabulary arrested her regularly for speeding. One weary policeman approached her car to make out a summons after flagging her down. He didn't ask her if she was on her way to a fire. "Miss," he inquired, "are *you* on fire?"

Apparently she *was*, then. She was 18 and, she admits, "I guess I was beginning to enjoy the life of a movie star. I'd read about myself in the papers and think I was quite the thing!" Yet one afternoon she knew she was ready to settle down and act grown up when Granger, instead of waving to her as usual when their paths crossed in the studio, stopped and asked her for a date. He had been divorced some six months before this.

He took her on a Sunday picnic, handling the outing in a manner that she recalls gave her the most elegant day in her life. He called for her in a super Rolls Royce, ran her out to an exclusive club on the banks of the Thames, and fed her out of a hamper which held everything from caviar and champagne to brandied chocolates.

"I was terribly impressed with Jimmy," Jean recalls. "He knew so well how to do things, and it was double the compliment that such an accomplished man was interested in me. I think that the pattern of our future relationship was set right then—that he would run things if we ever married, even though we didn't get married until three years later."

Late in 1950, Jean, who had made a short visit to Hollywood a year before, went back under contract to Howard Hughes. Granger, a big overnight American hit in "King Solomon's Mines," was there, too, having been signed by M-G-M Studios. They announced their engagement while attending a party at Cary Grant's home, and eloped to Tucson, Arizona, in a plane supplied by Hughes.

"It wasn't love at first sight when I met Jimmy, but long before we were married my head certainly got to be filled with lovely nonsense about him," Jean recalls. "But all he kept saying was either that he was too old for me or that I was too young to know my own mind. When I was alone I would think that maybe he was right, but when I was with him I knew he was wrong. I never knew indecision could be so exciting."

It may be that in her devotion to her father when she was a girl, and her dependence on her husband as a wife, Jean is Victorian in outlook, and perhaps even in sentiment. But then the label has to come off; she admits she is awfully poor in the routine accomplishments expected of the young Victorian female. It's a good thing she doesn't have to keep house; she can't—nor sew, nor cook anything fit to eat.

With her schooling interrupted when she was in her early teens, Jean's knowledge of the world might be a narrow one were it not for the enriching influence of Granger, who is indeed, as she realized so early, a man of varied parts. He has traveled all over the world, has been a medical student, a soldier (in Britain's famous Black Watch Regiment), an amateur boxer who used to fight exhibition bouts with England's light-heavyweight champion of that time, Freddie Mills, and a veteran of two African

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shooting safaris on which he bagged lion, elephant, buffalo and rhino among other game. And *he* can cook. Such devotees of the charcoal-broiled steak as Spencer Tracy, James Mason and Louis Calhern turn up regularly for his barbecue magic.

Jean never resents Granger's precedence in family matters. "He's much better at almost anything than I am," she explains. "He'd be only too happy to have me take a hand in things if I could. Oh, dozens of times he has tried to explain business matters, like why we bought this home or why we can't sell our first one which we don't want any more because it's much too big—but I just don't take to it well. When he keeps it up too long my eyes just glaze over, and —well, we know I've had it, that's all."

As an actress she is particularly impressed by Granger's ability to evaluate a script or role. "This is a rare quality in Hollywood," she assures you. "Even his bad decisions—and he has made a few—stand up under analysis." One of these, which luckily she didn't follow, was to advise that she not play *Ophelia* in "Hamlet," in which, of course, she did a fine job and gained real stature. He figured she had never acted in a Shakespearian role, knew nothing of Elizabethan English, and would be the only inexperienced player among a whole cast of Shakespearian veterans. "Nobody gets away with Shakespeare," was the way he summed it up, "and you don't figure to."

That she did is a tribute to Laurence Olivier, they now realize. He spent days coaching her, not only in her role as *Ophelia*, but in the primitive ways and beliefs of the early Danes from whose annals Shakespeare wrote the tragedy. Olivier told her not to play *Ophelia*, but to *be* her, she says.

An interesting commentary on Jean's acting was furnished recently by Henry Koster of 20th Century-Fox Studios, who directed Jean in "The Robe," and again in "Désirée." Whenever he was faced with a difficult scene which Jean had to carry, he said he would always have a quiet talk with her first, and by indirection try to learn whether she really believed the girl she played would act as called for in the script. If he felt Jean didn't, he would order a rewrite immediately.

"She just honestly can't lie in her acting," he said. "In 'Désirée,' for instance, she just couldn't rant loudly at Napoleon when it becomes obvious he is leaving her. She felt that under the circumstances she would be so shocked and overwhelmed as to barely be able to whisper. Played this way, after we tried the other a half dozen times, the scene was infinitely more believable and effective."

Jean loves everything about her California home, including the craggy acre to which it clings and the visibility afforded by a house that is ranch-style in shape but practically all glass-sided. It is reached via an unobtrusive approach from Mulholland Drive, which winds along the spine of the mountain range separating Hollywood and Beverly Hills from the San Fernando Valley.

The living room is about the size of a tennis court, has two fireplaces, and, not at all unpleasantly, looks as if two or more decorators had vied with each other in furnishing it. Actually it is the work of only one man and reflects the wide hand and flowing taste of Granger himself. He owns original portraits by such English masters as Augustus John and Matthew Smith, and he also has a mounted Cape buffalo's horns with a record spread; with a loving heart for both art and sport, he hangs a John painting on each side of the horns. In similar and just as interesting juxtaposition are statues by Rodin and Jacob Epstein, and an arching elephant tusk. Other sculpture, paintings, beautiful Ming porcelains, Tang horses, classic vases and urns are set off against rhino horns, more buffalo horns and various skinned or dismembered carnivora, to achieve a wild and wonderful effect.

It is in this room that they have their dinner every night—not on a table, but on trays set in front of the television set, as in many an American home these days. Granger's preference is for boxing; Jean likes the comedy programs. "So," she sighs, "we look at boxing. If I ever have to referee a bout I am sure I'll know just what to say to the boys when I call them to the center of the ring. And since we want children, I probably will have to do just that when our sons start growing up."

By that time, according to Jean, their home may be in Kenya, South Africa, where Granger wants to settle down and be a farmer.

"What about the Mau Mau trouble there?" Jean asked when he told her about this.

"The devil with that," he said.

"Yes, Jimmy," she agreed, dutifully. . . . THE END

Six Keys to Successful Marriage

(Continued from page 25)

The baby they longed for had been born to them, and, without having any serious break with the father, they had moved into a home of their own. "It's hard for us even to imagine," the wife said, "that we ever considered a divorce."

Key No. 3: Take God into your marriage

The most valuable service I did for them, I think, was to advise prayer. Since man is "wonderfully and fearfully made," as the Bible says, and is a spiritual as well as a physical being, prayer can do more to unlock frozen emotions and cure other types of incompatibility than all the materialistic advice ever written on the subject. There are unquestionably some instances in which the advice of a physician is required before a satisfactory adjustment can be reached, but prayer will always help to solve these difficulties and most of the others which beset married life.

For that reason, my next suggestion is this: *Take God into your marital partnership.*

Since I am a clergyman, I could be expected to make such a statement. But a surprising number of leaders in secular fields are expressing similar views today. Many divorce-court judges, lawyers, social workers and doctors—including psychiatrists—are coming around to the belief that only through a wider acceptance of spiritual values can marriage be preserved.

To some people who have never been devout, that may sound hard to do. But actually it is easy for any couple to introduce religious faith into their home. One way is for them to consider themselves as equal partners in a corporation with God as Chairman of the Board of Directors. Then, when they have a dispute, they can refer it to the Chairman and He will settle it on a basis not of *who* is right but *what* is right.

George and Helen Davis—those are not their real names, but they will do—solved a tough mother-in-law problem in this way. Each of them was an only child, and each had a widowed mother to support. So, after they were married, George and Helen bought a house in the suburbs and had their mothers come to live with them.

But the elderly women were temperamentally different. Helen's mother felt things should be done in a prompt and orderly manner. When she cooked a meal, for example, and announced it was ready, she expected everybody to get to the table instantly—as though shot out of guns. But George's mother was easygoing. She couldn't see why you couldn't take half an hour, if you felt like it, in getting to the table.

The mothers-in-law clashed at once, soon were fighting daily, and by the end of a month weren't speaking to each other. Worse, Helen's mother tearfully criticized George's mother to her daughter, and George's mother sobbed out complaints about Helen's mother to him. The young people sided with their respective mothers, and before long they, too, were battling every day.

It was after one of their worst quarrels that George and Helen came to see me and I advised them to take God into their partnership. I suggested as a first step that they would start asking grace before meals. As a second step, I advised them to pray together in privacy each evening and ask the Lord to tell them how to end the discord in their home.

They did, and, through prayer, it was revealed to them that the only sensible thing was to stop berating their mothers-in-law and refuse to listen to any criticism of either of them.

George and Helen followed this plan with dramatic results. The simple act of asking grace composed the atmosphere in their home at mealtime, and when they teamed up on their mothers and refused to listen to any unkind remarks by either of them, the remarks soon stopped. Before long the two women became ashamed of their previous behavior and started making peace. For five years now, George and Helen and their mothers have lived together in harmony.

Key No. 4:
Don't expect perfection

That is just one of hundreds of domestic rifts I have seen healed by religion. It is only common sense for every couple to apply religious faith to their marriage—not just because it's the right thing to do, but because faith is a practical tool with which to solve all kinds of troubles.

Next on my list of suggestions for happy marriage I place this thought—*don't expect your mate to be perfect.* That may strike some readers as a rather negative idea, but it often brings highly constructive results.

For example, there was the pretty young mother who came to my office in a highly distraught state. Her eyes were red, and she kept twisting her handkerchief so hard I thought she would ruin it.

Her husband, it seemed, had moods. He had always had moods. Even when they were first married, he had sometimes become so moody that he would hardly speak for hours. In those days she had often been able to baby him out of his moods, but now that she had two small children to take care of, she didn't have time to fuss over him so much. She felt she simply couldn't put up with his moods any longer. Did I think she should get a divorce?

"Now wait a minute," I said. "I want to know more about your husband. Is he in love with another woman?"

"Oh, no, he's always been faithful."

"You're lucky," I said. "In many cases there is another woman. Is your husband a drunkard?"

"Of course not. He takes a cocktail occasionally, but he's never been a heavy drinker."

"Again you're very fortunate," I said. "Alcoholism breaks up a good many marriages. I presume your husband is a gambler and squanders his earnings at cards or dice."

My caller had stopped crying by that time. "Don't say things like that about Bill," she said angrily. "He never gambles. He's a very good provider."

Further questioning brought out that he was devoted to the children, considerate of his wife's relatives, and even handy at doing jobs around the house.

Finally I leaned back in my chair and gave the young lady a little lecture. "It looks to me," I said, "as though you are married to a really fine man—one in a hundred. You say he has moods. What of it? He's probably a little jealous because you're lavishing so much love on the children instead of him. That happens very often. I suggest you go home and give Bill a little babying like you used to. He'll probably always have moods occasionally, but that's no reason for breaking up a fine marriage."

I was able to make the girl understand that she had been exaggerating her troubles, and when she left my office she was actually laughing. But in thousands of cases like that, marriages *do* break up because people expect too much of their partners, lose their sense of humor, and fail to see things in perspective. Nobody is perfect, and when either a husband or wife demands perfection, there is trouble ahead.

Key No. 5:
Respect each other

On this question of attitudes, I am also strongly convinced that it is essential for both parties in any marriage to *respect as well as love one another.*

As a matter of fact, I believe respect is often more important than love. There are many different kinds of love. One can love a puppy or a kitten. But respect is a more clearly defined emotion. Genuine esteem will bring a warm response from every element of a personality—mental, spiritual and physical. On the other hand, a man or woman who wounds his or her partner's ego can do grave harm to their marriage.

I know one woman, Betty, who almost wrecked her marriage that way. An extremely witty person, Betty made a habit of entertaining her friends at social gatherings by telling funny stories at the expense of her husband, Bob. She loved him, but for the sake of laughs, she made it appear that he was just about the most naïve, awkward oaf alive.

Good-naturedly, Bob did not protest being made the butt of his wife's humor. He often joined in the laughter. But as time passed, Betty found it hard to get him to attend parties with her. Then she suddenly learned he was taking more than a business interest in a girl at his office.

Deeply hurt, Betty told a friend of her discovery. "What did you expect?" her friend asked. "For years you've been making Bob appear a dope every chance you got. Maybe the girl at the office doesn't belittle him. Maybe she builds him up and makes him think he's a great guy."

It hadn't occurred to Betty that she was undermining her husband's ego by poking fun at him in public. But once she learned of her mistake, she was quick to rectify it. She apologized to Bob, turned her humor in other directions, and did such a fine job of building him up that she soon had no rival.

More respect and appreciation by wives for husbands, and husbands for wives, could eliminate many marriage problems. One of the great pioneers of modern psychology, William James, once said that the deepest yearning of human

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nature is to be appreciated. If married men and women would devote more effort to satisfying this powerful spiritual desire, they could strengthen their ties immensely.

This is not hard to do. Such small acts by a husband as applauding his wife's artistic taste and homemaking efforts occasionally and letting her know he values her opinions in all matters will increase her love for him more than any display of passion. She, in turn, can tighten their bonds by letting him know frequently that she regards him as the most important man in the world—regardless of his position in life. Such expressions of respect and appreciation cannot be repeated too often or too strongly.

Key No. 6:
Think of your partner's happiness

This brings me to the last of my suggestions for attaining success in marriage —*think always of your marital partner's happiness before your own.*

A famous motion-picture actress, who had been divorced three times, recently asked me to marry her to a fourth husband. I refused, on the ground that she apparently did not take marriage very seriously, and she became angry.

"What's the matter with me, anyway?" she demanded. "Haven't I got a right to be happy?"

I told her no—and the answer to that question is always no. No one is born with a right to be happy. This fact was recognized long ago by the wise men who wrote our Declaration of Independence. They said we are born with a right only to the *pursuit* of happiness. We must earn the right to be happy.

How can we earn that right?

All the great religious leaders and philosophers and poets who ever lived have agreed on the answer. The only way in which we can earn real happiness and peace of mind is by making other people happy. Unselfishness has always been the essence of true love, and it is the essence today.

Not long ago, I spent an evening with a young couple who had suffered keenly from financial troubles. I felt that the wife wanted to speak with me in private, and when her husband was out of the room for a moment, she said, "John gets so discouraged sometimes. He tries not to show it, but I know he is. If you get a chance, I hope you'll try to say something to cheer him up." Then she added with a smile and something in her eye that glistened like a tear, "John's a fine man."

Later in the evening I happened to be alone with her husband, and he said, "Things have been pretty rough lately, and I'm afraid Mary gets a little depressed at times. If you have a chance before you leave, try to say something to perk her up." Then he added, "She's a wonderful girl."

I went away from that home deeply stirred, for I had seen something beautiful—a man and woman deeply and unselfishly in love with each other. Will their marriage break up? Never in a hundred years! It's welded together with spiritual bonds stronger than steel.

America was built on marriages like that one. . . . THE END

Stay Away From Women

(Continued from page 27)

And she told him that she was assistant to the fashion consultant at one of the city's top stores, that she lived on upper Madison Avenue, and that she came from Wyoming. It was one of those capsule friendships, made so by the single hour's time which they had.

At Grand Central Station, she refused his outstretched hand for her bag. "You've got one of your own," she said, and carried hers without relinquishing one iota of her femininity.

It was only when they had climbed the steps and stood in the street, she prepared to go uptown, he down, that Matt realized the episode was about to end. She gave him a firm hand. "It was fun, Matt," she said.

"I was wondering," Matt was surprised to find himself saying, "if you would have dinner with me on Thursday night. I could pick you up around seven."

"Thursday." She mentally considered the week. Then she smiled. "I'd like that very much. Now I've got to run. 'By."

"Good-by," he said, and watched her cross the street. I shouldn't have done that, he thought. *What happened to Jason isn't going to happen to me.*

The memory of Meg Garney came back to him at the end of the day, when his mind, emptied of its commercial chores, was defenseless. He knew he had been avoiding thought of her loveliness since he had met her that morning; now, alone in his apartment after dinner, after his housekeeper had gone, he could not help but think about her. He thought about the sun on her hair, about her skin and the shape of her face, about the wide shoulder line, narrowing at the waist, then swelling for hip and thigh and ending properly in classic legs, about the straightforward way she had, as if she could meet any situation unpanicked. He was warned by the very thoroughness of his inventory, and he thought, I'll have to watch it. I don't want history to repeat itself with the Bonsells. . . .

Jason had been the older brother by five years, and Matt worshiped him. After their father died—their mother had been years gone—the two boys took an apartment in town. Matt had just turned twenty-one, had finished at Columbia, and was entering the business with Jason.

Suddenly, Jere Walt became part of their lives.

Jason's girls had always been multitudinous. He was slim and dark-jawed and elegant, and when he entered a room he bowled hearts over like tenpins. Matt was bigger and browner, but he did not acquire Jason's poise until later. Jason seemed to have been born with it.

Jason brought Jere to the apartment for dinner one night, and a half-hour hadn't gone by before Matt could see that this was *the* girl. She was a match for his brother. She was tiny and blonde, with eyes and laughter as quick as Jason's own. Her father was some kind of brass in the industrial world.

The courtship was brief and hilarious. During it, Matt was with them a great deal. They would walk down the street, Jere holding on to both brothers, her high heels twinkling, nonsense flying back and forth; they would enter a restaurant decorously enough, and in two minutes mirth would catch them again. Then, with the echo of laughter still spinning, Jere and Jason would stop and stare at one another in trembling wonder, in mutual welcome; and Matt, forgotten, would stare at them both, and he would think, That's the kind of love I want some day. But his eyes would be lingering on Jere as the thought went through him, and his heart would begin to pound, and always he would have a sense of disloyalty to Jason. Try to stifle it as he might, deep in him he knew he wanted that love now—and with Jere.

Then Jere and Jason were married. And divorced ten months later.

Matt heard the last of many terrible scenes between them. It consisted of Jason's mouth moving and Jere screaming endlessly over his voice, "Shut up, shut up, shut up—"

Jason was ravaged. He said to Matt, "We walked off that pink cloud right into space. It wasn't love. It was fluff."

But you had *everything* for a good start, Matt wanted to say. Apparently nothing involving the heart endured, and what was supposed to be love was merely an insidious and beautiful trap. He felt Jere had forsaken *him*, rather than Jason. And again came the sense of having been treacherous to his brother, for he knew that he had been, and was, in love with Jere.

Jason said, "You're the smart one in this family, kid. Keep on being smart. Leave women alone. They're poison." He tried to grin. "Whenever you start to go overboard, take a good look at me —and know it isn't worth it."

Matt suffered at the way Jason looked, his joyousness gone, his jauntiness crushed. The Jason that Matt knew became only an image of the past.

Finally, Jason left. A college friend had a fruit farm in California that he wanted to sell. Jason flew out and looked at it. After he came back, he said to Matt, "I like the set-up and the country, and I think I can build the business up into something worth while. At least it's a challenge, and right now I need a challenge. You can carry on here without me, Matt. You're as good a contractor as I ever was—or maybe better."

At the plane that was ready to divide their lives, there were no fumbling phrases. They shook hands, and their eyes spoke. Then Jason was gone, carrying away his bitterness almost like bereavement. Matt was left to cope alone with his own sense of loss, too young, too inexperienced, to see things in proportion.

The four years that followed brought progress for Jason. He succeeded with the farm. He sent colored folders with BONSELL at the top. He shipped Matt beautiful redwood boxes packed full of fruit, kegs of spiced figs. Matt progressed, too. The business kept him hopping, but he had a social life on the side. There were a lot of invitations. It was not in him to be a hermit, and he squired the girls around and promised them nothing and side-stepped serious conversations with their mothers. He knew at precisely what point to call a flirtation quits; he would not again let himself be hurt.

So now he warned himself, Meg Garney has something for you. Don't hound it too far. Fear came once more—an apprehension that was as much for Meg as for himself.

On Thursday night he drove to get her. She lived on the third floor of a modern-looking building. Within seconds after he had poked the buzzer, she came to the door. "Hello, Matt," she said.

He stood within a large and pleasant room that had a theme color of quiet green. "I like this," he said.

"I had a room at a women's club when I first came—ugh," Meg said. "I can't be cooped."

"That's because you're from Wyoming."

"Maybe," she agreed.

He took her to a restaurant he liked, and was pleased because she seemed delighted with it, too. She sat opposite him in her soft dress, her skin golden in the light, her mouth lovely and honest.

After dinner they went for a drive, and it was nearing midnight when they stood once more in front of her door. She said, "I've enjoyed this, Matt."

"So have I," he said. "Want to try it again—next Tuesday?"

She did not consider ahead this time. She said unhesitatingly, "Yes. Good night, Matt."

She turned inside, and he walked back to the car and just sat there for a moment, smiling. The whole evening had had a happy innocence to it. Meg had warmed him, charmed him, but now she had gone about her business, leaving him to his; there were no strings attached, no complications. It had been a complete pleasure, with a beginning and an ending. Tuesday night would be the same.

Tuesday night *was* the same. They dined, they saw a show, and afterward Meg asked him up to her flat. They sat in her kitchen drinking coffee and eating doughnuts until she happened to look at her watch.

Wide-eyed, she said, "Matt, it's tomorrow!"

He laughed. "Quick, Henry, the door," he said, and rose, as did she. In the hall, he turned. "How about Saturday? There's a lobster place on the Island—if you like lobster—"

"I like lobster," she said.

May slipped into June. They were together a lot, driving away from the city in the long twilights, savoring the bloom of summer. They went back to the sea-food place twice. It was on a dock, and after dinner they would walk to the pier's edge and stand looking at the black swell of water. They went to the beach, where the hot sand held their bodies while the benign sun turned them brown. They met for lunch in town at a spot most convenient to them both. Having his lone drink at the bar, Matt would watch people come in through the door until Meg herself came, dark and cool, to possess his whole regard.

Early one Saturday morning in July, they started out with picnic basket in the back of the car, heading for nowhere in particular. It was just before noon when they found the place—a lazy little lake, looking as if it had been dropped into a piney wilderness and then imprisoned by a ring of gentle hills.

Meg clasped her hands. "Matt, this is it," she said.

"It sure is," Matt said. "I wonder if it's good swimming."

"Let's find out." She took their suits from the back seat, handed him his, and pointed. "I'll go thisaway, you go thataway."

They met in three minutes' time at the lake's edge and splashed in, holding hands. The coldness was a delicious shock; then the shock ceased to be, and only the deliciousness remained. It's never been like this before, Matt thought, for once off-guard, and glanced over at Meg. She was floating on her back, eyes closed, mouth smiling. In that instant she and his happiness were component parts of one and the same thing. He swam away from her, not daring to know what that thing was, yet wanting to keep it like a secret talisman within himself.

They lay on the beach, drying in the thick heat, then went to their dressing places and came back, refreshed and famished.

After they had literally stuffed themselves, Matt sank back against the bole of a tree and sighed. "You're a good cook."

She was lying on her stomach, her head on her arms. "I was brought up in a ranch kitchen, pardner," she said.

"Did you ride a lot?"

"Sure."

"How come you're not bowlegged?"

Her body trembled with sleepy laughter. "The horse was very thin," she said.

"Thank the Lord for that," Matt murmured, drifting off into a mesmerized senselessness, released and contented, not wanting to stir again. He slept hard.

When he woke, the glowing day had spun itself out and dusk had come. The benches of the hills had filled with shadows, the water seemed warmly limpid, and everything was still. It was almost as if they had gone to sleep in one world and waked in another. His heartbeats grew swifter then, because he had had a stranger, more dangerous thought: It was as if they had gone to sleep children and waked up adults. Why have I thought that? he wondered. He turned his head to stare at Meg. She was a motionless blur, but suddenly she became vividly accentuated for his eyes alone, and he saw her in the gray skirt, the thin pink shirt, both molding her strong body, the shirt open at the neck.

He could not look away from her,

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and it was during this moment that she turned her head and gazed at him. "Hello," she said.

He swallowed. "Hello." His own voice filled him with faint alarm, and he sat up, then got up, frowning. Surely he must have put schoolboy nervousness behind him years ago. "I suppose we'd better be getting out of here," he said.

"Yes." Meg rose, gathering her belongings.

But if he thought they would shake that world by leaving it, he was mistaken, because it followed, pressing in, embracing them. When they got to the car, he put the hamper in the back seat and turned to take from Meg the combined bundle of their swim suits. They had been talking, but even that seemed strange, since their voices had hovered for an instant, then fallen into stillness, leaving no aftermath of sound.

He made a little ceremony of tucking the suits into a corner, slammed the rear door, and turned. Meg was standing there, an intimate distance away. Their eyes met, held.

"It's here," she said unevenly, "isn't it, Matt?"

There was no need to ask what she meant. He reached out for her, lost to the moment; she put her arms around his neck in return, and they kissed their first real kisses.

Presently she leaned back in his arms, shining-eyed, her finger tips stroking his face. "I felt this would be as it is." She was almost whispering. "With other men, it has been only gaiety, or quick feeling that ran out, or nothing at all. But with you, there was something different and wonderful almost at once, and it kept growing. Then today I knew it must be love—"

Love. Fear that had been dormant again sprang in him. To a woman, wasn't love only another name for marriage? Once more fear was not for himself alone, but for her, too. What had he led her into? A situation which could end only on such a note of terror and disgust that it had broken Jere and Jason?

He opened the car door and said, "It's nice inside, too—and we can drive slowly."

When they were side by side in the car, she said, "Wait, Matt."

Then, shyly, "I want to sit for a moment and look at this place and remember it."

He watched her quietly, and at the end of the moment she said, smiling a little, "Thank you."

Still wordless, he drew her near him and started the car and backed out to the main road.

He kept his word; he drove slowly all the way back, while beside him, close, sat Meg. Sometimes she was silent, her head on his shoulder; sometimes she looked at him until he turned to acknowledge her; sometimes she talked, in a sweet and happy voice. And all the while, Matt thought of that other happiness gone shockingly sour, of a blonde girl's laughter that had stilled, of his own boy's heart in his eyes and warmth in his body when he looked at Jere. He felt queerly faithless—to Jere, to Jason, and now to Meg.

But one thing he knew: I can't lie to Meg. I've got to tell her how it is.

He waited until they were in her apartment, having coffee. Then he said, with a great deal of care, "Meg, it's wonderful to be free to enjoy days like today, isn't it? You and I have the world by the tail. We're neither of us bound to anyone."

Was he maneuvering this correctly? She was quiet, her face mobile. But that would be like her—that infinite poise on the outside, while inside the hurt might be thumping. "Maybe you're right," she said. There was no reproach in the words.

Matt met her look squarely. "There's a concert Wednesday night. Do you feel like going with me?"

She hesitated, and he saw what he thought was refusal in her. But then she said, "It would be fine, Matt."

It would have been blasphemy to kiss her good night, or even touch her. He went down and got in his car. Driving home, the fear he had felt for them jointly became almost terror. There was something so precious between them that it was imperative it should be preserved. Even if that meant being apart. Perhaps he had erred in asking to see her again; perhaps their future meetings would be prefaced by stiltedness, by a sophistry that would eat at their relationship until it was too late to resurrect any kind of honesty.

It was Meg herself who remedied the matter. After the concert, they were sitting in the car by her building. She said, "I've been thinking a lot, Matt, about us. You haven't lied to me; rather, you were shooting square when you showed you didn't want marriage the instant things began to get out of hand the other night. But you gave no reason why. You know how I feel about you; haven't I a right to some explanation?"

He was silent a moment; then he said, with difficulty, "Someone very close to me made a bad mistake once. The trouble was, it didn't start as a mistake, but as a wonderful love story. I had a box seat for the whole performance. The memory of each act and each actor sticks in my mind still."

"But how—" Meg began, and stopped, and said, "Your brother? The Jason who lives in the West?"

"Yes." The flood gates of the past opened. "It looked so like the perfect love—"

PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK

DR. MARTIN'S ANALYSIS

of the case presented on page 10

Jim refused to face the fact that he had been unable to win and hold Helen's love. Instead, he lived in a dream world of his own feeling for her. He shut himself off from the realities of his life and refused to admit that there was a change. He did not even try to forget Helen. He went on living in the past.

As life changed and moved on about him, Jim was idealizing Helen to the point where no woman on earth could measure up to what he attributed to her memory. Failing to change with the changing conditions of his life, Jim held inflexibly to his concept of his perfect love, whom he visualized as being just like Helen. Diagnosis No. 2 is correct in this case.

The people who get the most out of life are those who can give and take and are able to change with the changing circumstances they meet. People who are unable to meet life's demands with flexibility become problems to themselves and to others.

If Helen had come back to Jim, he would have been disillusioned and hurt. He would have discovered that she had human weaknesses as well as admirable qualities. She would have fallen short of the idealistically high virtues he attributed to her. And he would still be the person who stood still in his own thoughts and who had not adapted to the changing world about him.

People like Jim are kidding themselves if they think they are incapable of loving anyone else. There is reason to question whether Jim's feeling for Helen was love at all. There is no evidence that they had the opportunity to develop the mature relationship essential to truly deep love.

Jim will go through life unhappy if he continues to idealize Helen. He must learn that happiness depends upon his ability to adjust to the circumstances about him. As he frees himself from the strait jacket of his own inflexibility, he will no longer feel trapped and will know that his happiness can be found with Kay.

PERSONALITY POINTERS

How steadfastly do you hold to ideas and attitudes of years ago? Check yourself for inflexibility.

1. Did you use to have more fun with the "old gang" than you seem to have with your present friends?

2. Have you settled into a comfortable round of weekly activitives which allows for little variety?

3. Do you often brood about past disappointments?

4. Are you resting on yesterday's laurels instead of planning for the future?

If you say "yes" to most of these questions, you are probably revealing inflexibility.

He heard his own voice going on and on, telling her the whole story from the very first night Jere had come to dinner. Meg listened intently, her eyes on him all the while he spoke, and when he was through she said, as if she wanted to make sure, "What did you say the girl's name was?"

"Jere," Matt said.

Something flitted across her face and vanished. She looked ahead into the blue night, apparently thinking it out. Then she said, her voice careful, "It's not your fault that you are afraid. It comes sometime to everyone, I guess. Nor is it anyone's fault I love you. That had to happen, and I'll have to put up with it. Some day I might have to begin looking around for a substitute for you, and I'm not sure my judgment will be sound. Maybe I won't care." She turned to face him. "But until that time comes, Matt, I want to be with you."

Now he felt free to put his arms around her, to look into her lovely face. His voice was humble. "I want to be with you, too, Meg."

After that, they were closer than they had ever been. He felt their closeness and welcomed it and nourished it. That made up the buoyant moments. There were other moments, too—little quicksilver flashes when he would look up to see Meg walking toward him, or tossing her hair, or simply laughing. Vague possibilities would begin to click in him, and his heart would race and warm. Or—the raw moments—he would think of her inevitably going to someone else in a diluted love, she who was meant for richness and perfection. These latter reflections he discarded as soon as he could.

It was October when they had another one of those free Saturdays. Meg said, "It would be beautiful in the country now." Then, as if the thought had just struck her, "Matt, how about our little lake? Let's go there."

Matt considered. "It would be nice."

They went. The pines were as green, the water shimmered in the autumn sun. They got out of the car and walked. Meg was wearing a brown suede jacket and a bright scarf knotted at her throat.

"It's as lovely as it was before," she said. She turned, her eyes searching. "Over there—our picnic place. Remember?" She walked toward the spot.

Matt followed, remembering very well that blessed day. His throat constricted. Blessed? All the moments of it came back to him, and his thickening heartbeats overlaid everything else. He was dimly aware that his armor of protection was not coming to his aid.

Meg stood looking about, five feet away from him. Then she looked at him in the way he had come to know foretold the ultimate disposition of some problem. "Matt, I wanted to come here for a purpose," she said.

He smiled. "Yes?"

"Well,"—had there ever been anyone as calm or as frank as she?—"in the first place, it's where we first really knew we were in love."

He stood motionless, silent. But overwhelmingly, triumphantly, he knew it was true.

"Of course, *you* didn't realize it then; you were still being true to a ghost."

"A ghost? What ghost?" Now he was truly shocked.

"Jere. Your brother's wife."

He stared at her, his lips going dry in barren denial. It had been a long time since he had admitted, even to himself, that he had been in love with Jere. "Meg—what are you saying—"

She came swiftly to him, putting her hands on his shoulders. "It's true. I knew it when you told me about them that night. It was in your voice when you said her name, when you described her. I thought—no, I just hoped—that you might feel differently if you and I were together a lot. But it's hard to fight a ghost, and nothing has changed. So I've decided to do something about it. Today! Something normal and direct, something physical. Oh, Matt, it's not *love* you're afraid of; it's the unreal thing your imagination has made of it!"

He held himself rigidly away from her. But she came over and put her arms around him. "Did she ever do this, Matt? Did she ever kiss you, except as a sister? Or look at you this way?" Very quietly Meg said, "Did she ever . . . offer herself to you?"

Shock was still pouring through him, but now there was also the beginning of something else. "No," he said almost harshly. "*Are you?*"

"Yes. I am. Because I was meant to care only once, Matt."

For seconds longer he stared at her, the violence of shock continuing. Then all the defenses he had been quartering away for years seemed to disintegrate, and he caught her close, his cheek on her hair. Was she right—*was* she?

"Meg, Meg," he said. "What a fool I've been!"

She was right; why, she *was!*

It was almost unbearably wonderful that Meg should have had the wisdom—or the intuition—to do the one thing that could miraculously shatter the walls of his imagined security. And even more, the courage to put her conviction to the test.

It was not being in love with Jere that had twisted his thinking; that had happened because he had believed himself unfaithful to his brother. To expiate that treachery, he had sentenced himself to be a monk in a living world. He had not been in love with Jere herself, he saw now, but with an *idea* which she had symbolized for him.

Suddenly Matt realized something more: that he had not been able to see Jere in his mind—not since the first day at the lake. Since Meg had become so real, Jere had indeed become no more than a ghost!

Meg's outrageous proposal had been like the surgeon's knife, cutting cleanly, and allowing his selfishness, his childishness, to drain away. That Meg, his love, his darling, could ever imagine he would allow her to have anything that was less than the best and finest!

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hands were quivering a little on her cheeks. "Will you marry me, Meg?" he said.

She was suddenly translucent. "You're sure?" she said.

"I've never been as sure of anything in my whole life," Matt said.

They went back to town after a while, and a while after that, Matt left Meg and drove home. He sat in his darkened living room, unable to get the wonder of what had happened out of his mind. They had discussed wedding plans, both wanting to get married as soon as possible. But that was as far as they had gotten, because in the midst of their discussion, they would have to rediscover each other again by look and by touch. Now, with the mutual distraction momentarily cleaved, Matt's mind turned to the practical side, and he thought, I'd like Jason to be best man.

Jason! The four years went leaping backward, and all the old love and compassion were in him again for his brother. He could wire Jason about Meg and himself; or he could call. Smiling a little at his own eagerness, he glanced at his watch, and went to the phone and put the call through to California. Waiting, Meg's face rose dreamily before him as it would from now to forever, and then suddenly behind it he saw Jason's dark one, mouthing almost forgotten wretched words: "Leave women alone, kid. They're poison."

For an instant, the bright evening was dimmed, and Matt was almost sorry he had done this impulsive thing. He wanted no blight on his new joy. Then his shoulders squared. Jason and his bitterness couldn't harm him or Meg; nothing could. Nothing ever would.

The operator said, "Ready with your call, sir."

Three thousand miles away, a deep and quiet voice said, "Hello."

"Hello, Jason," Matt said.

There was a dot of silence before Jason said gladly, "Matt! Where are you, boy?"

"Home." Matt thought, He sounds different somehow. Almost casually, he went on, "I was wondering if you could arrange to come to New York in a couple of weeks."

"Sure." Jason's voice had quickened. "Why, what goes? You're not sick or anything?"

"No." Matt drew a deep breath. "I'm getting married, and I want you for best man."

There was another silence. And then Jason's surprise and pleasure both carried clearly to Matt. "You big son of a gun! Congratulations! You bet I'll come home for that!"

This is Jason, Matt thought, astonished. They went on talking for five minutes more, and just before he hung up, Jason said quietly, "I'm so happy for you, Matt."

Matt sat looking at the phone. Of course Jason is different, he thought. I've changed; why not he, too? He's no more the heartbroken lover of four years ago than I am.

The waves of happiness were washing back over him once more, and just as he had wanted to tell Jason about Meg, now he wanted to tell Meg about Jason. It was nearing midnight, but he couldn't resist. He dialed her number, and her sleepy voice said, "Yes?"

"Hello, darling," Matt said.

The languor was gone instantly. "Hello, darling," she said.

"I called Jason," he said, and told her what they had said, and continued, "He's coming in two weeks. Can you possibly be ready to get married then?"

"To be frank," Meg said, "yes."

Their laughter met over the wires.

"Meg," Matt said, "did I ever tell you I loved you?"

"You demonstrated it to my satisfaction," Meg said, "but I never heard the actual words."

"Here they are," Matt said unsteadily. "I love you."

After he had hung up, they seemed to glow and burn in the room and in him. They slept in him all night, and in the morning they were so much a part of him that he knew he would never be free of them again. Nor would he ever want to be. . . . THE END

(Continued from page 37)

two-point offense, for example, speeding three points, reckless driving usually six.

When a man has three points, he gets a warning letter from the commissioner. This is surprisingly effective. In half the cases the department never hears about these drivers again.

At five points, the motorist is invited to discuss his record with an officer, to try to find out what the driver is doing wrong. The officer asks, "Can't you become a safe, law-abiding driver like other citizens?"

Should the repeater continue on to seven points, the department takes off the kid gloves for a formal, why-shouldn't-we-suspend-your-license hearing. Suspensions range from five days to several months, depending on the officer's estimate of what's needed to make the repeater observe the law. Where appropriate, he orders drivers to go out and get eye tests, to undergo driving tests, or even psychiatric examinations.

"**Are you** getting the lawbreakers and accident-makers off the road with your point system?" I asked Motor Vehicle Commissioner Charles F. Kelley.

"Nobody's getting them all off," he said. "We're doing better than most states.

"We don't have nearly enough highway patrolmen or officers to conduct hearings. So when you go back down the parkway, you'll still see plenty of bad drivers. When they get in trouble, they'll come under our point system."

Other states follow a similar pattern. New Jersey's point system uses a critical score of twelve, not seven. Michigan's unit plan uses the points to guide the driver-improvement officers. New York's law requires a man who gets into three accidents within 18 months to undergo a re-examination, no matter who was responsible. Twelve and one-half per cent of these repeaters fail. Drivers over 65 years old are re-examined after every accident. A quarter of them fail and are removed from the road before they can repeat. In California, two-thirds of the repeaters who came in contact with the driver-improvement program did show improvement. Half came up with perfect, no-ticket years, although they had been getting up to eight tickets a year each.

A state's ability to correct drivers depends on how much it knows about them. New Jersey supplements its point system with a unique accident-prevention clinic which finds drivers' deficiencies and shows how to correct or compensate for them.

The clinic has been operating since 1952 in a modest building across the street from the capitol, with manpower provided by the Motor Vehicle Division, technical aid from New York University's Center for Safety Education, and funds from the Automobile Association of New Jersey.

I watched the staff work with a half-dozen motorists who'd been summoned to Trenton at the suggestion of their local police. Drivers who are up for point-system hearings also come here. So do accident-repeaters and drivers involved in fatal crashes—as many of them as the clinic can handle.

I followed an eighteen-year-old from New Brunswick—a husky youth who looked like a fine physical specimen. First he took a written quiz on the motor-vehicle law, and a series of psychological tests (which are scored and studied at New York University).

Then, in a room that held thousands of dollars' worth of equipment, he took the psychometric examination. He was tested with the familiar eye doctor's chart, with a device which measured side-vision and one that checked the balance between right and left eyes. There were tests of ability to judge the relative distance to two cars, tests of night vision and of the time required to recover from the glare of an approaching car's headlights.

On the Portaclinic Tester, the youth sat behind a steering wheel, with brake, clutch and accelerator pedals on the floor before him as in a real car. When the inspector flashed a red light, an electric stopwatch measured how long it took the driver to move his foot from accelerator to brake. This was his "simple reaction time." Then a series of green, amber and red lights flashed, illuminated arrows ordered right or left turns, and sometimes several signs flashed at once. The driver had to steer and brake according to the signals, while the stopwatch timed his "multiple reactions."

The youth was visibly tired when he finished almost a half-hour of tests,

but the inspector had learned more about his physical abilities and reactions under different conditions than he could have learned in hours of road tests.

The officer in charge of the clinic, Inspector John E. Oldis, reviewed the results. The youth had done well on the written test, but in the physical, two things showed up: He was abnormally slow recovering from headlight glare, and he was ultrafast in hitting the brake.

"You've got to make allowance for your quick brake foot," the inspector warned, "or somebody will pile right into your back seat." He explained how to touch the pedal lightly before braking, so the stoplight flashes and warns the car behind. Regarding the other abnormality, Oldis cautioned the youth that he cannot judge night distances, and that he is blinded by glare far more than other drivers. "All you can do," the inspector said, "is slow down at dark."

Then they went over the youth's record. Once, at 7 P.M. on a winter evening, he had lost control on a curve at high speed, landing in a ditch. Another time, aproaching a traffic signal on a country road, he was hit in the rear.

If Oldis had been able to advise the young man when he first got his license, two accidents could have been avoided!

The effectiveness of the clinic is twofold. First, there is the correction of drivers in whom physical defects are found—like the youth from New Brunswick or the man from Maplewood who had a succession of collisions with cars on his right until the clinic checked his right eye. Vision was deficient, and the man's own doctor then found and removed a cataract.

The second part of the clinic's work is the correction of drivers' attitudes and errors. Because men like Inspector Oldis know what they're talking about, a driver who has been humbled by the testing machines will usually listen, whether Oldis is counseling on how to compensate for tunnel-vision, or advising a repeater: "There's nothing wrong with you, son. You can see, you can move fast, you could drive well. You have accidents because you don't want to drive right!"

Either way, people who've been through the clinic are usually changed for the better. That's why William J. Dearden, director of the Division of Motor Vehicles, wants three more clinics, each with twice the capacity of the present one and capable of examining 10,000 drivers a year.

A soft-spoken career man who's been in the Division more than 40 years, Mr. Dearden is enthusiastic about new ways to make roads safer. He's got his point system. He wants his clinics; he wants re-examination of every driver involved in personal-injury accidents; he wants new tests developed to measure *attitudes*, which he considers basic to safe driving. He wants six months in jail for everyone who drives after his license has been revoked.

He's battling for a bigger appropriation from the legislature. "We could recheck after every accident," he told me. "We could cut the point total way

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As part of an interesting editorial experiment, McCall's appears this month in two editions. The contents of each edition are identical. Only the covers are different. One edition carries a cover featuring lovely Grace Kelly. The cover on the other edition shows a "Do-It-Yourself" cartoon. On page 4 of the magazine readers will find a coupon which enables them to vote for the type of cover they like best.

down and get the potential killers long before they got to 12 points!"

As I left the statehouse and drove back toward New York, I thought of the answer I got when I asked, "What went wrong in the McElvarr case?"

"Nothing," an official had answered. "No system works 100 per cent. Ours is still good."

Actually, things did go wrong. Some clerk's error let the driver in that case beat the system, for his license was picked up after the fourth conviction instead of the third. And if he had any physical shortcomings, nobody found them, because Commissioner Dearden has 2,200,000 drivers and only one clinic.

But in another sense, the official was right. The system is working well. Commissioner Dearden gives his people as much tough, scientific, effective administration as they want and will pay for—and maybe a little bit more. So does Commissioner Kelley in Connecticut. So do the good motor-vehicle administrators all across the country.

The man who ran down McElvarr drove the way he did, when he did, because he didn't want to drive any better and because his neighbors didn't object.

If his fellow citizens had wanted the restoration of licenses made difficult, if they'd wanted an all-out driver-improvement program, if they'd wanted the kind of driver-control that gets all the repeaters off the road, they'd have gotten it. But the people of Camden County, like people most everywhere else, aren't yet convinced of the seriousness of repeaters. And they're afraid of action that might affect men and women like themselves.

A man at the accident clinic told me, when I asked what he was there for, "Tough luck, mostly. Happened to a friend of mine. I had to drive him up today. He got caught speeding a couple of times. Bumped a guy at a red light, and for that they're taking his license away!"

This man was undoubtedly a law-abiding citizen, but the fact remains he was condoning the action of a law-breaker.

Other Camden County citizens seem to have the same attitude. Ten or a dozen times a year, as grand jurors, they refuse to hand down indictments against motorists who have killed, even though there is a conviction for the act of illegal driving that caused the fatal collision.

"Around here it's no crime to kill a man on the street with your car," a reporter in the courthouse told me. "To get in trouble you have to follow him up the steps and kill him in the house."

Are we getting the repeaters off our roads? Not enough of them.

As long as people feel it's not reprehensible, and certainly not criminal, to break laws and smash cars into people, we'll always have repeaters on the loose.

But some day we'll decide that bad driving is a more serious social error than bad breath. We'll quit sympathizing with the man who has to ride by bus; we'll recognize that it is not "tough luck" that takes a man's license away, but a tough government, determined that there be no more McElvarr tragedies.

That's the day we'll make the roads safe for ourselves and our children.

. . . THE END

(Continued from page 32)

women at sixteen. There was a boy eighteen years old who became a general in the Civil War."

Bill said, "I never heard of him."

Neither had she, but in a tone of despair she said, "Oh, *Bill*!"

"Debbie!" her mother called from the cavernous depths of the old house.

Debbie did not answer. She padded quickly to Bill and sat down beside him. They did not touch. They never touched, except infrequently by apparent accident. He was such a funny boy. He caught fire only from motors and electrical circuits and the knowledge he was entering M.I.T. in the fall. She really ought to send him packing.

"Debbie!" her mother called.

She sensed the involuntary tightening of her nerves as the dread of this afternoon gripped her again. She ought to send Bill packing, but he was all she had; he was the best thing she'd dragged off the summer's drift.

"Debbie, are you deaf?" Louise Stuyvesant asked impatiently.

Bill got up politely, his scrawny legs unfolding as if he were a camel rising from the Sahara.

"Hello, Bill." Mother smiled. It was a deprecating smile, Debbie thought, as if she'd said, "Poor Bill."

The smile swung to Debbie and said to her of Bill, "Your summer folly." Then the smile changed, and Debbie caught the significance of Mother's look. It was a flashing revelation, passing so quickly she barely caught it. *Mother envies me. She envies my looks, my freedom, my—my youth!*

She stood there in shorts and halter, an old woman of forty-two who wanted to be young again. People said she looked young and pretty, but her hair had grayed early so that she gave it a blue rinse now, and above her knees were faint networks of tiny blue veins.

"Debbie, you're in such a fog! Did you hear what I said?"

She hadn't heard, even though Mother had spoken directly to her. But she knew it had something to do with this awful party Mother and Father were forcing her to give this afternoon.

"Louise!" Father shouted somewhere in the house.

Debbie ran down the steps. The loose sand tugged at her bare feet. She wanted to run away and hide somewhere for the rest of the day, perhaps forever. But Bill was trotting beside her.

"Hey," he said, "where you going?"

Halting, she cried passionately, "I don't know."

"Look," he said, "how about going to the movies with me tonight?"

"Bill, will you do me a favor?"

"Sure." He grinned, as if she at last were making sense.

"Mother and Father are *making* me give that party. The one I told you last night I was trying to get out of. Bill, *please* come."

"Well, gosh, Debbie. I *want* to. But I just stopped off to see you on my way back to the garage. I'm on duty till seven."

On duty! You'd think he was a cop or a fireman or the U. S. Army or something.

"Saturday's the busiest day of the week," he said solemnly, "but I'll be here at seven and—"

She turned and walked from him toward the ocean.

He came after her. "Look, Debbie, I'll try to get here as soon as—"

"Just forget all about it," she said coldly.

"But Debbie—"

"Forget it. I've asked Gary Grayson and Jerry Brunswick and Polly Doran and Janet Mason and—"

"Hey!" He gripped her arm and spun her around. For a thin boy he was surprisingly strong. He'd never done anything pleasantly surprising like this before.

But she said calmly, "Let go of me, Bill," and he let go, to her disappointment, leaving her nothing to say and nowhere to go except back toward the house.

She felt him watching her, and then she felt him go. Turning, she saw him scuffling toward his jaloppy, his hands buried in his pockets, his head down. Good-by, Bill. Tears burned her eyes. It was not as if she loved him. Love was something in a book or magazine; it was the expectation of something all-consuming where you burned helplessly like a log on a fire. No, it was not love that brought the tears. Rather, it was the great loss, the sense of being alone now on the vast shore of the enormous ocean.

Looking at the huge old house Father had rented for the summer, she scowled. It stood on the narrow strip of land between the sea and the yellow tidal river that crawled sluggishly among low jungle islands. Once the house had been white; now it was gray and sagging, like a rotting but not yet dissolved iceberg. It was ridiculously large for the three of them and Mina, the maid.

That was the point about everything, Debbie thought. It all came down to economics. The folks had rented this place and come here because all the people they knew or wanted to know in Highcroft came here. This was the summer hangout of their "Gang." That icky word. Even though it cost fifteen hundred for the season, they thought it a bargain. Because Father had struck gold. The company had pulled him out of the Midwest last January and made

The Magazine Research Bureau reports to us that Mr. W. E. Chappelle of Los Angeles, California, has been selected, in its survey of men's reading interests, as the typical man reader of the September 1954 REDBOOK. The monthly award has been sent to him. —THE EDITORS

him manager of the Eastern plant. When they moved to Highcroft, Father became a rich man. And since he had become rich he'd talked longer and laughed louder and drunk more and struggled harder with golf. Mother, too. They'd certainly come a long way since the good old days back in Carlsdale. They'd come so far that they thought they were lonely; they were afraid to be by themselves any more, and so they'd joined a Gang.

It was George by her, of course, if that was what they wanted. But the trouble was that they wanted *her* to join a Gang, too. It was even George by her to join a Gang—if it were like the Gang she'd belonged to back in Carlsdale. Because that seemed to be what the world was made of—a big collection of Gangs—and if you didn't get into one somewhere you were as bad as one of those people with the horrible handicaps the advertisements mentioned.

All she wanted was time to pick her own crowd. The folks didn't seem to understand how hard it was to crash a crowd when you entered a new high school in the middle of your junior year. They'd forgotten that a thousand kids really were a combination of maybe twenty Gangs and a good many assorted lonely squares. They resented the fact she'd chosen to be a lonely square for a while until she found what she liked. They wanted her to join the Gang to which some of the children of their "Gang" belonged. She'd tried to tell them it was the wrong Gang, but she couldn't explain it. She couldn't come right out and tell them all she knew; the shock would be too great, at their age.

Or would it? Watching Bill drive away in his jaloppy, she felt that there was going to be a change in her life. The folks considered Bill a lonely square—and maybe he was. He came from Glenwood, which was not a swank place like Highcroft, and his father was a high-school teacher. That was a point with them. That was economics again. She'd found him on the beach, a lonely square, and now he'd drifted off on the tide, all because of a summer job at the local garage. Economics again. So—

Bracing her shoulders, she marched toward the house. Mina came out the front door, dressed to kill and smelling like a wedding.

"Where you going?" Debbie asked her.

"I'm going to town, honey." Mina flashed a smile. "I'm going to a church picnic. You make those kids behave."

Her last hope faded. So the folks not only were going away themselves on their own party; they'd given Mina the afternoon off, too. They were leaving her alone to face this awful ordeal.

Numbly she wandered into the old parlor as Peter, her Father, thundered down the stairs. She snatched up a conch shell and held it to an ear, but she heard no mysterious echo of the sea. She only heard Father tunelessly chanting, "Yo ho! Yo ho! It's off to play we go!" It was corny, because she did not believe he was really was joyful.

He grinned at her from the doorway. He was big and wind-burned and probably handsome in a rough way; at least she used to think he was handsome. Peter Stuyvesant. Oh, Father, remember when you used to laugh about being the last Dutch Governor of New Netherlands? And now you rather hope they'll take you for an old Manhattan aristocrat instead of the son of a railroad brakeman.

"What?" she asked him, putting down the conch shell.

He looked at her oddly. "I said there's beer on ice if—uh—some of the older boys want it instead of Cokes."

"Beer?" She placed a hand on a hip and looked along her nose at him. "Where's the whisky? Where's the gin and vermouth and lemon peel?"

He started to laugh, and stopped. She didn't know why she played this way when her heart was an empty as the conch shell. But he didn't understand the empty, desolate heart. He said, "No liquor, Debbie. You know that."

"How do I know?" Let him suffer a little, too, if he still were capable. "Have we all stopped drinking around here? Don't I get my nightcap and my three Manhattans before dinner?"

He stared at her in amazement and took a step toward her. "Listen, Debbie—"

From the river came the *beep-beep* of a motor-boat horn. Mother was coming down the stairs, calling, "They're here."

"Listen, Debbie—" Father swung to the door. "Louise! I—"

"Get that thermos of Martinis," Mother said.

"And don't forget the small bottle of onions," Debbie said.

"Debbie!" Suddenly Father knew she was playing. At least he thought she was, though a small question lingered. He came to her and kissed her nose and squeezed her shoulder. His lingering question was in the squeeze.

She wanted to hug him to her and burst into tears, but she couldn't. She'd be seventeen next month. This was the loneliness of growing up. She pivoted from him, smiling, and took Mother's peck on the cheek.

She followed them outside and across the road to the dock where the Krenriches' big boat had paused. There were a half-dozen people on board, the Krenriches and the Graysons and the Dorans and that blonde divorcée named Helen, but they made such a racket that the boat seemed to be swarming. The men in their splattered bright polo shirts and the women in too-tight shorts, particularly that blonde named Helen, yelled and hooted.

The blonde cried, "Pete, doll . . ." Father capered with the thermos of Martinis, and Mother looked at him. Debbie halted. Then, grimly, she went on.

In the confusion little Mary Krenrich hopped off the boat like a rather frightened mouse and stood there forlornly looking back at her parents. Mary didn't run with the Gang; she was a sophomore and terribly shy, probably because they ought to take that brace off her teeth. Debbie never had found much satisfaction in being with her, but now, knowing that Mary dreaded the party as much as she did, her heart went out to her.

"Hi, Mary," she said warmly, and touched her arm.

The boat put off. Everybody yelled, except Father and Mother. They stood together in the stern, silently staring at Debbie, and suddenly they began to call. They were trying to tell her something, but she could not hear them above the drone of the motor and across the widening expanse of yellow water.

"They'll be back from that party by nine," Mary said.

"Sure," Debbie said as they went toward the house. "I thought we'd go for a swim, and then we'll grill some hot dogs on the beach and I'll bring out my portable. I've got some new records — Watch it!"

They leaped off the road as an old convertible whined toward them. Gary Grayson jammed the brakes and cut onto the Stuyvesant lot in a shower of sands. He and Polly Doran grinned.

"Get in," he said. His small, sharp eyes undressed Debbie casually. When he opened the door, his muscles rippled. His tanned body seemed poured into tight blue jeans. He was on the second squad of the football team, but he looked so much like a first-string man that everybody said it was a coach's error.

"I thought you were coming to my house," Debbie said.

"We are," he said. "Get in."

They climbed into the back seat.

Polly reclined lazily in front, picking raisins out of a Danish pastry and dropping them in her mouth, so that she looked like one of those luxuriant Greek women in the ancient-history book, eating grapes in Attica. She was a big blonde girl with a closed expression who someday would be fat and seal-shaped, but at the moment—this year and maybe next—she looked okay.

Gary backed onto the narrow road and stared down its southern stretch, where a car was approaching. They lunged forward, the speedometer needle swinging to forty, fifty, sixty.

"That's them," Polly called above the wind. "That's Jerry."

As the cars raced toward each other, Debbie clutched the seat with straining hands. She wanted to close her eyes, but she was determined to keep them open, to see her own death, to get it over with

Answers to Accessory Quiz

(PAGE 63)

1—Howard Miller wall clock designed by George Nelson (B)

2—Wine-bottle holder (A)

3—Ceramic decanters (B)

4—Wrought-iron fire basket designed by George Nelson (A)

5—Bubble-lamp droplight designed by George Nelson (B)

now and find out what it really was. Mary screamed in anguish. Now there was no hope. They would go down in blind, agonizing death. She closed her eyes.

There was a soft jolt, and they slowed. "We won," Polly cried. "We've got the Guts." She imitated Mary's scream and laughed. They called the game Guts. The driver who failed to swerve won the game. It was the first time Debbie had played it—and the last. She sank back shakily.

Mary began to sob uncontrollably as Gary stopped the car.

"What a baby!" Polly cried derisively and laughed again.

Debbie knew, then, how much she hated Polly. She tried to grasp Mary's hand, but Mary shook free and climbed over the side of the car. Debbie started after her, but Gary gripped her arm and called, "Come on, Mary, we'll go back slow. Come on."

But Mary did not look at them as she walked up the road.

"She'll squeal," Polly said.

"She *won't* squeal," Debbie snapped, and then she wanted to bite her tongue. She had forfeited her one weapon: the threat that she, herself, might squeal. She had disclosed that she knew the one basic rule of "the Gang." You never squealed; you never revealed to any adult a path into the heart of your particular jungle.

Gary stared hard at Debbie and swung the car around. He slowed beside Mary as she trudged up the road. "Get in, Mary." His tone was soft and persuasive, a tone Debbie knew she'd find hard to resist herself. It was as if everything he'd said or done before was only kidding, but this was the gentle truth. She did not trust him, but she knew that if he spoke like that to her she might think she could.

Apparently he had the same effect on Mary, for, slowly and hesitantly, she crawled into the car. Gary sped back to the Stuyvesants', where Jerry Brunswick and Janet Mason and a couple Debbie neither had seen before nor invited to the party were sitting in Jerry's car.

Polly gave a Bronx cheer and called, "No Guts."

Jerry said, "Veep, veep, ka-wack, ka-roo."

He was a card. Short and slight, he played a trumpet in the school band and really was hot in the dramatic club. But they were taking all that from him because he'd flunked junior year. His folks were bleating about sending him away to prep school and he didn't want to go, so it was a pretty bad summer for him, wondering just where the ax would fall next.

Janet, his steady, was a small, dark, intense girl who always looked worried and actually never worried about a thing, so that she had her family thoroughly confused.

"Well," Jerry said, "let's have a drink."

"There's Cokes in the refrigerator," Debbie said. "Who are your friends?" They were local kids, she knew.

Jerry imitated a great belch; he could belch the loudest of anyone in Highcroft High School. The tall, thin youth with sideburns down to here stood up on the back seat, said, "Charmed I'm sure," and fell onto the sand. His girl, a plump blonde, nickered with laughter.

Gary put an arm across Debbie's shoulders as they wandered toward the house. Polly watched them intently. Everybody knew that Polly was Gary's steady.

In the kitchen, Debbie said, "Anybody want to go for a swim?"

No one answered her. Jerry took beer cans from the refrigerator and tossed them to Gary and the other boy, whose name turned out to be Jack.

"Where's the liquor?" Jack asked.

"It's locked up," Debbie said.

"Where's it locked up?"

"In the cabinet. Touch it and you'll be kicked out."

"Oh." He turned. "Oh, ho, ho! Who'll kick me?"

"*I* will."

As Jack came toward her, waving his arms, Gary dashed beer in his face.

"All reet," Jack said. "All reet, all reet." He danced away.

As **Debbie** went into the hall, Jerry came down the stairs, carrying her portable phonograph and a stack of recordings. He gave her the hip when she tried to snatch the precious recordings. For an instant she wanted to scream, thinking that might ease her tension. If only Bill were here. Still, he couldn't help her, she thought. He wasn't strong enough to throw them out. They'd throw him out. The Gang had taken over, as she had known they would. She was alone.

Jerry set the phonograph in the middle of the parlor floor and put on a stack of jazz records. After a while Jack and his girl, Meg, began heating it up, then cutting and swirling to the beat of the bass.

At first the music didn't do anything to Debbie, but gradually her right foot began to tap. Gary's eyes did a foreign travel tour of her as he drained his can of beer. It hurt. But when he clapped his hands, she met him halfway, and they cut and met again. She wondered why she did it, for she had meant to remain aloof, but when she saw Polly watching them sharply, she knew why she was dancing with him. She told herself she was glad.

As Jack swung back from Meg, his hand struck a lamp. With horror Debbie saw it plunge and smash. Whooping with laughter, Jerry flung himself into a frail antique chair. Slowly, so slowly, the chair toppled backward and snapped. There was a breathless instant under the bleat of the saxophones, and then they screamed with laughter at Jerry's stunned expression. This, Debbie knew, was one of those crucial moments. In her old gang it would have been the signal to calm down, but with a gang like this—

Polly picked up a phonograph record and tossed it in the air. It smashed on the floor.

"Stop it!" Debbie screamed. "Stop it, stop it!"

Polly shoved her hard, throwing her back, then rushed her through the door. The door slammed, the lock clicked, and suddenly it was quiet in the parlor except for the *throom-throom-throom* of the recorded band. Then the door was opened, and Gary stood there. Putting an arm around her, he drew her into the room. Everyone seemed transfixed, as in a photograph.

"We'll clean it up, Debbie," Gary said.

Polly said, "Ah, let the baby—"

"Shut up!" he snapped.

Debbie noticed, then, that Meg was holding up a short, brown cigarette, drawing their attention without speaking. She sat down on the floor and lighted it with a fastidious gesture. It had a strange odor, unlike any cigarette Debbie ever had smelled.

"Marijuana!" Jerry sounded awed.

Debbie thought of all the stories she'd read in the newspapers. She'd heard of gangs that smoked the weed, and she remembered Father saying once. "I think that stuff is confined to slums." Now, here it was, in the parlor, and she was not filled with righteous loathing. She merely was fascinated.

Jack lighted one of Meg's cigarettes. The phonograph needle was stuck, *ba-loo-roo, ba-loo-roo, ba-loo-roo,* but no one turned it off.

"Let's see that." Gary took the cigarette from Jack, dragged on it, and shrugged.

Jerry took a drag on the cigarette and pretended to go mad. But no one paid much attention to him. They watched Polly take Meg's cigarette and inhale deeply. Stretching out on the floor, she dragged on it again. Then she offered it to Debbie challengingly.

"No," Debbie said and turned off the phonograph.

"Scared?" Jack asked her.

"She's scared," Polly said. "Yaa-aa—*scared*!"

"Scared?" Jerry said. "You can't be in our club and be scared—of anything." He emphasized his last word, leering as he did.

And that was the truth about their Gang, Debbie thought. It was the truth she dared not tell her folks. If you ever told, you were a traitor, and suspect yourself. If you told, you might smear someone innocent.

Jack swung toward Mary. "I think," he cried, "we got a new member to initiate into the club."

Mary's eyes widened in terror. Then she wheeled and ran. Through the window they saw her running up the beach, legs churning frantically. Their shouts of laughter echoed through the house. Debbie was laughing, herself. She couldn't help it. Mary's fear looked so ridiculous.

Suddenly Jack seized Debbie, yelling, "Here's one!"

She struck hard with both hands as he laughed and grappled with her. Gary moved quickly, slapping a hand against Jack's face and shoving him backward.

"Scram," he said.

"Aw, listen," Jack whined.

"Take that dame and scram."

Debbie took a deep breath. It was something new to be rescued. Bill never would have done it so well. Maybe Gary really was okay. Maybe he just needed to be taken away from Polly and straightened out. Maybe—

Jack said, "Listen, Gary—"

(Continued on page 92)

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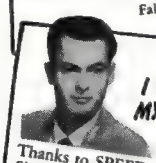

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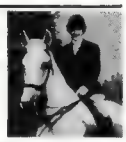

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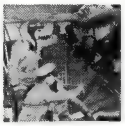

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(Continued from page 88)

"Beat it."

Jack looked appealingly at Jerry.

"You heard the man," Jerry said coldly.

Slowly Jack and Meg got to their feet and walked out. Gary watched them go contemptuously.

"Well," Polly said as the screen door slammed. "Well—" Rising, she stepped on a record and split it. Then she laughed.

Jerry and Janet looked at Gary. He stared at Polly deadpan, and finally he said, "Let's go for a ride."

Good riddance, Debbie thought bitterly. Now she could try to clean up the mess before the folks got home.

"Debbie." Gary turned. "Come on."

She shook her head.

"Come *on*!" He smiled at her in that certain way, drawing her toward him. She knew she should stay here and clean up the mess, but he *wanted* her to come with him. And he was— somehow he was very important. The clock in the living room struck six. There was plenty of time. She followed them out to the cars.

Gary opened the door and said, "Get in." She realized he was speaking to *her*. Polly started in, too, but he reached across Debbie and pried her hand off the door. "Not you," he said. "Scram."

He started the motor with a roar while Polly looked up at them dully. Then they sped away. Debbie stared ahead thoughtfully. This, then, was the way some boys changed girls.

Once she looked back and saw Jerry and Janet following. She asked Gary where he was going, but he did not answer. They sped up the road, past the long line of old summer houses and across a bridge where the river flowed into the sea. Finally Gary stopped at a dog wagon, and all of them went in and ordered hamburgers and played the juke box.

Debbie had stopped there once with Bill. But this was different. Now she was a part of the Gang. Much as she hated Polly, she felt sorry for her when she remembered her standing back there in the sand as they drove away. But you had to look out for yourself. It was swell, wasn't it, to have Gary bring you in and show that you *belonged?*

"Let's go for a ride on the river," Gary said.

"Oke," Jerry said. "We'll get my boat." He looked at Janet.

"Oke," she said.

Debbie controlled a shiver. "I think I'd better get back—" Her voice trailed off as they stared at her.

What could she say to them? How could she tell them she knew about their island near the river's farther shore? Most of the kids, even those like Mary who didn't belong to the Gang, knew about that island. Even Bill knew about it. If only Bill had showed up. But Bill was different. And Bill was gone forever. You could go just so far by yourself and then you had to *belong.*

"Come *on,*" Gary said.

Slowly she nodded. Then she said, "Oke," and Janet gave her a tight little smile.

They drove back to the Brunswicks'

and piled into Jerry's outboard. Gary took the tiller. As the motor snarled and he pointed the boat west across the river toward the fading light, Debbie shivered Gary drew her to him. She did not resist. She curled her legs under her and leaned against him and watched the river flashing past. A song started running through her head—an old song that the old gang back in Carlsdale used to sing. *There's one more river . . . There's one more river to cross . . .*

She knew Gary was pointing purposefully for one of the low islands. Once they reached it, she told herself, she need not do anything wrong. If you could call it wrong. Instinctively she felt it was wrong, though no one ever had exactly come out and told her so. Instinctively she felt it was right and pleasant to be with Bill. If being with him was right, then was being with Gary wrong? Maybe you couldn't draw a line between right and wrong. Maybe you just went along and sought the answers to the things that made you curious, and when you had a lot of answers you picked the one that suited you.

Gary cut the motor in the evening shadow of an island. The dank-smelling marshes jangled with insect life. Somewhere a fish or crawling animal slapped still water. The boat grounded, and the others stepped into shallow muddy water. But Debbie felt she could not move. Grinning, Gary lifted her and carried her ashore. She wished she could stop shivering.

"We'll build a fire," he said, and led the way along a narrow trail to a small clearing. In the gathering darkness she made out a lean-to shack and the ashes of many fires.

Jerry disappeared into the brush while Gary was building a fire. In a moment he returned with a glass jug. "Here's liquid fire," he said. "Moonshine. Rotgut. They won't sell us regular liquor, but there's always somebody has a still." He drank from the jug.

When he passed it to Debbie, she shook her head.

"You drink some, Debbie," Janet said. "You'd better. Like this." She raised the jug.

Gary took it from Janet. "Like *this*," he said, coming behind Debbie and putting his arms around her and raising the jug. She swallowed a little and gasped as the raw alcohol seared her throat. A light seemed to flash in the distance, and then she realized it was an evening star far out over the Atlantic.

Gary drew her down onto a blanket near the fire. "You're cold," he whispered. "I'll warm you." He pressed her to him and his hand moved against her.

She was sure it was not a sense of wrong that made her push away from him. It was just a sense of—of emptiness. Then she knew that the wrong was *in* her sense of emptiness. It was meaningless, as the whole afternoon had been meaningless. And so it was wrong.

Leaping to her feet, she ran down the path. Gary came behind her, calling. She dragged through the mud to the boat and sat in the stern, hugging her knees. His face was close to hers, his tone wheedling and then harsh. They must have been there a long time, for

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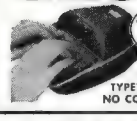

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finally he grew angry at her silence. He was shouting at her, calling her names.

She heard the squeak of oarlocks, and then Bill's voice: "Debbie!" His rowboat bumped alongside. "Get in the boat, Debbie."

Somehow she was not surprised to see him. Somehow she'd known all the time that he hadn't really gone away forever.

As she reached for the rowboat, Gary called her another name. Bill helped her in with steady hands. Then he stood up and struck wildly at Gary. The force of his blow threw him forward, and he crashed into the water like a tall tree. As he rose, Gary hit him hard on the mouth, knocking him back against the rowboat. Debbie screamed. Bill struggled to his feet and hit Gary in the chest. Gary smashed him down again.

Jumping into the water, Debbie dragged Bill toward the rowboat, screaming at him incoherently as he tried to wrestle free and get at Gary. Suddenly Gary leaped from the motor boat and disappeared into the darkness of the island as a searchlight stabbed them. Bill wiped blindly at the mud and blood on his face. She heard a motor and the voices of Father and Mother. Then Father was standing in the water, yanking and roaring at Bill.

"You jerk!" she cried at Father, and he stared at her aghast. "You big jerk—take your hands off Bill!"

"Debbie!" Mother splashed through the water from the motor boat a few yards distant, her arms outstretched. "Debbie, baby—"

"What's he done to you?" Father seemed to moan. "Mary Krenrich phoned us, all hysterical— The mess at home— Mary said you might have come out to this island— I saw you fighting him off—"

"Bill came out to get me. Nobody's done anything to me. But Gary Grayson tried. That's why Bill went after him."

They looked up at Mr. Grayson, who stood in the bow of the motor boat, smiling above the glow of the searchlight. For a moment there was no sound but the jangle of insects.

Then Mr. Grayson said suavely, "Hell, Pete, the girl's hysterical. The kids were just having a little fun. Forget it. Looks to me as if Debbie batted that tall boy there around some."

"Father—" Debbie gripped his arm —"*I* told you what happened. Take your pick now."

"Yes, Pete, make your decision," Mother said softly. "It will decide a lot of things."

Father brushed at his forehead and finally looked up at Mr. Grayson. "Call your boy in from the darkness," he said.

Mr. Grayson shrugged and shouted, "Gary!" There was no answer.

He smiled down at Father. "See, Pete, Gary's not even here."

"Bill," Debbie said, "will you please row me home?"

He smiled at her. Oh, he was lovely smiling through the mud and blood. He unshipped the oars.

"Debbie," Mother said. "Baby—"

"I'm not a baby," Debbie said. "Not any more."

"I know you're not." Mother reached out and touched her hand as it gripped the thwart. In the dim glow of the searchlight her eyes glistened with tears as she looked at Bill. "Do you have room for me, too, Bill?"

"Why, sure, Mrs. Stuyvesant." He helped her over the side.

But Father still clung to the stern, staring up at Mr. Grayson with a strange expression. At last he faced Bill. "Can you carry one more, Bill?"

"Hey!" Mr. Grayson called. "Hey, Pete!"

"Thanks very much," Father said to him, "but we're going—this way."

As he clambered into the rowboat, Debbie grasped his hand and made room for him beside her. Then they started back, across the dark river, toward home. . . . THE END

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As he listened to the arguments around the conference table, Conrad Selby had an impulse to call these people fools. A few, he thought, were worse than fools. They were deserters.

He could not say such things, however, while presiding over a meeting of the board of directors. He rapped on the long walnut table. "If you please," he said. "If you *please!*"

Looking around at the twelve directors of the Selby Department Store—nine men and three women—he tried to understand what mischief lay in their minds. It was hard. Most of them avoided his eyes. He ran a stiff hand through thick gray hair. "Let me point out," he said, "that the proposal before the board calls for a drastic change in our whole merchandising policy."

He paused, giving them a chance to justify what he felt was unjustifiable. But no one spoke.

Conrad Selby drew in his lips. He turned to his secretary. "Maud, let's hear the motion again."

The dark-haired woman adjusted her glasses and read, "Mr. Mark Reickert moved that the board of directors employ Mr. Paul Blaze of Philadelphia to become general manager of the Selby Department Store, on terms to be agreed upon between a committee of the board and Mr. Blaze."

"Thank you." Conrad Selby sent his glance around the table. "A motion, in other words, to allow the management of Selby's to pass out of Selby hands."

His sister-in-law, at the far end of the table, called for the floor. Her eyes met Selby's boldly. "I second this motion. And I don't think the chair ought to make its own unfair interpretations."

It stung to hear Martha turn against him. Again he realized that the members of his own family were the real ringleaders of this insurrection. But he kept his deep voice quiet.

"Seconded by Mrs. Martha Selby," he said.

While the secretary made her notation, the conference room was silent—a big, walnut-paneled room across which the life-size portraits of the store's founders, Gordon and James Selby, faced each other from opposite walls. When the store had been remodeled a few years before, Conrad Selby himself had supervised the decoration of this room. He was proud of it. Like his office—and his manner of living—it symbolized the dignity he liked to associate with Selby's.

From where he sat he could look at a picture of the store on the wall opposite him. It had been painted by his daughter Patrice four months before as a gift for his sixty-second birthday. Using the misty technique that was characteristic of all her work, Patrice had managed to create an aura of twilight beauty around the big gray building. It reminded Selby of a Childe Hassam canvas. You saw the store as through a fog—six floors high, filling a square block in the heart of Williston. Only Patrice, he had often thought, could have painted such a subject with affection. Now, as he spoke, it seemed inconceivable to him that he should be fighting for his own survival in the store. He kept his eyes raised to the picture.

"As I understand it," he said, "this motion assumes I will remain president of Selby's, but in name only. The real directing head will be Paul Blaze."

Halfway down the table his brother-in-law, Mark Reickert, said, "Now hold on, Con! I never put it that way! The idea is to have Blaze work *with* you."

"I don't need anyone to work with me."

Mark Reickert started to reply, but changed his mind. He was a heavy, bald man with a ponderous face. His primary interest was a chain of restaurants in Pittsburgh and Harrisburg, but he owned enough Selby stock, by inheritance from his wife, to sit on the board. Today he had been Conrad Selby's most outspoken critic. Now, however, he seemed unable to find adequate words.

At the far end of the table, Martha came to Mark's rescue. "Con," she said, "we've been doing a volume of approximately $5,000,000 a year for four years. Isn't that true?"

Selby nodded.

"I don't believe a store can stand still forever," she said. "You either go ahead or you slide back. We certainly haven't been going ahead. That's why I'm for taking this decisive step."

Conrad Selby looked at her thoughtfully. Martha was more forceful now, nearing fifty, than she had ever been. His own wife, before her death, used to say, "Sometimes I think Martha's only god is dividends."

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"We're simply not getting our share of local business," she said. "We're letting it slide to competition. What will Halliday's store gross this year?"

Selby had to concede, "About $15,000,000."

"There you are! A store two blocks from our own and no bigger. Yet it grosses $15,000,000 to our $5,000,000. Why?"

Before Selby could reply, Mark bent his bald head over the table and flung out, "*I'll* tell you why! Halliday's isn't afraid of promotion! Halliday's is *alive!* We're asleep!"

"Halliday's," Selby said without raising his voice, "is a bargain-basement operation."

"Call it what you like," Reickert said. "The fact is they've found the formula for doing real business: promotion! That's why I'm for Paul Blaze. A promotion man!"

Conrad Selby was relieved to see Benjamin Lork lift his hand. He knew he could count on Ben. Conservative, able, intelligent. Aside from being controller and treasurer of the store, Ben was also his son-in-law. He had married Conrad's older daughter, Grace, some nine years ago.

Ben Lork said, "I'm getting fed up with this business of comparing Halliday's with Selby's." A lean man of thirty-eight, he had reddish hair and a sharp face that bore a no-nonsense expression. "Why don't we face the fact that we're different types of stores? If we drag in Paul Blaze and his circus promotions, we're going to change the whole character of Selby's. Maybe some of you think that's good. I say it's wrong and dangerous. It means losing the kind of customers who *like* the way we do business. We'll wind up being nothing at all—except, maybe, a second-rate imitation of Halliday's."

Mark Reickert said, "Brother, if we can imitate Halliday's volume, give me imitation!"

But Ben insisted, "I'm against the kind of spectacular, bang-bang promotion we're likely to get from Blaze."

"You've got a wrong impression of Paul Blaze. Ask Everett."

Conrad Selby glanced uncertainly at his nephew. Martha's son Everett was in charge of the store's advertising and publicity—a blond, good-looking giant who retained all the physical vigor of his football days. He had ability. He worked hard, and he seemed to enjoy every moment of it. But he had joined the enemy camp in this debate.

"I can tell you this about Paul," Everett said. "He does *not* go in for the circus stuff Ben's afraid of. His ideas are sound. First met him back in the Harvard School of Business Administration, and he had a lot on the ball even then. He—" Everett glanced questioningly at Conrad Selby. "Is this biographical stuff in order?" . . . "Go on."

"When he left Harvard, he got a job at Blair's in New York. Assistant to the promotion manager. He started sparking ideas right from the start. In time he changed the whole character of their advertising. And after about six months Paul practically took over the department. Stayed with the store two years. Blair's went from nine to eleven million."

"If he was that good," Ben asked, "why did they let him go?"

"Why does anybody leave a job? He got a better offer. From Christie's in Philadelphia. And in three years Christie's went from fourteen to almost eighteen million. I say anybody who can do that for Blair's and Christie's can do a job for us!"

Conrad Selby noticed that the bronze-haired young woman at his left, Bernardine Sorel, had for some time been trying to interrupt. Twice she had raised a hand, only to lower it again. Bernadine was the store's fashion co-ordinator. She had taste—you could see that in the way she dressed. And she could talk with charm and ease to any audience, serving as commentator at the store's fashion shows.

Selby asked, "Bernardine?"

The girl looked toward Everett. "I happen to know Paul Blaze," she said. "In fact, I know his former wife, too. And I have a great deal of respect for him. But it's always been my impression that Paul's the—city type, if you know what I mean."

"Williston's no village," Everett said. "He'll come if we meet his terms."

Terms. Conrad Selby's lips twisted ironically. He didn't mind the $35,000 salary Paul Blaze demanded. The store could afford that. It was the other stipulation that made him resentful: Paul's insistence on receiving a stock bonus at the end of each year, its size to depend on the increase of business he produced. This was something hard to swallow—the idea of giving Selby stock to an outsider.

But this motion need not be carried. Not if he could marshal enough resistance among these directors.

He said, "A man like Blaze can do a great deal of harm."

"Harm?" Mark Reickert repeated. "How?"

"He'll naturally try to surround himself with people who think the way he thinks. That could mean changes in personnel. Especially at the top level."

Selby uttered this warning with a purpose. There were nine representatives of the store's personnel on the board—nine working directors. He saw some of them become uneasy. It was important to make them realize that the coming of Paul Blaze, of new management, might cost them their jobs. When you fought for votes you had to seize every available weapon.

Reickert said, "Nonsense! It's just as likely his coming will do the employees good. The more a store earns, the higher salaries it can pay. *Everybody* stands to profit if sales go up!"

Selby did not press the point. He had given them something to think about, he hoped.

Glancing around, he tried to appraise the strength of his support. Obviously Reickert, Martha and her son Everett were lost to him. Just as obviously he could count on the backing of his son-in-law, Ben. But the others?

Dr. Philip Selby, playing with his pencil midway down the table, had so far said nothing. Conrad respected this cousin of his. Not only was he a successful physician; he had shown shrewdness and foresight in real-estate dealings. And Selby believed Philip had enough family pride, enough faith in the store, to refuse to yield to an outsider.

Bernardine Sorel? She had a good job. What could she hope to gain from a change in the store's management? As a matter of fact, he could say the same about the other employees who sat around the table. Randolph Green, for instance, the head fashion buyer—so upset by the debate that even now he was swallowing one of his eternal white pills. And Mrs. Isabelle Rorich, Elliott Gore, Harry Manderson, Walter Bliss—all of them, in fact. Wasn't Selby himself responsible for their rise? Weren't they his protegées? Why should they vote against him?

Suddenly he felt more confident.

"Before we vote," he said, "let me assure you that nobody wants an increase in business more than I do. But I want an increase by methods that follow the spirit of Selby's. No cheap promotional stunts. I refuse to see this store turned into a spectacle. I believe that all of us working together *can* increase business. And we need no outside help."

"Con," Mark said, "you told us the same thing last year. And the year before. Meanwhile we've stuck to our conservative policies and we haven't gone anywhere—while Halliday's keeps right on booming. . . . Let's quit talking and get action!"

And from her end of the table Martha Selby added, "I move the question. A closed ballot, please."

Selby sent her a sidelong glance. A closed ballot meant nobody need worry about offending the president by openly voting against him; nobody need worry about jeopardizing his job.

Whatever Martha's purpose might be, he couldn't refuse the request. He said, "Very well. You have paper before you. Write yes if you approve of the motion to hire Paul Blaze. Write no if you disapprove."

As the directors picked up pencils, he glanced at the portraits of the founders. The management of the Selby store had descended from them to his own hands some twenty years before. He had always felt it was a trust to be kept within the family. To turn management over to an outsider would mark the beginning of disintegration. It was monstrous to believe the Selbys were no longer able to look after their own affairs.

He wrote *No.*

The folded ballots were passed along the table. He asked Bernardine Sorel and Ben, who sat closest to him, to serve as tellers. While they unfolded the papers, Selby lit a cigarette.

Maybe, in the past five years, he had not given the store the most vigorous leadership possible—if, by vigor, you meant the kind of leadership Halliday's had. And maybe, since the death of his wife, he had sought a more quiet, contemplative life in the store as well as in his home. But one thing he knew he *had* done: he had retained the essential character of Selby's. The store had dignity. People trusted it as they trusted the First National Bank. They had faith in its integrity, in the quality of everything it offered. Could you call that failure?

Ben announced in a tight voice, "We're ready with the result."

"Yes?" Selby said.

"The motion to hire Paul Blaze as general manager has been carried by a vote of 9 to 4."

Generally, when Conrad Selby left the store, his chauffeur waited at the side-street exit to drive him to his home on Warwick Hill. Today, however, he found his daughter Patrice at the door. She sat in her own red car, her short-clipped blonde hair hatless, the collar of a sports coat turned up in a casual way.

To see her there did not surprise Selby. Rallying to a lost cause, he thought as he got into the car. He could tell she knew what had happened from the way she kissed him. At a moment like this he could be grateful for the fact that Patrice was still with him, still unmarried, still part of his own life.

"Dad, I'm sorry," she said.

He did not answer.

"How can they be such fools?" She sounded bitter. "Don't they realize what you've done for them? For the store? For—"

He patted her hand. "Let's not hold a wake."

She studied his lined face, and her eyes flashed in anger. She started the car with a jerk. "You're not going to sit back and *let* this Paul Blaze take over, are you?"

"No, I don't intend to abdicate." Selby leaned back. He was tired of thinking, of arguing. The traffic light changed, and he took off his hat as Patrice turned into Main Street.

At this hour, with the dusk deepening, Main Street was crowded with home-going traffic. Its neon signs were ablaze. In the block ahead, the two-story-high letters that flashed "Halliday's" filled the street with alternate flares of red and yellow. There was a lurid, explosive quality in each change of color. He thought of the steady-glowing sign outside his own store, and even in this comparison, it seemed to him, there was symbolism.

"Patsy," he said, "what's got into people?"

"Ingratitude!"

"No, it's not that. It's—it's a change in the way they think about business. . . . Doing well isn't good enough any more. What you've got to do now is beat the next fellow. . . . What's $5,000,000 business when somebody else is doing $15,000,000? Unless you're on top you're a flop. Directors won't tolerate second place. . . ."

He spoke slowly, and Patrice knew he was talking to himself rather than to her. Maybe it would do him good to get these things said. She crossed the bridge at the end of Main Street and turned left into Warwick Road. From here a long, uphill drive wound to their white hilltop home two miles away. It was dark now. She kept her eyes on the path of the headlights.

"Even the language of stores has changed," Selby said. "Who speaks about dignity any more? Or integrity? Or respectability? Words like that are out of date. The only word that counts today is—promotion. *Sell!* Faster and faster. More and more. Build up that volume or step aside for somebody who can." Selby's face hardened. "Well, I won't step aside. It's still the Selby store. It'll still be run by Selby standards."

"As long as you don't let them push you around!"

He looked at the firm, straight lines of his daughter's face. Her aggressiveness often surprised him. He used to amuse himself by thinking that Patrice lived in a remote world of her own. He had given her a year of study in Rome, a year in Paris, two years in New York. Now magazines were using her paintings on their covers; at twenty-five she was an established artist. Yet there was nothing detached or unworldly in Patrice, nothing of the impractical dreamer. She was blunt and decisive; as deeply steeped in the traditions of the store, he suspected, as he was himself.

"I don't know why Paul Blaze should even want to come to Williston," she said. "What makes a man leave the big leagues to play in the minors?"

"The big leagues," Selby said, "don't always pay $35,000 plus a stock bonus."

"The board was crazy to vote him stock!"

"Those were the only terms on which he'd come."

"What was this meeting—a Munich? I'm going to dislike this man. I dislike him already—sight unseen!"

"That's silly, Pat. The situation isn't his fault. It's the board that did it. If it weren't Blaze, they'd bring in another promotion man."

She swung the car into their driveway. The white house was wide and sprawling, its lower windows lit behind their curtains.

"We'll have to accept him," Selby said. "The problem is to—control him. . . ."

Chapter 2

In the dining room of Philadelphia's Hotel Clayton, Paul Blaze ate the first calm meal he had known in weeks. The roast beef was tender; the sauce on the broccoli had exactly the right tang of lemon; the baked potato was hot enough to melt its butter. Paul enjoyed the dinner—which was hardly true of his companion. Edmond C. Christie, one of the three brothers who owned the Christie Department Store, looked irritated. An enormous, freckled man with red hair, he peered at Paul through thick-lensed glasses.

"I don't get it," he said. "I thought you were happy with us."

"Sure," Paul said. "Had three good years in your store. The point is—where am I getting?"

"A man can't go higher than the top," Christie argued. "You're practically *at* the top. What else do you want?"

"I've told you, Ed. A share in ownership."

"That's impossible."

"Exactly. Which is why I'm going to Selby's. In a year I'll own a block of Selby stock."

Edmond Christie watched Paul Blaze cut his meat. His eyes were fixed on the thin, quick hands, their long fingers as positive as a pianist's. His gaze rose to Paul's face—lean, dark-complexioned, taut in a way that betrayed tension. Yet there had been no tension in his voice.

Christie said, "I suppose it's none of my business, but are they paying you as much salary as we are?"

"More."

"In a town like Williston?"

"Maybe that's why. To make it attractive."

"They certainly must want you." The red-haired man hesitated, then bent forward. "Paul, if it's a matter of pay, you know damn well we'd meet their price."

"Ed, any deal that doesn't include a chance of ownership doesn't interest me. I'm sick of working for some other guy's future. I've got to think of myself."

"That sounds—"

"Mercenary? Okay, so I'm mercenary. When you get into your thirties, and you've worked your head off, with not much to show for it except in other people's bank accounts, you get to be mercenary in a big way."

Christie pushed his plate aside. "Seems to me you're building up a gripe which isn't justified," he said. "Apart from the fact that you've been earning $25,000 a year with us, you've got plenty to show for your work. I mean in satisfaction, in accomplishment, in reputation. As to the money itself—"

"Money isn't everything, huh?" A trace of sarcasm came into Paul's tone. "Drop it, Ed. Only two types give you this money-isn't-everything routine. The kind that's got so much it can *afford* contempt for money; I can't. And there's the other kind—the failures. They go noble, try to make you overlook their failure by saying they're shooting for something bigger than money. Well, I'm not. I *want* money. I want the kind you've got—invested, paying dividends, representing something I *own*."

Christie's laugh was faintly sardonic. "What makes you think you'll get it at Selby's?"

"My contract."

"It's a family-owned store. They may give you a small stock bonus, but if it's a real slice of the business you want, you'll never get it." He leaned back, and again his laugh was cynical. "Only way to get into a family business is to marry into it."

Paul grinned. "It's an idea. What better reason could a man have for marrying?"

Though the words came lightly, Christie caught the sting in them. It occurred to him that even after an association of three years he knew little about Paul Blaze's unfortunate marriage and divorce; these were things Paul never discussed. All Christie knew was that it had been a wartime marriage which had collapsed shortly after Paul had got out of uniform.

A waiter removed the dishes. While they ordered coffee and dessert, Christie lit a cigar.

"This contract with Selby's," he said. "I suppose the stock bonus is adjusted to a sliding scale? The higher you push Selby's volume, the more stock you get?"

"That's right."

"In that case, Paul, take my advice and watch yourself." Christie seemed to find satisfaction in uttering the warning. "Once you start rolling too fast, they'll get scared. Slap you down. I know Conrad Selby. He doesn't give his store away."

Paul Blaze lit a cigarette. "Nobody's going to slap me down."

"Okay, boy. Dream on." Edmond Christie contemplated the ashes of his cigar. "Just remember Conrad Selby is as smart an operator as you are. *I* think you're in for one hell of a jolt."

Later, alone in his small suite, Paul tried to concentrate on statistics drawn up for the Controllers' Congress of the National Retail Dry Goods Association. He sat in a deep chair, slippered feet propped up on a coffee table.

Usually he had no difficulty in analyzing such records. Mark-ons, mark-downs, number of transactions, number of stock turns, newspaper costs, salespeople's salaries, delivery expense—these and others like them were problems with which he lived twenty-four hours a day. He found them absorbing, a constant challenge to ingenuity. To cope with them gave him a sense of fulfillment, and when people said he worked too hard, he could only smile. Where was the self-punishment in doing something you enjoyed?

Tonight, however, he found it impossible to absorb the figures.

He felt uneasy, and he couldn't understand why. Surely it wasn't because he had decided to leave Christie's. There was no reason to be nervous about that. A good business opportunity. A step upward. The only emotion it warranted was satisfaction.

With his hand lying on the page of figures, Paul gazed unseeing at the picture of a windmill on the hotel wall. He had lived with that print for almost three years; and like most of the hotel art he had known, it had registered on his mind no more sharply than the wallpaper. Had he shut his eyes, he could have described it only in the vaguest terms.

Presently he realized that the thing which was making him nervous had, like the picture, been with him for years, unnoticed, unobtrusive, yet ever a part of him. He was nervous because he was at last taking a giant step toward something he had promised himself since boyhood.

"Paul," his father had told him in a moment of bitterness, "don't make the mistake of spending all your life working for somebody else. If you want to amount to something, the trick is to get other people to work for *you!*"

Normally Paul Blaze avoided thinking about such incidents in his childhood. Too many of those memories were dispiriting. Not that there weren't also pleasant moments to recall; no boyhood could fail to leave its wistful souvenirs, and his own, he supposed, were as good as most. It was easy to exaggerate difficulties. Yet there must have been many families in Malden, Massachusetts, worse off than the Blazes.

As a matter of fact, the Blaze family had been respectably middle-class. During the eighteen years they had lived in the rented apartment on the upper floor of the Lock Street house, Elmer Blaze had probably earned as much as most of his neighbors. The family had never known poverty—only an endless striving for something that had never materialized: a mysterious state known as "financial security" which, like Nirvana, Paul had long ago learned few families ever achieved.

It wasn't his father's fault. He remembered his father as a quiet, friendly man, lanky, sandy-haired, almost shy. He should have been a pastor or a worker for some welfare organization, for he had a deep and instinctive sympathy for the underdog. Instead, he traveled for a firm of Boston shoe manufacturers, selling through a territory that covered half a dozen states from New Jersey down through the Carolinas.

If he considered himself a failure, it was because he had all his life talked about going into business for himself. And he had never been able to do it. With three children to rear and with his wife hospitalized for years before her death, he had never managed to accumulate enough capital for the venture. As a result, the Blaze home was filled with an atmosphere of frustration—an awful sense of being thwarted by life.

Yet, considered in proper perspective, his father could scarcely be called a failure; certainly not in the kind of family he had raised. Paul's younger brother, Greg, was practicing medicine in Poughkeepsie. His sister, Anne, now the wife of a prosperous sawmill operator, had a lovely old house near Bangor, Maine, and two lively, healthy boys. So, by and large, you might say the children of Elmer Blaze were doing well. Had he lived, Elmer Blaze would have been pleased.

But *Paul* wasn't pleased. Not, at any rate, with himself.

From the beginning he had been frightened by his father's frustration. He certainly didn't want it repeated in his own life. And the only way he knew of avoiding it was to have money.

He started his campaign for it early by seeking after-school jobs—the kind of jobs many of his friends also sought: delivering orders for grocers, butchers; selling ice cream at a baseball park; washing cars. Years later, when he won a Harvard scholarship, he devoted his vacations to selling in Filene's department store.

But he remembered his father's warning that you couldn't win security by working for others. The trick was to make others work for *you* . . . .

Moreover, the whole wretched affair with Janet Carver served to emphasize the point. If he'd had some sort of income at the time—even enough to carry him comfortably through a year or two—he might still have been married.

He'd met Janet while he was in the Army. She'd been a slim, red-haired Wac whose uniform could not hide a single curve of her beauty. At the beginning he'd had to take his turn with a dozen others in getting dates, but gradually he'd won more and more of her time for himself. And when he'd got orders to go overseas there had seemed but one thing to do. He'd put the question to Janet bluntly. She hesitated only a moment, then came into his arms. Within four days they were married.

In England, and later in France, Paul kept telling himself you couldn't expect a girl as spirited as Janet to spend every evening and every weekend reading magazines in Wac barracks. Besides, she wrote him honestly about everything she did, everybody she met. It was all aboveboard.

That Brooklyn fellow who was making a fortune out of his nickel-plating plant, for instance. Bruce Gilette. She had met him at a party while she had a weekend pass. He'd come

with a girl named Bernardine Sorel, but within two days he sent Janet a telegram. Could he take her to dinner?

After that, she mentioned Gilette in one or two letters, then stopped writing about him. In fact, Paul heard no more about the man till after the war, when he came home with nothing worse than the mark of a shrapnel slash in his thigh.

That was when he told Janet he planned to use his GI rights to take a course at the Harvard School of Business Administration.

She stared. "But Paul, it takes *a year!* What about *me?* What am I supposed to do for a whole year? Get a job? Support myself?"

"Well—"

"I thought when you came back I'd finally be able to live like a married woman. Have a home. Get away from a desk—"

She would have said none of this, he knew, if there had been any kind of income. . . .

Paul did his best to ease Janet's dismay. He thought he had succeeded; and for a while, after he went back to Harvard, they lived in a couple of rented rooms on the edge of Cambridge, and Janet actually started looking for a job.

And then she stunned him with the announcement that she was going to Las Vegas for a divorce; that their hurried marriage had been a mistake; that she intended to marry Bruce Gilette. . . .

Paul wrenched the memory out of his mind. He got up, tossed aside the booklet of statistics. He lit a cigarette and walked restlessly about the room.

Janet, like his father, had taught him an irrefutable lesson: in this hard, practical world only one kind of man could really seize happiness—the man with an income that *insured* happiness. People like Edmond Christie had it. People like Conrad Selby had it. People smart enough to get their hands on property that paid dividends. Damn it, Paul thought, he'd have it, too!

Paul Blaze signed his contract with the Selby Department Store in March. A week later, on Sunday, April 1st, he drove his black convertible into Williston and checked into the Williston Hotel. Another home, another hotel, he reflected wryly as bellhops carried his seven grips into the elevator. He had been living in hotels for years, ever since his divorce from Janet.

While the elevator rose, he realized that this was an unsatisfactory way to live—a thought which had troubled him hundreds of times. He ought to have firmer roots, a home, a more substantial, more gracious existence. There was no reason to continue this unanchored hotel life. Sooner or later, here in Williston, he ought to have an apartment of his own.

He knew, however, that such a change would have to wait. To find and furnish an apartment, to convert it to a home with the help of an able housekeeper—all this must take time which he would not be able to afford immediately.

"The whole store's on edge," Everett Selby had warned him. "They visualize you as a sort of human dynamo, and they expect plenty of quick action."

Paul smiled over this as he followed a bellhop into the two-room suite. If the personnel of Selby's was anticipating an explosion, he would disappoint them. In fact, his very personality might disappoint them, for he knew he violated many popular concepts associated with high-pressure sales promotion. For one thing, he had no nervous stomach ailment, no wild-eyed zeal. He generally managed to look calm. A week ago, when he had come to Williston to sign the contract and meet the board of directors, he had told them, "Don't expect me to be one of those ulcerated monkeys you see in TV dramas. My job here is to produce business, not convulsions."

The fact that he was outwardly calm, however, could not deny inner tension. One of Paul's principal commodities was energy, and this he burned up at a prodigious rate. Its constant expenditure kept his body lean—too lean. He was just under six feet tall, yet he weighed less than 160. This often worried him, so that in spurts of concern he forced himself to eat more than he would normally consume. It did no good. Paul Blaze, tall, brown-haired, intense, would always be too thin.

When he had unpacked, he went to the window to stare down at Main Street. On Sunday nights its lights were dimmed; it had an empty, abandoned look. Two blocks away he could see the great gray mass of the Selby store. He surveyed it with the dubious appraisal a man might give to a mountain he planned to climb.

He had no illusions about this job. After signing his contract he had spent a weekend with Everett Selby; and he had gathered, from both Everett and his mother, Martha, that the president and the controller of the store resented his coming.

"But you needn't worry," Martha Selby had said. "The majority of the board stands ready to back you."

Paul was uneasy about the situation. He'd have problems enough in sales promotion without having to overcome resistance from top executives.

But now, as he looked at the huge building two blocks away, he remembered that he was principally concerned with his own future. *If I've got to fight them, I'll fight them,* he thought. And he turned away, feeling ready for whatever might happen. . . .

At nine the next morning he stood before the bedroom mirror, knotting a maroon tie, when the telephone rang. He picked it up, to hear Everett Selby's voice.

"Morning!" Everett was always cheerful. As far back as Harvard, Paul recalled, nothing had ever been able to quell his good humor. He said, "I'm down in the lobby, Paul. Committee of one to show you your new office."

"Be right with you."

Paul stepped around the remnants of breakfast on a table, put on the jacket of a blue, pin-striped suit. The handkerchief that went into the breast pocket received a final pat. Then he got his hat and coat and went down.

Everett, who had engineered his connection with Selby's, greeted him with a grin and a hearty handclasp. "Well, boy, this is it. *Der Tag!*"

Outside, they had to bend against a blustery wind as they walked the two blocks to the store. The gusts were bringing the first spatterings of rain, and Everett glanced unhappily at the sky.

"Couldn't have picked a lousier day to start," he said. "A wet Monday. The store'll be a graveyard." Then he asked, "Did my uncle call you last night?"

"No."

"Chances are you're in for a clear-the-decks conference this morning."

"Good. I'd like a few things cleared."

"You'll find he's a great guy, my uncle. Quiet, dignified, restrained. But when he's quietest—look out. That's when he's apt to cut loose with a haymaker."

Paul tried to appear casual. "I'll keep my guard up."

They were outside the Selby store now, passing the show windows. He sent a glance at each one, most of them featuring women's spring apparel. They left him unimpressed. Display without inspiration, he thought.

They entered the store by way of the employees' entrance. Though Selby's would not open for business until 9:30, salespeople were already removing the long coverings of cheesecloth that protected counters overnight. During this process the main floor had a ghostly look, but it was a familiar sight to Paul. It made him feel at home. As they walked past the cosmetic counters, with their profusion of scents, he couldn't help noting that employees—called "coworkers" at Selby's—all paused for a curious look at him.

Everett whispered with a chuckle, "Every single one of them is wondering what happens from here on in."

Paul thought, *So am I.*

He wished others would be as easy to get along with as this amiable young Viking with the blond crew cut. He liked Everett. He liked Everett's wife, Betty, and their two children, whom he had met on his weekend visit. But he knew he'd be confronted with difficulties in the case of Conrad Selby and Ben Lork, and he could hardly anticipate this kind of easy friendship from them.

Though the escalators were already in operation, they took an elevator to the sixth floor. Everett said, "Later I'll show you some newspaper clips. We sent out releases about your coming. Locally you got quite a press."

Apparently they were the first to reach the sixth-floor executive offices. Going along a gray-walled corridor, they passed one empty room after another. When they came to the last two doors Everett said, "The one on the right is my uncle's. The one on the left is yours."

Paul stood on the threshold, his hands in his coat pockets. His was not a big office, but it was attractively appointed: a

bleached-wood desk, drapery-framed windows, a dictating machine, a brown-leather couch and three deep brown-leather chairs.

Everett clapped him on the shoulders. "Luck, boy!"

Paul asked, "Whose office *was* this?"

"Nobody's. Used to be an alcove off the big conference room. We had it partitioned."

Paul was grateful for that. Little things—like moving a man to make room for another—could cause personal friction and resentment, and he was glad to learn he'd be spared this concern. He hung his hat and coat in a closet.

"Anything I can do?" Everett asked.

"Not a thing, thanks."

"See you later, then."

When Everett was gone, and he sat down for the first time behind the wide bleached desk, Paul could feel a gathering of tension in his stomach. He put his hands on the arms of the chair. He looked at the two telephones, the onyx ash tray, the pen-and-ink stand, the modern, low-slung lamp —and he had the same feeling he'd known three or four times in the Army, just before his outfit had gone into action. Life seemed to be on its toes, ready for the unpredictable. . . .

"Good morning, Mr. Blaze." An amply-built woman in her middle thirties gave him a smile through black-rimmed glasses. "I'm Maud Heller. Mr. Selby's secretary."

He rose slowly. "Good morning."

"Mr. Selby thought I might help you until you decide on a secretary of your own." She motioned to the desk. "That red button next to the telephone. Any time you want me."

"Good." When she left, Paul tossed a pack of cigarettes to the blotting pad. He took one and lit it, and as he blew at the match he glanced again at the door.

A tall, slender girl with bronze-colored hair entered. She wore a blue, red-belted dress which, like her make-up, was perfect in every detail, calculated to emphasize every long line of her body. Though he had seen Bernardine Sorel at the board meeting a week before he'd found no opportunity then to talk to her alone, and he was glad she had come here now.

"Berry!" He went around the desk, his hand extended.

"Came in to wish you well," she said.

"Thanks. Your being around makes me feel better. A familiar face. Say, you look wonderful!"

"Wonderful? I must be aging. You used to say 'glamorous.'"

"Uh-huh. I remember." That had been two years ago. She'd been the best-looking assistant buyer to visit New York, and he had occasionally taken her out, had done lots of pleasant things with Berry. It was odd to recall that he had first met her through Janet, immediately after the war.

She gave him a quick smile as she squeezed his hand. "I'm glad you're here, Paul. We need you. We need streamlining, pepping up, new spirit."

He realized he was still holding Bernardine's hand, and he let it go—aware of the strong Oriental perfume around her, of the perfection of the carefully set hair, the smoothly made-up face. Years ago a man named Benda used to make exquisite masks which had always reminded Paul of Bernardine's features.

"I'll do what I can," he said.

"You'll get plenty of enthusiastic help. Any time you say, I'll tell you about the fashion departments."

"Swell. We'll get together on that."

She smiled again. "Strictly business, no doubt?"

"Of course."

"I thought so—damn you." But Bernardine seemed amused.

And then, beyond her, Paul saw Conrad Selby in the corridor. The gray-haired president shook hands with him in the door. His manner was courteous, a bit constrained. "Good morning, Blaze. Morning, Bernardine. Be with you in a second." He went into his own office, taking off his coat.

At the same moment, the store's public-address system crackled to life. There were a couple of whines, a scratching sound, and then an orotund voice filled the building:

"Good morning, Selby co-workers! This is Monday, April second. May I have your attention for two announcements? . . . First, the cafeteria management asks that you remember, please, to return empty trays to the racks. A number of co-workers have been forgetting that lately, and it has given the cafeteria a lot of unnecessary work. It has also delayed those co-workers who have had to wait for clean trays and clean places at the tables. Remember, please! Return your trays to the racks!"

"Fascinating, isn't it?" Bernardine murmured.

Paul smiled. Some annoyances were the same in all stores—the human element.

"And the second announcement," the voice went on, "is one of the most important it has ever been my privilege to make. This is the day Mr. Paul Blaze becomes general manager of Selby's. I have been told he is already in his office. I hope he is listening, because now, on behalf of all 700 Selby co-workers, I want to wish Mr. Blaze the best of luck and success, and I want to promise him our full co-operation. Welcome, Mr. Blaze! We hope you'll like it here. We all look forward to working with you. . . . It is now 9:30. The gong will sound in ten seconds."

A routine announcement of welcome. Yet, staring at the ash tray on the desk, Paul was strangely moved. . . .

As a bell signified the formal opening of the store, Bernardine said, "Well, there's a job or two I've got to do. Yell any time you need my help."

A few minutes after she left, Conrad Selby came into the office. Lowering his long body into one of the brown-leather chairs, he inspected the room like a stage manager checking props. "Hope you'll find everything you want here," he said. "If we've overlooked anything, just talk to Maud Heller."

"Thank you."

"When Ben comes, we'll lay out a few plans of procedure. I suppose you've decided how you want to start?"

"First I'd like to familiarize myself with the store. Also, dig into sales records."

"Ben will give you those." Selby took a cigar from his vest pocket, held it unlit between his fingers. "Meanwhile, suppose I give you a fill-in on a few things. Especially our physical plant."

"I'd appreciate that."

"It's a completely modern store, of course. Improvements like the air-conditioning, the fluorescent lighting, the escalators, the public-address system—all are the latest kind, installed within the past few years. So is the general layout of sales space. You've noticed our present system?"

"Yes, indeed." On his previous visit Paul had observed that the store had adopted some of the best layout features of modern merchandising. Selling space did not occupy the full area of every floor. Partitions walled off a twenty-foot-wide perimeter around the sides. Beyond the partitions were workrooms, fitting rooms, stock rooms. Thus no salesperson had to go more than a few steps to bring an article out of stock.

"Four years ago," Selby went on, "we modernized our charge, billing and accounting systems, too. You're starting with *every* modern tool we could install."

Across his desk Paul studied the tall, gray-haired president with puzzled eyes. Was Selby supplying this information in order to be helpful? Or was he, in effect, saying, *I built all this. Everything you will use is my doing. Remember that.*

"There are other general facts you should know," Selby continued. "We now have 28,000 charge customers. Approximately 50 per cent of our business is done with them. . . . Also, I suppose you should know about the store's outside holdings. We own the parking lot on Euclid Avenue. And we own the brick building next to the lot, which we maintain for workshops and the co-workers' convenience. Its basement is occupied by our carpentry shop, our glass shop and our printing plant. We build our own displays and we print all our own signs and placards. The main floor has the co-workers' cafeteria, and the floor above has their rest and recreation rooms. Also, we run our own garage on 5th Street. It services a fleet of 17 delivery trucks—"

He must have noticed that Paul's attention had shifted to the door. Glancing over his shoulder, Selby saw Patrice, blonde and slim and straight in her blue belted raincoat. She had driven him down this morning.

He rose. "My daughter Patrice," he said. "Pat, Mr. Blaze."

Rising, Paul was somewhat disconcerted. He had heard about Patrice during his weekend with Everett, as he had learned much of the family's background. But he wasn't prepared for anyone so striking, so compactly and nicely put together.

"How do you do, Mr. Blaze?" Her eyes went over him.

"Good to meet you," he said. He motioned to the couch.

Patrice not only sat down; she threw off her coat, crossed her legs, lit a cigarette. While her father resumed discussing the physical attributes of Selby's, she appraised Paul Blaze with eyes so frank and direct and curious that he found himself repeatedly glancing at her, becoming self-conscious. A damned good-looking girl, he thought, but he wished she wouldn't dissect him like a specimen on a slide.

Finally Selby looked at his watch. He got up and said, "Let me see if Ben's in." He left, and Paul found himself alone with the girl. She still seemed to be assessing him.

"Miss Selby," he said, "suppose I save you a lot of wondering."

"How?"

"Age 34. Height 5 feet 11½. Weight, not enough. Eyes gray. Born in Malden, just outside Boston."

A flush came into her face. She looked at the cigarette. "Sorry. Didn't realize I was being so obvious."

"Quite all right. Have I skipped anything?"

"I was deciding how you and Dad are going to get along."

"No reason we shouldn't, is there?"

"Depends. On how much you try to disrupt the—old order."

"As I understand it," he said, "I wasn't hired to let things stand as they are."

"That's why I'm worried."

Paul shrugged. "Your father looks like a reasonable man. So, I hope, am I. We'll click." And he added with greater assurance, "After all, we're both interested in the same thing—boosting business."

"But there's a difference," Patrice reminded him. "A difference of attitude, of approach."

"A difference big enough to cause friction?"

"Well—to cause disagreement. I'm sure you're as well aware of the situation as anyone."

"I'm not certain I follow you. What do you mean by a difference of attitude?"

"Well, this whole thing has no—*emotional* meaning for you."

"Hasn't it?"

"Another store, another job—how much *can* it mean? Your whole life isn't bound up in Selby's, like his."

Paul leaned toward her. His voice tightened. "You're wrong. I've got a lot at stake in Selby's."

"I know. A block of stock. . . . Well, if you want advice from somebody who knows, go easy, Mr. Blaze."

"Afraid I wouldn't get very far by holding back."

"On the contrary. You might get much further."

Selby came back then, his reddish-haired son-in-law behind him, and the puzzling discussion had to be dropped.

Ben's handshake was firm. Paul felt about him as he had at their one previous meeting: Ben Lork might turn out to be an antagonist, but he would always be outspoken.

Now Patrice rose, throwing her coat over her arm. She said to her father, "See you later. I'll be down in art-goods for a while."

She nodded to her brother-in-law and to Paul; and he had a vague feeling of irritation as she left. Would he have to cope with Selby's articulate daughter, too? How much, he wondered, would *she* be interfering here? And why should she imagine this job had no emotional significance for him?

He pushed the annoyance aside. Patrice Selby was not an integral part of the store. It was ridiculous to waste time on futile resentments. Too much waited to be done. . . .

Chapter 3

It was Paul's purpose, when he sat down with the president and the controller, to do more listening than talking. "Suppose we first consider our general objectives," Selby said, tossing his match into a tray. "Your primary job, Blaze, is of course to increase our volume. I'm sure you've studied our figures. What approximate goal have you set?"

"For the first year? Six to seven million."

"And ultimately?"

"Twenty to twenty-five million."

It was as if Paul had uttered something absurd. It caused a visible start. Ben Lork said, "You're not serious. We're in no position to shoot that high."

Selby, for whose poise Paul was developing respect, seemed more amused than surprised. "Even Halliday's, with all its reckless promotion schemes, can't reach twenty million."

"I'm not basing my estimate on Halliday's," Paul said. "I'm basing it on Williston's real buying power."

Because they were skeptical, he felt compelled to defend his judgment. He bent forward. Whenever he talked like this, justifying a point, Paul became intense. Every bone under his skin made its own sharp line.

"Williston's population is over 160,000," he said. "A few hours from here—in Allentown, with a population of only 100,000—a store no bigger than Selby's is hitting around $20,000,000. Certainly the per-capita buying power here is no less than Allentown's. You have more industries in Williston and 18,000 more people employed. I got that from your mayor's report. If *Allentown* can support a $20,000,000 store, why can't Williston?"

"It would take a different kind of operation," Selby said.

"Principally, it would mean stepped-up promotion," Paul replied. "Increased advertising. Publicity—the kind that'll make people think about Selby's, talk about Selby's, turn to Selby's. It *can* be done. Selby's already has the advantage of being the oldest department store in Williston. It's an institution."

"Which brings up a serious point," Ben Lork said. "There's many a promotion scheme we've turned down because it didn't fit Selby's *character*. Remember we've got 55 years of conservative tradition behind us. I believe tradition has a definite dollar-and-cents value."

"I'd be the last to sell tradition short."

"I realize the board expects you to look forward, not backward," Ben conceded. "And I'll go along with that—up to a point. But not, Blaze, if we go in for—for circus ballyhoo to stimulate business. Williston isn't Philadelphia or New York. More conservative. If we ever did anything undignified, we'd be condemned by every church and civic organization in town."

Paul took a cigarette from his pocket. "Why don't we hold off speculating on the kind of ideas I'll get till I actually get a few? That'll be after I know the store. . . . Meanwhile, I'd like a rundown on some of the departments."

Selby said, "Quite naturally most departments are in a state of suspense these days, waiting to see what's going to happen. Ben can give you the figures."

And the controller began to talk. . . .

That morning, down on the second floor, in an office behind a side-wall partition, Selby's head fashion buyer, Randolph Green, sat in conference with Bernardine Sorel. They were planning spring fashion shows and going over invoices of goods still to be delivered, when the telephone rang.

"New York, Mr. Green," the store's switchboard operator said. "Mr. Morris Hein of Cluss & Hein."

Randolph Green sent a quick glance at Bernardine. He wished he could be alone for this conversation. But there was nothing to be done about it. "All right," he said. "Put Mr. Hein on."

A moment later, he heard a man's cautious voice: "Ranny?"

"Yes, Morris?"

"I just got the news. What's *happening* down there?"

"Too early to tell."

"I don't like it, Ranny."

"Nothing to worry about."

"You know what happened to us in Philadelphia, don't you?"

Green sent an uneasy look at Bernardine's bent head. He said, "No, Morris. How d'you mean?"

"We used to sell Christie's. A fair account. Then this guy Blaze comes in. All of a sudden we don't get a nickel's worth of Christie business."

Green said, "Morris, *I'm* still here."

"That's why I'm calling. We're counting on you, Ranny."

Green forced confidence into his voice. "Everything'll be okay. I'll be in New York next week as usual. See you then."

"I wouldn't like to feel like a sucker, Ranny. Thrown out. Holding the bag."

"You won't. Everything'll work out. Take my word for it, Morris. . . . 'By, now. Next week."

He put down the telephone. When he turned back to Bernardine, the buyer took a handkerchief from his breast pocket, dried his forehead. The girl eyed him curiously.

"Cluss & Hein," he said with impatience. "Scared about new management. Afraid Blaze may cross them off our list."

Bernardine noted his damp forehead, but she said nothing.

"Damn fools!" Green snapped out his handkerchief. "Do they think we're going to turn our backs on every source that ever sold us? Just because Paul Blaze is in?"

She watched him mop his forehead. She watched him take a white pill from a bottle in his drawer, swallow it. A wry quirk came to her lips. "Let's get on with this," she said. . . .

Everett Selby was by all odds the busiest desk man in the store. From 9:30 to 5:30 he saw buyer after buyer, merchandise manager after merchandise manager. They crowded his office, clamoring for newspaper space to advertise their departments. They brought along samples and layouts and mats. They wanted to co-ordinate their advertising allotments with window displays, with special buys, with the weather, with the day of the week. And Everett, as the final court of appeals, settled their claims and demands while answering calls on three telephones.

He throve on confusion. The greater the excitement, the happier he felt. There was a sense of power in deciding the advertising destinies of Selby's various departments.

This morning he found additional zest in his job. The releases he had sent to the press concerning Selby's new general manager were bringing results. In Williston the *Reporter* and the *News* had each run Paul Blaze's picture and a sizable story. New York and Philadelphia papers had, of course, been less responsive, although there were short items in most business pages under "New Appointments." The best New York story had run in the department-store section of *Women's Wear*—three full paragraphs.

As a result, telegrams of good wishes to the new general manager were coming from manufacturers everywhere. Everett experienced elation in seeing the pile grow on his desk, as if he were personally responsible for this. By noon he had more than forty telegrams, and he took them in to Paul's office.

"Have a look," he said.

With his initial conference behind him, Paul was thoughtful. He glanced at the telegrams, at Everett, and then he said in a flat voice, "Sit down, Ev. Shut the door."

His tone puzzled Everett.

He put the telegrams on the desk, sat on the arm of a leather chair. "Yes?"

"Something I'd like to understand," Paul said. "I can see why your uncle would be less than happy about my being here. But why Ben Lork?"

"Oh, nuts, Paul. Now you're getting into office politics."

"What's the low-down?"

"On Ben? Anything I'd say would be a guess."

"I'll buy your guess."

Everett hesitated, glanced at the closed door. Then he said, "Well—of course, Ben hopes to be president some day."

"That's understandable. Who wouldn't?"

"Direct line of succession. As long as things go on as they are, Ben's got a damned good chance. If and when my uncle retires or becomes chairman of the board, Ben could easily step from the controller's job into the presidency. And my uncle would probably back his son-in-law."

Paul nodded.

"But with new management taking over," Everett said, "my uncle *could* lose some degree of—authority. Once the board gets used to the idea that it doesn't have to follow his leadership, it may not pay too much attention to the present line of succession. That *could* leave Ben out. . . ."

"I understand. And with Ben out of the picture," Paul asked, "who *would* be the board's likely choice?"

"Hell, I'm not going to guess about that, too."

"I am," Paul said, leaning back. "You."

Everett shrugged. "Could be."

"Among the other big stockholders, your mother would back you. Mark Reickert, too, I imagine."

"It's possible."

"That wouldn't be why *you* wanted new management in, would it?" Paul asked dryly.

Everett said with emphasis, "Listen, pal—I wanted you because I think you can do a job around here!"

Paul looked at the desk lamp. *Same old story*, he thought. *Everybody with his own ax to grind.* A sardonic smile flickered about his lips. *Including me.* He slapped both hands down on the arms of his chair and rose. "Let's go get some lunch," he said. "I want to have a look at this co-workers' cafeteria."

Back in her studio, on the top floor of the Selby house, Patrice found it hard to concentrate on work. She stood before the easel, in dungarees and a pull-over sweater, holding a palette and brushes. She added a highlight to a canvas that was virtually finished, but at the moment neither her mind nor her heart was in the painting. She was thinking of the way in which her father had been hurt. And she was thinking of the man whose coming had caused the wound.

By instinct and intuition, by sheer perversity perhaps, she had been determined to dislike Paul Blaze. In fairness, however, she had to admit that her dislike was not built on anything he had already done, on anything he had already said. It was built completely on the fact that his presence was a reproach to her father. And that reproach had come from the board, not from him. Patrice was sensible enough to see that all this was a feeble basis for prejudice against the man. Yet she could not quell it.

When the telephone rang, she welcomed the interruption.

"Hi, Pat," a man's voice said. "Warren. How busy are you?"

"Not very. Why?"

Warren Graham said. "The boss is dragging me to that newspaper convention in Washington. Insists I've got to spend the week with him, starting tomorrow. So how about a farewell lunch today? Can you cork up the turpentine?"

Warren Graham was one of the few men in Williston whose friendship she really enjoyed. A big, lumbering fellow, he wrote editorials for the *Reporter*.

"Glad to," she said. "Where and when?"

"One o'clock at Lotti's?"

"Right."

She was grateful to Warren for calling. She wanted to get away from the canvas, from the house, from her thoughts. But escaping thoughts, she quickly discovered, was not easy. Over lunch Warren Graham, too, became aware of her preoccupation.

He looked at her questioningly. "What's eating you, Pat?"

She started; realized she had been silent and absorbed. "Sorry." She quickly resumed eating.

"Trouble?"

"Not really. Just this—change at the store."

"Oh, that. We gave Paul Blaze quite a play on Page 3. He sounds like quite a guy."

"I wouldn't know."

"Haven't you met him?"

"Briefly. This morning."

Warren smiled. "You don't sound very enthusiastic. But then, you never do—about men."

She looked up sharply. "Why do you say that?"

"Isn't it true?"

"About men in general? Nonsense! I get along well with *you*."

"As long as I keep everything platonic, sure." He spoke with amusement, not with resentment. "But I notice that the instant I try to crack through the romantic barrier, you freeze up. Not very flattering."

She studied him with a feeling of dismay. Was he suggesting that she was frigid? Abnormal in her reactions? The truth was that she had a genuine fondness for Warren Graham. This big, awkward man with his necktie always askew was someone she regarded as a friend. Although he looked more like the foreman of a construction gang than a Ph.D.—he'd got his doctorate at Columbia a couple of years before—she liked his very awkwardness. That didn't mean she *loved* Warren. . . . Or did it? Patrice was no longer sure about love. Her years of art study in Paris, the miserable affair with Victor de Lange, had left her confused. When and how *could* you be certain about love?

Patrice looked down at her plate. Nobody had ever before suggested that she was frigid. Throughout her teens she had been as gay, as healthily man-conscious, as any other girl. She'd had her share of crushes, and she'd enjoyed the excitement of them. Moreover, like other girls, she'd been positive, time after time before her eighteenth birthday, that she *was* deeply in love—only to have the certainty fade as swiftly as it rose.

Her parents had been wise enough, despite the Selby wealth, to send her to Williston's public schools, so that she

had grown up on the friendliest of terms with youngsters of all kinds. Emotionally she had in no sense been different from the others. She was sure of that.

But Paris *had* done something to her. She had been twenty-two when she met Victor de Lange. Old enough to be sure of herself. Old enough to be serious.

He was one of the instructors at the academy—a talented man with blazing black eyes in which Patrice saw only dedication to art. He'd had several exhibitions, successful artistically if not financially, and his work enjoyed the respect of his contemporaries. Tall, lithe, Victor was incredibly good-looking; he had the Frenchman's facility of expression, and she was flattered whenever he used it to commend her work.

During her second month in Paris—he had hardly talked to her during the first—Victor asked her to dinner. He took her to the Medici Grill near the Luxembourg Gardens, and afterward they went to the small apartment she had rented in the Rue Vence. He wanted to see the sketches she had been making outside of class.

There was this about Victor: week after week thereafter he took her to see parts of Paris she had never known existed; he introduced her to his sisters, who had homes in Neuilly; and not once in those weeks did he attempt even a kiss.

By the time he did—the evening he suddenly drew her into his arms, roughly, as though obeying a compulsion—it was as if both had for months been refusing to recognize something inevitable. Patrice knew she loved him. She had loved him from the beginning, and her kiss was as ardent as his.

Victor wanted to marry her at once.

She might have consented, except that she suddenly realized how much her wedding would mean to her father. Surely Conrad Selby would want to be here. It seemed only fitting to delay until he could arrive. Since the death of his wife he had lived only for his daughters.

So they cabled Williston, and Conrad Selby promised to be in Paris by the first of the month. Patrice's sister Grace would come with him. The wedding was planned for the second. . . .

It was during the period of waiting that Victor was stricken with appendicitis. Patrice learned about it one morning at the academy, when he failed to appear. She telephoned the concierge of his house, to discover that he had been rushed to the hospital at four in the morning.

She caught her breath, then wildly called the hospital. Victor's condition was wholly satisfactory, she was told. No, he would not be allowed visitors this first morning—no one except his wife, who was already with him.

It was a terrible way to learn about Rachelle.

Not that Rachelle *was* his wife. Victor de Lange was not married. It was simply that Rachelle had happened to be with him through that unfortunate night—as, it turned out, she had been with him so many other nights. Rachelle, once a model at the academy, was now unemployed. As she so casually admitted later, she had been "with" Victor a very long time. More than a year. . . .

Patrice turned away from all this with a feeling of sickness. What stunned her was not the fact that Victor had had a mistress—that could be overlooked and forgotten. But how could he, in these last few weeks before the wedding, have this girl spend night after night at his apartment? . . .

It was too late to cable Conrad Selby and Grace not to come to Paris. They were already on the way. But there was no wedding. And Patrice left to continue her studies in Rome.

Perhaps the disillusionment had left a scar that had never wholly healed. Perhaps she had been so wrong about one man that she still feared being wrong about others. Maybe that was why Warren found her withdrawn, cold; why she could never, as he put it, let herself go. . . .

Warren reached across the lunch table for her hand. "Sorry, Pat. Didn't mean to hurt you." His voice was gentle. "If I've said anything wrong—"

"No. No, it's all right."

"The point is I *do* sometimes get the feeling that you're letting something sour you."

He was right, of course. But it was not anything Patrice cared to discuss. She raised her head, made an attempt to divert the talk from herself.

"If I dislike Paul Blaze," she said, "it's not because of anything inside *me*. It's because of what he's doing to my father. I can't expect you to understand that."

Warren shrugged. "I have no intention of pleading the cause of Paul Blaze. The only cause I'm interested in is my own."

Patrice said, "Could we talk of something else—baseball or newspapers or something?"

Warren Graham picked up his fork, grinning. "Sure, Pat. Sure."

Chapter 4

Restlessness began to harass Paul Blaze before he had been in the store a week. He found it hard to attune himself to the deliberate pace of Selby's. The quiet atmosphere pervaded every floor except the low-price basement. There, at least, Harry Manderson, its peppery manager, kept things stirring and accounted for almost 30 per cent of Selby's total business. By contrast, the upper floors, with their air of restraint, rasped on Paul's patience.

It occurred to him that this relaxed tempo might well express the spirit of all Williston. But he had only to walk two blocks to Halliday's to convince himself that high-pressure promotion could stir Williston as it stirred every other community. Halliday's always seemed to have twice as many customers as Selby's.

Within the Selby store, as he went from one department to another, talking to buyers, to merchandise managers, to salespeople, Paul began to see half a dozen promotion projects that should and could be launched. Some were simple enough, like jolting the co-workers out of lethargy with a dramatic offer of incentive bonuses. Surely Conrad Selby would assent to this.

Paul knew, however, that the other ideas he was shaping would demand a revolution in Selby policies. Ought he to throw the whole program at Conrad Selby at once, like a bombshell?

Why not? he thought. Why not be tough from the start? He'd been hired to run things his way. The sooner he asserted authority, the sooner he could spur Selby's to activity.

On the other hand—and this factor was a chain on Paul's impulses—Conrad Selby intended to continue as head of the store. They would have to work together. To override him at the outset, to arouse his antagonism, could result in endless bickerings and conflicts, all of which could mean obstruction in the future and a waste of time. . . .

In his hotel rooms Thursday night, Paul paced the floor, balancing one procedure against another. The wise thing to do, he decided, was to suggest something on which they could agree.

Get Selby used to nodding assent. Like gentling an unbroken horse. . . . Once Selby had learned to say yes, it might be easier to win him over to the rest of the initial program. . . .

Friday morning, when he walked to the store, he was ready. He went to the escalators, and there he met Patrice. She was on her way, she said, to the art-goods department.

Looking at her hatless blonde hair, at her straight figure in a beige sports coat, he realized, as the escalator rose, that at their first meeting he hadn't given adequate attention to one outstanding fact: she was an uncommonly attractive girl.

"Bet you're our most regular art-goods customer," he said.

She tried to match his mood. "As long as Selby's allows me a co-worker's 20 per cent discount, I'll keep buying paints here."

He remembered something then. "That's a beautiful picture you did for the conference room."

"Like it? Thanks."

"We ought to make more use of you."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, let's see." He scratched his cheek. "We could set up an easel in the art-goods department. You could give a public lesson or two. Draw crowds, encourage painting as a hobby, boost the art-goods business."

"If I thought you were serious," she said, "I'd answer that I never put myself on exhibition. Even to boost Selby's volume."

He was still smiling. "Actually, what's wrong with stimulating an interest in art?"

"Not a thing. Except that you don't give a hoot about art, and I do. You're asking me to sell paints and brushes."

"As an artist you object to going into trade, is that it?" He grinned. "Personally, I have a great respect for trade. Bulwark of the republic. It was industry that saw us through the war—all that sort of thing. Besides, I'm *in* trade."

They were on the third floor now, and as they stepped into the next escalator Patrice looked up at him. "Mr. Blaze—"

"Your dad now calls me Paul."

"Seriously. *Do* you see people that way? As—human gimmicks for sales promotion?"

"Only when they have something the store can use. As to this art-goods notion, the more I think of it, the better I—"

"Forget it. *I* won't be a gimmick."

She sounded annoyed to an unreasonable degree. Why she should show displeasure over something so trivial, Paul could not understand. But they were at the fourth floor now, where she would leave him, and he made no issue of the matter.

She said good-by. He watched her walk off as the escalator carried him to the next floor. Nice figure, he mused. Matter of fact, she was most attractive. But touchy. Very touchy.

He dismissed the whole thing. There was the sales-promotion program to take up with Conrad Selby, and that was far more important. . . .

An hour later, in his office, Selby listened with interest. "Institutional ads?" he repeated. "What kind?"

"Half-pages twice a week," Paul said. "We'll call the series 'Inside Selby's.' The idea is to play up Selby services in an interesting way. We'll start with 'Ella Bly.' That department can use a boost."

"Ella Bly" was the name Selby's had adopted for its mail-order and personal-shopping service. To shop by letter, by telephone, or to seek special help within the store, you simply asked for Miss Ella Bly.

"Here's a rough idea of what I have in mind," Paul said. "The first piece should touch on these main points and illustrations." He passed a sheet of notes across the desk. Putting on horn-rimmed glasses, Conrad Selby picked up the paper and read:

1. Last year a Williston newlywed couple went to live in Puerto Rico. Asked Ella Bly, by mail, to furnish their San Juan home. Six rooms. Left all details to her on a $4,500 budget. She did the whole job from Selby's for $4,200.

2. People sick at home or in hospitals constantly call on Ella Bly to buy their needs.

3. Soldiers and civilians overseas send Ella Bly Christmas lists, plus checks, and rely on her to choose and send all their gifts.

4. People in a hurry stop in the store to give Ella Bly their shopping lists, and she does everything.

5. Point out that we are proud of Ella Bly because through her customers all over the world express *confidence* in Selby's.

6. Wind up with point that you, too—whether you need a handkerchief or a completely furnished home—can call on Ella Bly for free services.

Selby nodded his gray head judiciously. "It *could* be good."

Paul went on, "Other articles in the series will feature the rest of our free services: interior decorators, bridal consultant, free fashion shows for women's clubs, and so on. Then a series on 'How to Buy.' Interviews with our buyers and merchandise managers on what inside information to know when choosing china, silver, furniture—anything you can find in Selby's."

"It sounds like an excellent idea. What will all this cost?"

"Two half-pages a week, plus the fee of a writer."

Conrad Selby did not actually say the plan pleased him because it was dignified; reassured him because it avoided the circus-barker type of publicity he had dreaded. Yet Paul could almost see the relief running through his mind.

Selby said, "Certainly we can give it a try. Found a writer?"

"There's a fellow named Warren Graham I was told about. Writes editorials for the *Reporter*—good ones—and freelances on the side. Did some magazine articles."

"Graham's all right," Selby agreed. "Friend of Patrice's."

Lighting a cigarette, Paul did some quick thinking. This matter of institutional ads had gone more smoothly than he had anticipated. Why not, then, push a bit further? Make the most of this opportunity.

"On the question of *direct* sales promotion," he said. "I want to get going on that, too."

Selby took off his glasses. "What do you have in mind?"

"To begin with, special daily sales. In at least two or three departments every day of the week. Make *every* day a big sale day at Selby's. We'll need two additional pages of advertising every morning to put the campaign over."

Now he could see Selby stiffen. "That would turn us into a six-floor bargain basement."

"Not at all. Two or three specials a day—out of all our departments—won't turn us into a bargain basement."

Selby drew a long breath, then pressed the button on his desk. "I'd like Ben in on this," he said. His face had become grave. When Maud Heller appeared, he asked her to call Mr. Lork, and presently the controller joined them.

"Paul has a plan," Selby said. He seemed to be forcing himself to sound impartial. His voice never left its low pitch. "It calls for daily sales. He wants to spot them around the store. And give them two full-page ads every morning—in addition to our present advertising schedule."

The controller seemed puzzled when he turned to Paul. "You mean daily loss leaders? The old come-on game?"

"No," Paul said. "Legitimate sales at legitimate markdowns. On specials we'll buy at discount especially *for* these sales. If you want to call them come-ons in the sense that they'll bring people to the store, okay. That's the object—to attract crowds every day of the week."

Selby was shaking his head. He had made up his mind. "Sorry, Paul. I can't go for that."

"Why?"

"Bound to destroy quality standards."

"I don't see—"

"To buy at discounts every day of the week, to find enough low-priced merchandise to keep us going on such a campaign, we'd have to hunt for manufacturers' canceled orders, leftovers, distress goods, damaged goods, seconds, irregulars—"

"Hold it," Paul said. "Canceled orders, yes. Overstock, yes. But not seconds; nothing damaged. We don't have to let down on *quality*." He was too restless now to sit still. He walked about the office, and the lines of his jaws were sharp. "Plenty of manufacturers have good canceled merchandise on their hands. Only a question of finding them. Once they know we're in the market, they'll come running to *us*. Damned glad to turn cancellations into quick cash."

Selby looked more opposed to this with every passing minute. But, as though determined to be fair, he turned to his son-in-law. "Ben, what do you think?"

"It could wreck us," the controller said.

Paul stared.

"It's a spending program," Ben argued. "Forget the cost of the extra buyers we'd have to hire to cover the market properly. Just consider those two extra pages of ads every day. They'll double our present newspaper budget."

Selby added, "*Plus* the space Paul wants for institutional ads."

This, being news, surprised Ben. It had to be explained. As he listened, he became more and more uneasy, fidgeting in his chair.

"What the hell, Paul," he finally protested. "We can't do all this now! Just can't *afford* it! We're already spending 2½ per cent of gross on promotion!"

"That's not out of line."

"No, but it's just about our limit. Your plan would boost promotion costs from 2½ per cent to 5 per cent. You'd be wiping out Selby's profit margin. We *netted* only 2 per cent last year!"

"It could wipe out the profit margin," Paul said, "if the gross stayed fixed at the present $5,000,000. It won't. This is the beginning of a $7,000,000 year."

Conrad Selby put in flatly, "That's a guess, Paul. No one can guarantee what we'll actually do. And we can't spend money out of hypothetical income. I couldn't ask the stockholders to gamble their chance of dividends on a wild hope."

"You'll never increase volume," Paul said, "without increasing promotional costs. And the promotional spending has to come first."

"Nevertheless, we couldn't underwrite such a program."

Paul Blaze looked speculatively at Selby and at Ben. So here it was—the first major disagreement. Promotion clashing with conservatism. A deadlock.

He couldn't afford defeat in this. He needed victory not only to launch the campaign—an initial sales program in which he had faith—but he needed victory in order to establish a precedent. If he allowed himself to be blocked at the outset, he would be blocked again and again. Whatever he planned would always be contingent on Conrad Selby's approval. And if that approval were withheld, Paul might as well tear up his contract.

Selby looked immovable, and Ben Lork seemed distressed. The controller groped for a compromise.

"Paul—how about *one* extra page of advertising a day? Hold down costs till we see how it works?"

"The whole point is to sock the public in the eye," Paul replied. "You'll never do that with half measures. We've got to *explode* in the papers—make it exciting—start people looking for the daily specials, talking about them."

Selby said again, "Paul, I'm sorry. This thing is out. If you want to *try* daily specials, all right. But not at a promotion price that's reckless, extravagant, and altogether unrelated to our present gross."

Paul saw the time had come to take a flat stand. "Why don't we put it to the board?" he asked.

At that Selby's eyes, suddenly hardening, met his. Here was a direct challenge, and they both knew it. Selby rose, pushed his hands into his pockets, went to look out of the window.

"Paul, I'm not in the habit of calling special board meetings for every decision I have to make."

"Isn't this a decision the board has to make?"

"Not at all."

"Now wait—let me get this straight. It's my impression I'm here to get a full-fledged sales promotion program under way. If I'm wrong, let's find out."

"There will be a regular meeting of the board in two weeks."

"Why waste two weeks?"

Suddenly Conrad Selby turned from the window. He could no longer hide his anger. It flared in his eyes. "What are you trying to do, Paul? Insist on a showdown between us?"

"I don't like to put it that way. On the other hand—"

"On the other hand, maybe you're right! Maybe we *should* have a showdown. If I'm no longer making decisions at Selby's, it might be a good thing to find out at once. . . . Yes. I'll call a special meeting of the board for Monday afternoon!"

Though he had won his point, Paul left Conrad Selby with a sense of dissatisfaction. Somehow, he felt, he had lost control of the situation; it was Selby who had made the final positive decision. Worse, he had made it in anger.

This first discussion of plans should not have been allowed to become a dispute. That had been a mistake involving poor judgment, poor psychology, bad business. Paul knew he had pressed too hard. What he had won was a Pyrrhic victory, and he was irritated with himself.

Throughout the day Paul reconsidered the situation. He had no desire to see Conrad Selby humiliated by another adverse vote. For one thing, it would not be easy to work with a man who felt persecuted, repeatedly let down by those who owed him loyalty. A man hurt like that would constantly be trying to hit back. Perhaps there *was* a way to avoid all this. . . .

Shortly after five, as the closing gong sounded, he went into the president's office. Only Maud Heller was there, gathering papers.

"Mr. Selby just went home," she said. "Sorry."

Paul waited a half-hour to allow the president to reach his house, then telephoned. It was Patrice who answered. Her father, she said, had not yet arrived.

Paul told her, "I'd like to see him tonight. Think he could spare an hour?"

"As far as I know, he's staying in. Ben and my sister Grace are coming for dinner. Why don't you come over?"

"I'll drop by about nine," Paul said. "Thanks."

When he drove to the white hilltop house that evening, he found the family in the living room. They were having after-dinner coffee, and a record player was halfway through the Brahms Academic Festival Overture. While listening, Ben Lork had been setting up the ivory pieces of a chess set, and Paul wondered in surprise if the family habitually spent evenings like this. He sat down, uncomfortably sensitive

about being an outsider; feeling, too, that the discussion he had come for would be ill timed. Yet he could hardly back away from it now.

Patrice, smiling, brought him coffee. "Or would you like something stronger?" she asked.

"Thanks, no. Coffee's fine."

She wore a casual pale-blue dress with a gay kerchief and pin at the neck. Paul liked the combination. There was individuality in the way she bore herself, just as there was individuality in the way she painted. It seemed a pity, he thought, that this girl, like her father, threatened to be difficult to get along with. . . .

Her older sister seemed far more friendly. A dark-haired woman, almost as tall as her father, Grace Lork had a cordial smile and, he suspected, an instinctive liking for people. There was humor in her eyes, as though she took few things seriously.

If the family was curious about his reason for coming, they gave no indication of it. Nor did Conrad Selby allow himself to show any angry remembrance of the morning's dispute.

"Personally," he said to Ben when the Overture ended, "I prefer the Koussevitzky version." He went to the record player, and Paul gathered there had been some artistic disagreement on this recording. "It has more brilliance, more lightness, more humor."

"But in this Walter record," Ben argued, "you get a sense of depth, of power, that I miss in the Koussevitzky."

"Matter of personal taste."

Grace, laughing, said to Paul. "Hope you don't mind our musical squabbles. Ben and Dad have been at it for years. They never get anywhere, but they must find it fun to disagree."

Paul wasn't accustomed to evenings like this. What did these people do, he wondered—drop all thoughts of the store when they came home? Start a new life? For himself, he could seldom forget his job. It lived with him. Its tensions kept his nerves twanging.

Maybe the answer was that when you'd had comfort and security all your life you could *afford* to forget the struggle for them. You could turn your mind in other directions.

Lighting his pipe, Ben said, "I'm sure Paul didn't come to discuss our musical preferences."

"No, of course not." Selby looked at Paul questioningly. "Something on your mind?"

"We-ll, about this board meeting."

"Oh?" Selby made no suggestion of going to another room for a private discussion. Paul glanced around. They were all watching him now, curious, expectant. He decided to plunge.

"Seems to me such a meeting could establish a bad precedent," he said to Selby. "Do we really have to run to the board every time we don't see eye to eye? Especially in a matter *we* can settle?"

Selby asked, "How do you mean?"

"Why don't we give the program a month's try? That's not much of a gamble. If it doesn't pay off in a month—fine; we'll ditch it. If it *is* paying by then, you probably won't want to stop it. We don't need a vote of the board for a trial run."

He waited, watching Conrad Selby's face. The gray-haired man sipped his cognac. On the couch Patrice, with her feet tucked under her skirt, glanced from Paul to her father.

Ben Lork promptly said, "Good idea. Makes sense that way."

It seemed to Paul that he had found the only way to salvage both his program and Selby's pride, and everybody knew it. There was ample time to cancel the board meeting.

"Sounds to me," Grace put in, "like a sensible compromise."

Selby put down his glass. His manner was firm.

"Paul," he said, "apparently I haven't made myself clear. I don't believe in spending money we haven't yet earned. That goes for spending it over a year or over a month. The *principle* is wrong. I can't compromise on what I believe to be wrong."

Paul said, "Look. Suppose Selby's were a new store about to start in business. Would you say we ought not to spend a cent on promotion till we see how much is coming in?"

"There's no analogy. In a case like that, promotion funds would be part of a calculated investment, like the cost of merchandise. What you're proposing is entirely different—an out-and-out promotional gamble." Selby shook his head. "Paul, I happen also to be a director of the Williston Bank. I would never in good conscience vote to let the bank spend funds it hadn't earned. Why should I be less careful about my own business?"

"But in one short month—"

"If it's wrong, it's wrong. Even for a month."

There was no swaying the man. At the beginning Paul had some help from Ben, but Selby's son-in-law must have known the futility of arguing against the old man's principles, and he soon gave up the attempt. Paul kept at it alone.

"What it comes down to," he said, "is this: You want to let the size of last year's volume dictate this year's activities."

"Not activities," Selby corrected. "*Expenditures.*"

"It amounts to the same thing. My point is, that if we're going to get ahead, we can't allow last year's business to keep us constricted, like a strait jacket. We've got to be free to exploit this year for all it's worth."

"I'm not sure I agree with your use of the term strait jacket," Selby said. "On the other hand, I do agree that our points of view—our fundamental philosophies in this matter—are completely opposed. I can't turn my back on my convictions, Paul."

"Neither can I."

Paul spoke tautly. Facing Conrad Selby's inflexible sense of rightness, he could appreciate and admire the man's integrity. But then, was his own integrity less solid? He was not attempting tricks; he was not even concerned, at the moment, with the size of his own bonus. He felt honestly dedicated to the job of increasing the store's business, and intelligent.

Strangely, although he was irritated by Selby's opposition, Paul had to respect it. In some inscrutable way, he even liked the man for his refusal to change his standards. But at the moment this reflection was no help to the store.

"Please don't misunderstand," Selby said. "I have deep respect for your energy and your determination. And I'd be a fool if I didn't applaud your hope of increasing the store's volume. But as for your methods—Paul, I'm sorry. I can't go along."

"That gets us nowhere."

"I wasn't planning to go anywhere—along this route."

By ten-thirty Paul had to abandon the hope. "All right," he said bitterly. "Then we'll have to let the board decide. . . . Sorry I barged into your evening like this."

When he left it was with a sense of defeat. You tried to save a man from being hurt, and he brushed you off. What could you do?

Patrice saw him to the door, even walked out on the wide porch with him. The night was warm, with a full moon overhead. Paul looked out over the long valley in which Williston lay. Its distant neon brightness glowed against the sky.

The girl beside him said, "You needn't be so annoyed. Dad can't back something he doesn't believe in."

"All I'm trying to do," Paul answered, "is save him from another clash with the board."

"Then why don't you take the obvious way?"

"What way?"

"Withdraw the plan."

He turned to her in growing exasperation. Patrice's eyes were almost squinting, as though she were studying his face as a subject of a painting. He said, "Look—I've told you before. I'm being paid to put ideas into *action!*"

"But do you have to push this particular idea? You must have a hundred others—the kind Dad could go along with. Why not try the others first?"

"Temporize? Where will that get the store?"

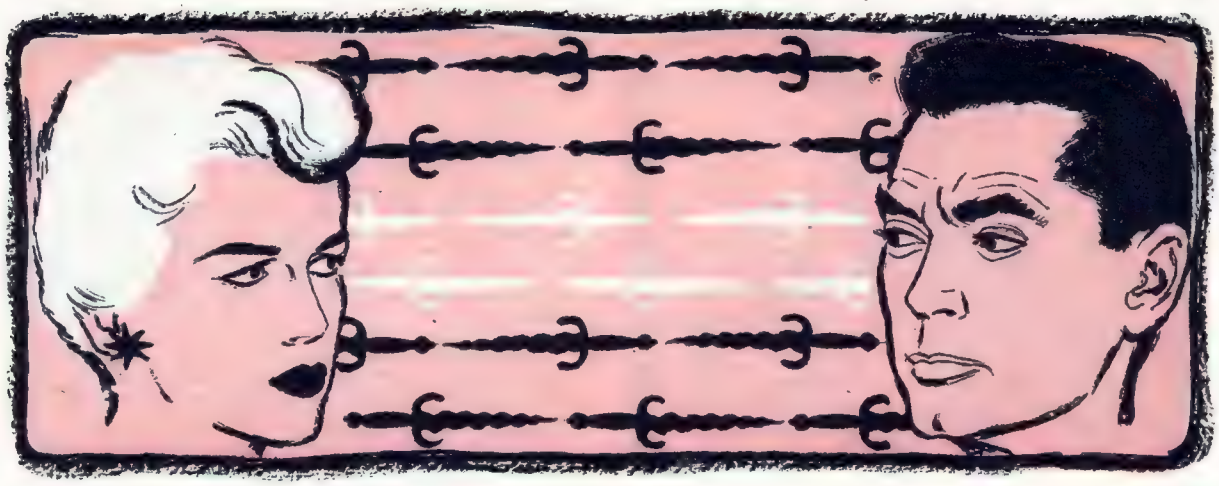
"Once you've shown an actual increase in business, Dad will feel different about spending money. It's a matter of timing."

"I can't put off a program that's bound to produce business. There's too much at stake."

In the moonlight he saw a smile come to Patrice's lips—a cynical, almost weary smile. She looked toward the lights of Williston. "I forgot how much was at stake," she whispered. "A block of stock. Of course."

It hit Paul like a slap. Anger flared in him, and he had an impulse to seize this girl, to shake her, to hurt her as she had hurt him. His lean face became taut.

"That's a hell of a thing to say."



"Why can't we be frank?" she asked. "Are you really interested in saving Dad from being hurt? Aren't you just trying to make things easier for yourself?"

This time, to her astonishment, he did grasp her arms. He forced her to face him, to see the wrath in his eyes. He said, "What the devil's the matter with you people? It's *your* business I'm trying to build!"

She was silent, obviously surprised by the grip on her arms.

"Okay, so I do want something for myself!" he said. "What's wrong about that? I'm not asking for anything I don't earn!"

"Please let me go."

"I'll put this deal over in *spite* of your father! I tried *not* to ride over him, not to throw my weight around. But he won't have it that way! All right, then. We'll do it his way!"

He released her then. He went down the porch steps and got into his car and slammed the door. You tried to be decent, and they slapped you down. . . .

"Good night," she said.

"Good night!"

As he drove away, he had a strange flash of recollection. He saw the sardonic features of Edmond C. Christie, remembered Christie's cynical prediction that the only way to get a real hold on an enterprise like Selby's was to marry into it. That was bitterly funny. Paul uttered a derisive laugh. Marriage into *this* stubborn crowd, he thought, would be too much to pay even for the complete ownership of Selby's. . . .

On Monday the plan to run daily sales, supported by an all-out advertising campaign, won the overwhelming approval of the board of directors. But when it was all over, Paul walked out of the conference room without any sense of triumph. All he could feel was exasperation with Selby's stubbornness in forcing the issue. Surely, he thought as he went down the corridor, there was nothing for which he could blame himself. He had made every reasonable effort to avoid a crisis, every possible concession short of surrender. What more could he have done?

Still, he had been stung at the meeting by Selby's drawn look. Sitting in his own office now, tapping a pencil on the desk, Paul tried to shake off emotionalism. This was business. He reminded himself that he was here for one purpose only: to increase the store's receipts this year by more than $1,000,000. And if anyone offered obstructions, they had to be overcome. It was the only way to justify his position. He couldn't afford sentiment. It merely complicated matters.

He rang for Maud Heller. "I want all buyers and merchandise managers to meet me in the conference room at four-thirty," he told her. "And ask Donald Ripley to see me first thing in the morning." Donald Ripley was in charge of display.

An hour later, Paul faced some thirty of the store's executives. He stood at the head of the long conference table, a trim, taut figure in a smoothly-tailored grey suit. After he had explained the daily special project, he made his instructions brief. What he wanted was an immediate search of all markets for goods that could be bought at special prices.

"That goes for every department in the store," he said. "We're out for specials. If you have any doubts about a buy, call Mr. Lork or me." Then he added, "Another thing: As soon as we work out the details we'll announce a new incentive bonus system. We want you—*all* the co-workers—to share in whatever added business we produce."

The meeting ended at five-fifteen. When it was over, he took Randolph Green and Bernardine to his office. A familiar tightness had caught his stomach.

"Fashions," he told Green, "will have to be the backbone of this daily-special operation. I want fashion specials as often as we can get them. Coats, suits, dresses, blouses, everything. One a day if possible."

Green, however, seemed uneasy about the idea. "It's going to be tough, Mr. Blaze," he said. "Covering a market of 4,000 firms takes time and more manpower than we've got."

"Hire extra buyers. Promote some of your own people."

But Green still frowned. "What—what about our regular lines? While we run these specials, do we stock the same basic inventory as in the past?"

"Sure. Only, for God's sake, lay off the slow-moving stuff."

"Slow-moving? Which, for instance?"

"Lines like Cluss & Hein dresses, Shantz coats."

Green stiffened. "Those are some of our oldest sources, Mr. Blaze! I'd hate to cut them out!"

"Who said cut them out? If they come up with a good number, fine. But let's not load up with junk that has to be marked down two, even three, times before it sells!"

The buyer's face was strained when he walked out. Bernardine looked after him thoughtfully.

"Paul, maybe you touched a sore spot," she said.

"How?"

"Shantz, Cluss & Hein—". She shrugged. "Could be they're his wife's cousins or something."

"Don't be catty. As far as I'm concerned, they're second-raters." Then, abruptly, "What are you doing tonight?"

She turned to him in surprise. "*You* tell me."

He rubbed a hand across his stomach. "I'm wound up. Can we find a quiet place where we can eat in peace?"

"I'm a busy gal and hard to get," Bernardine said. "The minute we close, I'll meet you at the side door."

Immelman's Restaurant, on the road to Medill, occupied the lower floor of what had once been an enormous private home. Mama Immelman served authentic Pennsylvania Dutch food. The walls were decorated with hex signs, and the waitresses wore crisp, colorful nineteenth-century dresses that flared out over bulging petticoats. Mama Immelman's three sons were always there with their musical instruments—a violin, an accordion, a mandolin. They made Immelman's gay, casual, a delightful place in which to eat.

On the way to their table, Bernardine greeted a good many people she knew. And just before eight o'clock, Patrice Selby came in with a lumbering young man Paul recognized—Warren Graham of the *Reporter*.

If Patrice was at all surprised to find Paul and Bernardine together, she gave no indication of it. She paused a mo-

ment to talk. Her manner was formal, almost cool. Paul suspected, with a sense of injustice, that she was holding him responsible for her father's latest defeat.

Warren Graham told him, "I'll be starting on these institutional ads this weekend."

"Fine. Hope you'll find they're fun to do."

Patrice put in, "You couldn't have picked a better writer." And then, "Let's get our table, Warren."

Her coolness was disturbing. Paul sat down and shook his head. "What's the matter with these Selbys?" he said. "Can't they realize I'm in the store to—"

"Uh-uh." Bernardine pressed a finger against his lips. "You're here to relax."

"All I was going to say—"

"—can wait till later. You took me out for diversion. And, by heaven, you're going to *be diverted!* No more store talk."

He grinned a bit forcedly and dropped the matter. How much he needed relief from concentration on Selby's, he hadn't realized. The music, the food, the noise—it was all a tonic. When they finished dinner, he felt infinitely more at ease. They waved to Patrice and Warren Graham, and left.

"Come up a while," Bernardine said at her door. "I'll give you apple brandy."

"I was coming even without the brandy."

"Were you? I never know."

Her parents had a home in Gorham, some thirty miles away; so, for convenience, Bernardine maintained this small apartment six blocks from the store. As he glanced around at the Swedish Modern furniture, Paul reflected that her good taste was as evident here as in her clothes.

She poured the apple brandy, and they faced each other from the corners of a long couch. She kicked off her shoes, tucked her feet under her skirt.

"We should do this often," she said. "It's nice."

He smiled as he sipped the brandy. His arm lay on the back of the couch, a cigarette sending up a spiral of smoke from his fingers. And he became thoughtful.

After a long silence Bernardine asked, "What is it, Paul?"

"Just digesting a lesson I learned today. Something I keep telling myself again and again—and always let myself forget." He stared at his glass. "In business you've got to go after what you want—and to hell with whom you hurt. Once you start *worrying* about hurting people, you generally wind up by hurting them all the more."

"A Blaze paradox. And I'm not sure I understand it."

"Forget it."

He sipped his drink, then looked along the length of the couch at Bernardine's burnished hair, at her beautifully made-up face.

"Now," she mocked, "it's finally not the store that's on your mind. It's me."

He nodded.

"What's this problem?" she asked.

"Just trying to make you out."

"Which means that in about ten seconds you'll be giving an imitation of my mother."

"How?"

Bernardine waved a hand at the room. "What's the point of all this? Why don't I get married? Is this an intelligent way for a girl to live?"

Smiling, Paul reached for an ash tray. "You've got all the questions," he conceded. "What about the answers?"

Bernardine swallowed some of the brandy. "I wish I knew."

"No marriage in sight?"

"The last time I felt like marrying a guy was two years ago. At the Hotel Wallender in New York. Only, he turned out to be a non-marrying so-and-so. A heel named Blaze."

A wry expression came to Paul's lips. He put the glass aside. "You do make me sound like a heel."

"I'll say this for you—you were an honest heel. Never gave me any double-talk."

"Actually, it doesn't make sense, a girl like you not marrying."

"Oh, I've had my chances. Lots of them. I still have. There's one fellow here in town gives me no peace. Wants me to quit work and become his *hausfrau* any time I say."

"But—?"

She shrugged. "Maybe I don't want marriage as much as I want—other things. In some ways I'm like you, Paul. Mostly I want to—get ahead." She took the cigarette from his hand, drew a long puff from it before she returned it to his fingers. "Maybe you'll help me get ahead."

Paul laughed. "Is *that* why you wanted me in the store?"

"One of the reasons."

"What others?"

"You happen to be a guy I like very much."

Paul reached for her hand. "Berry, you haven't changed."

She asked with a smile, "Have you?"

He looked into eyes that were merry and provocative now. He caught the scent of her perfume; her warmth and closeness seemed to flow to him. It was as it had been two years ago in New York. . . . He pulled gently at her hand. She let her whole body sway toward him without resistance. Her fingers rose to press against his cheek, and her eyes continued to mock him.

"I've been wondering how long you'd hold out," she said.

But now he knew it was *not* as it had been two years ago. The excitement was lacking. The challenge was gone. . . . Or was it that his mood was wrong tonight? Was he so preoccupied with the store that nothing else could matter?

He rose, and Bernardine's smile died with the movement. She watched him cross the room to pour himself a drink. Her eyes became vaguely harried.

"What—what's the matter, Paul?"

"Don't know, Berry. Still sort of—wound up, I guess."

"Sometimes you *are* a heel!"

"Fix you a Scotch?"

"Gosh, yes! Make it a double!"

Chapter 5

Donald Ripley, in charge of Selby's displays, was a gaunt man with the melancholy eyes of a spaniel. That evening he sat beside his parlor window. He gazed at the wall, thinking of the memo he had found on his desk: *Mr. Blaze would like to see you first thing in the morning.*

"Millie," he said in a low voice, "I don't like it."

His wife, a buxom woman who devoted much of her time to volunteer church work, sat at a bridge table, addressing post cards. She answered, "You worry too much."

"My show windows aren't good enough any more," he said. "Not for Paul Blaze."

"They're as good as they always were."

"He made surveys. All week he kept men on the sidewalks, checking off how many people actually stopped to look at the windows. Only 3 per cent, Millie."

She glanced up, adjusting her spectacles, blinking slightly as though she didn't understand. "How many are *supposed* to stop?"

Ripley shook his head. It was hard to communicate the growing fear in him.

"The men who made this survey—they tell me Blaze says the windows don't—*pull.* They don't *sell.* He wants a—new style. He wants a different kind of display—"

"So what? Give him what he wants."

Ripley swallowed. "The kind of windows he wants, Millie—they're not my style. A girl in a spring dress, running across a field, with blossoms behind her. . . ." He shook his head again. "You've got to have a special knack, Millie. It's different. It's an art."

"If it's a window," Millie said, "you can do it."

But Donald Ripley couldn't stop worrying. He recognized his own limitations. He had started work for the Selby store in the days when you put on a pair of carpet slippers and went into a window and did the best you could with what they gave you. Of course, his ideas had grown with time. He had learned a good deal from studying windows in New York and Philadelphia, from poring over trade magazines, even from watching Halliday's.

But Paul Blaze, he knew, with his New York and Philadelphia experience, was going to insist on a wholly new type of window. Not long ago, at a meeting of merchandise men, he had heard Paul Blaze make the point that about 25 per cent of all sales resulted from impulse buying. And half of these impulses occurred because people saw something attractively displayed.

Suppose, Ripley thought, he found himself unable to meet Mr. Blaze's standards. What then?

He was 57. What did you do if you were pushed aside at 57? Who would hire you—especially if you were let out because you couldn't produce displays that "sold"?

He stared at his wife, scribbling her endless post cards. *Millie,* he thought in rising panic, *what if I'm through? . . .*

When Paul entered his office the following morning, he found Ben Lork waiting for him. The lean, red-haired controller looked disturbed. He was walking restlessly.

"Paul," he said, "I hear you're seeing Donald Ripley this morning. Like to talk to you about that."

"Sure. Sit down."

"What do you want Ripley to do?"

"Pep up the whole display system, inside and out. Primarily, I want single-figure apparel windows on Main Street, full of action. The Bonwit Teller kind."

Ben Lork shook his head. "It's hopeless. Not his style."

"In that case," Paul said, "we'll have to find somebody who *can* do them."

"You miss the point. Ripley's been with us 26 years. Loyal and hard-working. You can't fire a man like that. My father-in-law would never stand for it. That's one thing he prizes—loyalty to the store. Then there's another consideration—the morale of every co-worker. Ripley's been president of the Co-Workers' Association for six years. He's liked by everybody. You fire a man like that, and all 700 co-workers are going to say: what price loyalty?" Ben paused, then added more quietly, "You'll *need* the support of the co-workers, Paul. You'll never build volume without it. You know that as well as I do."

Paul's fingers toyed with a pencil. Queer, he thought, how the things on which you were most likely to stub your toes were not always the big issues—those you could grapple with. It was too often a thing like this. A relatively small personal matter. A point of sentiment.

Ben was right, of course, when he suggested that a store's first line of contact with the public was its sales force. If they were happy, confident, sure of themselves, they would promote business. If they were scared, insecure, wondering how long their pay envelopes would continue . . . salespeople of that type were no asset.

And yet, would you allow sentiment to shackle the store with dull show windows? Windows that were costing Selby's the loss of thousands a year?

He heard a knock and looked up to see the gaunt, slightly stooped figure of Donald Ripley himself in the door. Melancholy eyes looked down at him questioningly.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Blaze?"

Paul drew a long breath. "*Yes, Mr. Ripley.* Come in. Have a seat." He said to Ben, "Don't go."

While Ripley sat down, his hands on his knees, Paul leaned back from the desk, crossed his legs.

"Mr. Ripley," he said, "Mr. Lork and I have been talking about display. How often, on the average, do we change our windows?"

The unexpected question seemed to catch Ripley off guard. He said, "Why—about every ten days or so."

"And interior displays? At points-of-sale?"

"That depends. Some departments, every couple of weeks—like millinery, for instance. Others, maybe once a month. As I say, it all depends on the department."

"I'd like to speed it all up. Have the store looking fresh, attractive—something new always popping. We ought to have new Main Street windows at least once a week—every three or four days would be even better. Keep people *looking* at them. And I'd like to see point-of-sale displays changed to meet whatever new shipments come in."

Donald Ripley blinked. This was hardly what he had come prepared to discuss.

He said, "Well—I don't have a big staff. Changes like that—sounds like a lot more work than we could possibly handle unless we add a few more people—"

"That's all right. *Let's* add people." Paul got up, lean and restless, walked to a cooler he'd had installed. As water gurgled into a cup, he said, "Good display is as important as any selling gimmick we could dream up. To a store like this, the right kind of display can be worth hundreds of thousands a year. So if we spend a few thousand more to *get* displays that have pull—why, we're making a damned sound investment. High time display got the consideration it deserves at Selby's."

Ripley began, "Mr. Blaze, I've *tried*—"

"Yes, I know. But how can you do a real job with an inadequate staff?" Ripley swallowed.

Paul said, "If we're going to make the most of display, let's do it in a big way. You're the man to do it, Ripley. Next meeting of the board, I'm going to ask that you be made display co-ordinator. Supervise everything, windows and point-of-sales. . . . That should be worth a boost in salary, shouldn't it, Ben?"

The controller parted his lips. He sought words, but they didn't come. After a moment he said limply, "I—I should think so, yes."

"Now, Ripley," Paul said, his manner brisk, "what I'd like you to do is get to New York as damned fast as you can. Find the best assistants you can put your hands on—men with up-to-the-minute ideas—one who's experienced in single-figure window displays and one for the inside point-of-sale job. We'll pay whatever we have to. Get the best you can dig up. I'd give a lot to land somebody who's been doing the Bonwit Teller or Saks Fifth Avenue jobs. . . . Think you could leave today?"

"Why—" Ripley was stunned. "Why, I—"

"It'll be an operation that may yield as much as a half-million a year. So find a window man who's popping with ideas. Same goes for the inside man. This whole deal will be your responsibility, Ripley. Okay?"

There was silence. Stiffly, then, like a man in a daze, Donald Ripley pushed himself up from the chair. He was pale. The muscles in his face were working in a strange way. He glanced again at Ben Lork, whose eyes were averted, and back at Paul.

In a low, unsteady voice he said, "I—I guess I can catch the afternoon train. Sure. I'll get busy on it right away, Mr. Blaze. Thanks."

When he started for the door, Paul sat down, feeling embarrassed. It always embarrassed him to see signs of tears in a man. He began to fuss with papers on the desk.

Suddenly Ripley turned. He had already reached the door, but he came back. He didn't speak. He reached across the desk for Paul's hand, squeezed it hard. Then, still not saying anything, he strode quickly out of the office.

Ben Lork rose. He gave Paul a long, contemplative look, as though he had never really seen him before. When he left, he didn't utter a word.

Chapter 6

In the first week of May the effects of the new policy at the Selby store began to assert themselves. Every morning huge black streamers, reading TODAY AT SELBY'S ran across double-page newspaper spreads, announcing slashes on special items. By Friday, after five days of it, Everett Selby jubilantly declared that the ads were hitting the town like H-bombs.

By Friday Patrice could no longer resist driving to Selby's to see what was happening.

There were two special sales—one in women's dresses, the other in housewares. And she stared in astonishment at the size of the crowds they had attracted. On the fashion floor it seemed to her that hundreds of women were milling around the racks.

And suddenly, while she watched, the public-address system caught her attention. The voice of George Weaver, the store's announcer, delivered the kind of message she had never before heard in Selby's. She listened in bewilderment:

"Your attention, please! It is now four o'clock. This is a bonus announcement for everyone who will be in Selby's half an hour from now. Exactly at 4:30 the umbrella department on the third floor will begin a sensational sale. It will last for one hour only, until closing. During that hour every umbrella in stock will be sold at 20 per cent below its marked price. . . . Don't miss this opportunity! For one hour only! If you can use an umbrella, if you know anyone who would appreciate an umbrella as a gift, this is your chance to save 20 per cent. . . . 4:30 at the umbrella department on the third floor! Thank you!"

Puzzled, Patrice went to the umbrella department, where Henry Kogler, the fat little manager, was instructing the extra help which had been sent by personnel.

"What's all this ballyhoo?" she asked.

Kogler grinned.

"A different department every day, Miss Selby. One-hour sales, unadvertised. A break for people who happen to be in the store." She must have looked dubious, because Kogler added, "Yesterday, for one hour, they ran a 20-per-cent slash on handbags. They did over $600!"

She turned away, frowning. No doubt Paul knew how to produce business. He had ideas by the score. Yet she found herself recoiling from this use of the public-address system. It filled Selby's with announcements like a circus barker's. . . .

And wasn't it, she wondered, the wrong kind of day to ask people to think about umbrellas? There was a bright spring sun outside. She heard the announcement repeated three times.

Just before 4:30, driven by curiosity, Patrice went to watch results. More than forty people were already crowded at the umbrella counters. Others were arriving.

After the sale began, she tried to count the umbrella transactions as co-workers wrote their slips. In fifteen minutes she tallied 18. That *could* mean over 70 in the allotted hour.

Driving homeward, she was troubled by conflicting emotions. "Give the man credit," Grace had said, and no doubt Grace was right. If your only concern was increasing business, Paul Blaze was doing a good job. Why, then, have misgivings? Yet she kept worrying about her father. . . .

And she remembered, for no clear reason, the time she had met Paul at Immelman's Restaurant with Bernardine Sorel. It was not the only time she had encountered him with Bernardine. Only a few evenings before, driving past the Williston Hotel shortly after nine, she had seen them come out together.

She wondered, with a vague frown, if Paul Blaze was developing Williston interests beyond those of promoting sales.

Bernardine was attractive. Very. Patrice couldn't blame the man. Besides, she thought with abrupt harshness, what business was it of *hers?*

She stepped on the accelerator with an unreasonable sense of anger and raced up the winding hill of Warwick Road.

Conrad Selby didn't like the sales that were announced over the public-address system. "Reminded me of the fair grounds," he said. "With barkers yelling, 'Step this way! Biggest bargain in town!'"

"It's not that bad," Paul answered. "Besides, this last one sold about eighty umbrellas—for a gross of almost $600."

"I don't like the method."

"If I'm making a mistake, I'd like to know where."

Selby looked at him in an appraising way. Then he lowered himself into one of the leather chairs.

"Paul, I can't honestly say you're making a mistake. It may well be that you're right and I'm wrong. Certainly the weight of evidence is on your side, measured in dollars. What it gets down to is a difference in points of view."

"That doesn't tell me what's wrong with spot sales."

"Nothing is wrong with them—as long as your sole objective is increasing volume. You're primarily interested in *how much* we make. I'm interested in that, too, of course—but I'm also concerned with *how* we make it. . . . You see, I feel the store's reputation and mine are indivisible. And there are certain kinds of dollars I'd rather not have."

"There are certain kinds of dollars I'd rather not have myself," Paul said. He could not hide his rising resentment. Why should Selby imply that there was something unethical in his methods? He said, "I wouldn't want dollars earned out of dope, for instance. I wouldn't want dollars earned out of gypping customers. But we're giving them honest merchandise—and 100 cents' worth for every dollar they spend! What's objectionable in that?"

Conrad Selby considered the question in silence. Finally he said, "Suppose, Paul, someone suggested that we hire sandwich men to parade up and down Main Street. Carrying big 'Shop at Selby's' placards. Would you do it?"

"I doubt it. That kind of advertising wouldn't be at all representative of the store."

"You mean it would lack dignity. Exactly." Selby rose now. "Our differences, Paul, are after all only a matter of degree. We both have our own concepts of what makes for dignity in selling, of what constitutes a store's character. . . . Call it a difference in taste."

"Personally," Paul said, "I see nothing whatever undignified in the spot sales."

"Then there's really no point in talking further, is there?" Selby gave him a vague smile and a nod. "Well, I'll see you in the morning. Good night."

When Selby had gone, Paul sat at the desk, his fingers pattering nervously on the blotting pad. He knew what was wrong. Only, it was the kind of thing he couldn't say to Conrad Selby. The difference between them was this: Selby had known the comfort of money all his life. He had never been forced to fight for it. Now it shocked him to see somebody else go all-out, by every available method, to make money. Whereas Paul himself, *wanting* the kind of money Selby already had, knew he had to fight and struggle for it.

Damn it, he thought, *I've got to pick the way that pays off!*

The Selby Store's new show windows were unveiled on the morning of May 15th, a few hours before the regular

monthly meeting of the board of directors. Walking from his hotel, Paul saw that they were drawing attention even at 9:15. When displays could stop people hurrying to work, they were effective. Of course, there was the novelty factor to be considered in this first group of new presentations; but whatever the reason, there were people at every window.

It seemed to him, as he passed, that the displays were as attractive as any he had ever seen in New York, with only one mannequin in each window. The figures were gracefully posed against seasonal backgrounds. Donald Ripley, he thought with gratification, had found a couple of able assistants in Harold Quincey Coombs and Alfred Horn. Paul was leaving for New York that evening to represent the store at an NRDGA conference that was to start early the next day; but he planned to compliment Ripley before going.

There was an unusual sense of expectation at this day's board meeting. Because it was a month since the first promotional policies of the new general manager had been announced, there would no doubt be an accounting of what the month had produced.

Conrad Selby, calm and grave, sat at the head of the table. The twelve directors lined its sides, and Paul, at the far end, occupied a chair directly opposite Selby's, his back to Patrice's painting of the store.

Paul was puzzled by a new attitude in the president. In the past two days, since Selby had made a trip to the National Retail Dry Goods Association in New York, his manner had been more conciliatory. Though Paul was gratified by the change, he could not understand it. What, he wondered, had happened in New York?

"Before we formally start the meeting I want to compliment our general manager," Selby began, "on several of our recent innovations. The new windows, for example—I'm sure all of us are quite happy about them."

It was odd that at a moment like this, with Selby so cordial, a warning should slip from a remote recess of Paul's memory. Six weeks ago, he recalled, Everett had said to him, *A great guy, my uncle. Quiet, dignified, restrained. But when he's quietest—look out. That's when he's apt to cut loose with a haymaker. . . .*

"I'm also pleased," Selby went on, "by the effects of our incentive bonuses. You've probably noticed, as I have, the new enthusiasm, the new eagerness of every co-worker. Mr. Blaze was right in that—there's no better way to increase sales than by giving everybody a personal stake in creating more business. Lately I have watched co-workers induce customers to look at items which a few weeks ago would have been ignored. I'm sure Ben will tell you, when he makes his report, that there has been a marked increase in multiple sales." Selby paused to light a cigar. When he had tossed the match aside, he continued:

"Frankly, however, I do *not* like the unadvertised specials announced over the public-address system. To me this is a kind of circus-barker technique. On the other hand, I realize these sales *have* run between $400 and $800 a day. They *could* amount to about $120,000 a year."

He glanced down at the agenda before him.

"Also, I see that under new business there will be a motion to promote Donald Ripley to a new position—display co-ordinator—with an appropriate increase in salary. I should say this is a reward Ripley richly deserves."

Paul saw that virtually everyone at the table nodded approbation. There would be no question about Ripley's promotion.

"With these preliminary observations out of the way," Selby said, "we can call the meeting to order."

Everett raised his hand.

"Is it all right at this point to say a word about Warren Graham's institutional half-pages?" he asked. "So far eight of them have appeared. They've brought more than a hundred letters. One from the dean of the School of Business Administration at Borden College."

Selby said, "That's very gratifying."

Paul continued to watch the store's president with uncertainty. Whatever it was that had changed his attitude, he kept it well concealed behind his poise. It continued to be concealed all afternoon. . . .

The highlight of this meeting was, as everyone had anticipated, the controller's report. Ben Lork read from it page after page of statistics. It indicated that even those departments which had not yet had daily specials were gaining volume because of the increase of traffic through the store.

"On a store-wide basis," Ben concluded, "during the past month our total business has risen 60 per cent above the volume we showed for the same month last year."

Mark Reickert slapped the table. "*Now* we're getting somewhere! This is the best report the board's heard in years!"

Martha put in, "It's the best report I've *ever* heard!"

Paul glanced at Conrad Selby. He was impassive. . . .

After that, with a 60 per cent increase to dazzle the directors, minor matters were disposed of quickly and without debate.

Paul had but one additional proposal to offer. "In line with our general fashion policy," he said, "I want our fashion co-ordinator to go to Paris at least once a year." He saw Bernardine's eyes widen. "We'll publicize Bernardine's trips. After going to Paris she'll pull twice as many women to her fashion shows."

No one objected to this; and immediately after the meeting Bernardine came to his office to express her thanks. She was delighted. "I want to celebrate this!" she said. "Let's go somewhere tonight."

"Can't. I'll be in New York."

"Oh?" She was disappointed, but after a pause she brightened. "Well, another time, then. . . . By the way, didn't you get the impression that Selby is sort of—thawing out? Beginning to accept the situation with better grace? That should make you feel easier."

Paul didn't reply. All his intuitions warned him to be on guard against this change in Selby.

He looked at his watch, rose, buttoned his jacket. He'd have to leave early today to pack a bag. . . .

All the way to New York he wondered about Selby's attitude, but he could find no answer in the events of the past few days. . . . That evening, he checked in at the Barkley Hotel in New York. He followed a bellhop toward the elevator. And as he passed the magazine stand he stopped, stared into the startled eyes of Patrice.

"*Well!*" he said. His feelings were suddenly mixed—part pleasure, part discomfort, part confusion.

Chapter 7

She was wearing a navy-blue suit with a couple of red flowers pinned below the shoulder. Her short blonde hair, freshly set and waved, seemed to shine with a glow of its own. She had often irritated Paul, but she certainly didn't look irritating tonight.

The bellhop, holding a bag, waited patiently while they talked. Minutes passed. The girl clasped a magazine under her arm; the lean man smiled down at her.

At last Paul glanced at the hotel clock. "How about giving me a few seconds to wash up? Then we might have a drink."

"If you like."

When he came down, he took her to the Club Caracas. In the cab, where he was acutely aware of the gardenia perfume she used, she told him she was in New York on one of her regular visits to see art editors. She had come on the afternoon train.

He watched her face in the darkness. It was small and sensitive and, he thought, extremely pretty when she allowed herself to relax. . . .

At the Club Caracas the captain greeted Paul as an old friend. He led them to a little round table a few feet from the piano and Marita Gray. Marita—a striking redhead in a long sheath of flashing metallic cloth—stood in front of a microphone, doing her torch songs in a husky voice. A spotlight was trained on her face. At the moment, the rest of the Club Caracas was dark.

In some ways, Paul felt, it was fortunate that they had arrived during Marita's half-hour of entertainment. They could listen without talking. He wasn't sure what he *could* talk about with Patrice. He felt uneasy.

When Marita's performance was over and the dim lights came on again, Patrice gave him a pleasant smile. Their table was hardly twelve inches in diameter. Paul glanced over her hair and back to her eyes.

"You look very well," he said.

"Getting away from home," she answered, "always makes me feel—different. It's like throwing off a cloak. I guess geography does something to the spirit."

"Could be that highball." She laughed. It occurred to him it was the first time he had seen Patrice actually laugh. And he liked it.

"If it's the highball," she said, "get me another, please."

There was a small, smooth orchestra. The dance floor, too, was small. Several couples were rising.

Paul nodded toward the music.

"Shall we give it a try?"

"Why not?"

He had only skepticism for his own dancing ability. But there was something about dancing with Patrice that surprised him. He was unexpectedly good at it. Very good. Whatever he did, she became part of the movement. She felt small and slight and airy in his arms, and her body flowed smoothly, almost instinctively, with his own. Everything he did seemed miraculously right.

Her blonde head came to his chin. He could smell the gardenia perfume again. And when he glanced down he saw that she, too, was apparently enjoying this.

They danced a good deal.

Once, while they rested between numbers, Patrice said, "About this magic of getting away from home—you, too, seem different here."

"Better?"

"Definitely."

He grinned. "Brings up an interesting question. What's wrong with me in Williston?"

She didn't remind him of the fact that he was in many ways her father's opponent. Instead, she said, "In Williston you're too tense."

"How would you know?"

"I've watched. A one-track mind—the store."

"They pay me to be like that."

"But nobody expects you to cheat yourself of a little fun. I'll bet in all the time you've been in Williston you've never once thought of dancing."

"Well, that's true."

"You ought to take it easier. You'd get a lot more kick out of what you're doing."

He drank a little, put the glass down. "One thing you overlook is that I do get a kick out of what I do."

She fixed a searching gaze on his face. He had the same sensation he had known once before—that she was studying him as a subject for a painting.

"The kind of fun and satisfaction," he said, "*you* get out of painting a picture."

"Self-expression?"

He shrugged. "Probably sounds crazy—because you're an artist. Artists, poets, musicians—they see life only in terms of themselves. Long ago somebody told them that all people are divided between the aesthetes and the Philistines. It's a delusion they've never been able to throw off."

She said with mockery, "This begins to sound like the Harvard School of Business Administration."

"No. Just plain fact. You give what's in you to give. In business as in art. Maybe you claim you're doing it for the money."—he gave her a quick, sidelong look—"or maybe for a block of stock. And up to a point, that's true. Nobody wants to work without pay. *You* don't give a magazine a painting unless they pay. But under it there's something else. A kind of—" He faltered. "Well—"

"Compulsion?"

"Yes! That's it. A compulsion to give everything you've got. In business as in everything else. You're not happy unless you're doing your damnedest. . . . In my own case there's even more to the compulsion."

"In what way?"

"Well, I keep thinking about my father. When he died he had nothing. He was as sweet a guy as ever lived. But for two years after his death I had to pay off debts. It's one of the reasons *I'm* interested in making money and in piling up stock—"

He suddenly realized he had become too serious. The orchestra was playing again. He got up abruptly, held out his hand. "Oh, forget it. Let's dance!"

It was after midnight when they left the Club Caracas. The spring night was warm. Patrice looked up at a full moon and said impulsively, "I want to walk."

So they walked westward on Sixty-first Street till they came to Fifth Avenue and the park. Here a warm breeze met them. Patrice bent against it, holding his arm.

He watched her, surprised and puzzled by the difference in the way he felt toward her in Williston and here. This evening there had been no friction at all.

Unexpectedly, she laughed. "Paul, did you ever feel like—like doing something unreasonable? Just for the hell of it?"

"Don't tell me you want to ride one of those horse-and-buggies around the park."

"No, I'm thinking of the other one—the Staten Island ferry."

"You're kidding."

"All my life"—merriment was a lilt in her voice—"I've been reading about silly kids who take trips on the Staten Island ferry. I've been up and down the Loire in France. I've taken the boat to Capri. I've crossed the English Channel half a dozen times. I've been loads of places. But never have I been on the Staten Island ferry!"

"Well," Paul said, looking around, "I can be as crazy as the next man." He waved to a taxi. . . .

There were very few people on the ferry at this hour of night. Churning across the bay, it followed the glittering golden lane of the moon's light. They stood on the open portion of the upper deck, where the warm wind blew against them.

Patrice looked back at the towering black mass of New York's skyscrapers. With her hair blowing in the wind and her skirt flapping about her knees, she reminded Paul of a teen-ager.

When the ferry changed its course they walked back slowly so that she could keep the Battery in sight. Seeing the amusement with which Paul was watching her, she said:

"All right, laugh. *I'm* having fun!"

"So am I."

"At a time like this I almost hate to think of going back to Williston."

"Where we don't have fun. At least, not together." A wry grin came to his lips. "In Williston you dislike me."

She stopped. "That's not true."

"Then why do we keep clashing?"

"We don't really—"

"No, we just keep rubbing each other the wrong way."

They leaned against the rail. At the moment Paul found it hard to see Patrice as a source of annoyance. She was a beautiful, wind-blown figure with a small, exquisite face that seemed to shine in the moonlight. He knew suddenly that he wanted to kiss her. It was illogical, but there was a sense of inevitability about it—the only possible climax for this evening. He bent toward her.

Patrice withdrew. "No. Don't."

He blinked, wrenched out of the spell. He looked at her in bewilderment. Then he turned away, stung back to clarity of mind. He might have known it. Beneath all the laughter, beneath all the fun, she was still the stiff, unapproachable Patrice Selby. Making a damned production of a kiss.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "I'm funny that way."

"Forget it," Paul said. "An impulse."

For a long time then she was silent. They heard only the swish of the waters of the bay against the ferry. The moonlight glimmered on the waters, and now they were passing the Statue of Liberty.

Patrice said in a low voice, "Beautiful, isn't it?"

"Sure." Of a sudden this whole ferry escapade seemed silly and childish. He should have taken her back to the hotel, and that would have been that.

Conrad Selby's new attitude manifested itself in an unexpected way. A week later he looked into Paul's office to ask, "Are you free Saturday night? Ben and my daughter Grace are coming to dinner. So is Philip. Like to have you join us."

"Why—thanks," Paul said. "Glad to."

"Seven or so will be fine."

When Selby turned away, Paul was perplexed. Since coming to Williston he had been invited to dinner at Everett's home, at Ben's, at Martha's; all these invitations he had accepted because they gave him opportunities to know the family more intimately. This was the first time, however, that Conrad Selby had asked him. He wondered if Patrice could have initiated the invitation.

He threw the whole thing out of his mind. This was the day a men's clothing sale was to start, and he went down to see how big a crowd the event was attracting. . . .

Saturday night's dinner at the Selby home brought him the same sense of perplexity he had felt on a previous visit. How these people were able to abandon all conversation about their store's problems, he could not understand.

Conrad talked primarily about something called the Granz Memorial Society. Apparently its purpose was to bring cultural and artistic enterprises to Williston. Paul had not known, as he now discovered, that the Selby family was active in its work.

"I believe this year's music series will be the best we've had in a long time," Conrad said. "I've already gone over the program with Martha and her committee. It starts with the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra in October, then goes on with a piano recital by Erica Dorn in November, a cello recital by Piatigorsky in December, the London Male Chorus in—"

Philip interrupted with a smile, "Paul looks puzzled, Con. Maybe we ought to explain."

"This Granz Memorial Society is Dad's personal pride," Patrice said. She managed to fill the words with affection for her father, and a touch of humor. "Before the year's over, he'll nick you for a contribution, Paul. Watch out."

Conrad asked him, "You've heard of Heinrich Granz?"

"Composer?"

"A very fine composer, yes. The Philharmonic has played two or three of his works. He lived practically all his life in Williston. When he died—that was seventeen years ago—he left whatever he had, a few thousand, as the nucleus of a fund to bring art, music and literature to Williston. Now some of the town's old families maintain the fund."

Grace mocked, "Oh, Dad, stop being modest!" She added to Paul, "Dad's the leading spirit of the fund. Gives it most of its money."

"That's neither here nor there," Conrad said. "The point is we *do* enrich Williston life. We've brought some of the world's finest artists here."

Patrice said, "Warren Graham had an editorial about it."

"Ye-es, I remember that," Paul admitted. "But he didn't mention Selby support."

"Of course not," Conrad said. "We keep that anonymous."

"Why?"

The question seemed to surprise Selby. "Well, it's nothing I especially care to advertise—any more than I advertise other hobbies. Why should I?"

"Seems to me you deserve credit."

"Nonsense." Conrad waved the idea aside with a laugh. "I don't want credit for anything that gives me so much pleasure."

"It could be fine publicity for the store."

There was an instant of silence. Glancing around, Paul had the impression that it had been the wrong thing to say; he had caused definite embarrassment.

Yet he was confident that the Selbys were overlooking an excellent stroke of public relations. Why not let Williston know that the Selby Store took an active part in the community's cultural affairs? It was good business to establish such a reputation.

Philip put in a trifle wryly, "There are some things, Paul, this family doesn't use for publicity purposes."

"I understand: On the other hand—" Paul checked himself. "Are there other community projects the family supports?"

"Well," Ben Lork said, "we contribute to them all, I suppose. But we don't make any to-do over it, if that's what you mean."

"Not even," Philip said, "over the Borden College gifts. Conrad's other pet. His annual gift to Borden College."

"What's that," Paul asked.

Conrad scoffed. "That's no *community* project!"

"It's simply $7,500 a year," Grace interrupted with a laugh.

It was again Patrice who explained. "Since Borden College established a School of Retailing and Business Administration, Dad's been one of its major supporters."

"A Selby Chair? Something like that?"

"No. Just an annual gift."

Paul started to reply, then left the words unsaid. He still felt like a stranger here. His mind ran in ways altogether different from theirs.

He was thinking suddenly of Edmond C. Christie. Like Selby, the Philadelphia merchant made a habit of contributing to various cultural activities. His gifts ran into several thousand dollars a year. But every gift was accorded proper newspaper publicity—usually a picture of Christie handing a check to a fund official—and thus Philadelphia was kept aware of the interest the Christie store took in local affairs. Moreover, Paul recalled a local newspaper item concerned with a $1,000 donation Brian Halliday had made to an orphanage. Why Conrad Selby should deliberately overlook his opportunities, it was hard to understand. Modesty of that sort was absurd when you were in business.

Paul refrained, however, from mentioning the store again during dinner. Instead, he listened to talk concerning the Board of Education's decision to increase teachers' salaries; to the remarkable growth of Pennsylvania as an industrial state; to Williston's plans for a Memorial Day parade.

In fact, they conversed on almost everything except the store. It must have been well after ten o'clock—and they were all in the living room then—before somebody mentioned business. A question came from Philip, and Paul admitted, "We'll be surprising the town soon, yes."

Ben gave him an amused look. "Does that mean the next idea is all ready to go?"

"Just about."

"What is it?"

"Well—maybe we ought not to discuss business now—"

"I'm curious. Let's hear it."

Paul saw that Conrad, too, was attentive. There was no reason to keep things secret. The store would know about it in a few days, anyway, and he had no intention of allowing anybody to scuttle this latest project.

"We're going to run a full-page Selby ad in the New York Sunday *Times*," he said.

They all stared. He might as well have told them he contemplated advertising in Africa.

Philip repeated, "The New York *Times?*"

"That's right. We'll hit a Philadelphia paper, too."

"I—I'm afraid," Philip finally declared, "I'm a bit blind on these things. What would be the point of Selby's advertising in New York? Do you expect New Yorkers to shop in Williston?"

"No." Paul's tones became crisp. He was back on familiar ground. "What I'm interested in is the half-million people who live *between* New York and Williston. Many of them actually live *nearer* Williston than New York. If we convince them they can find the same high-quality goods in Selby's as in the city—and at prices no higher—we could get them to drive our way. Stay out of city traffic. Shop in comfort."

Conrad Selby obviously couldn't agree with this. His face was stern, almost forbidding. "It won't work, Paul. Williston can't pretend to match New York's variety."

"With Selby's and Halliday's here, we offer a good shopping center," Paul insisted. "Besides, there's another value to such advertising. The novelty of it—a Williston store advertising in New York—will make people talk. Matter of fact, I imagine Williston folks will gloat over it. Hometown pride. Their own store."

Grace suddenly laughed. "Audacious as hell!" She said. "*I* love it!"

Philip inquired, "But what would a scheme like that cost?"

Paul looked at his cigarette. "Frankly, I'm not yet sure the *Times* will accept our ads at department-store rates. We'll probably have to spend about $4.000 a page. But if we can draw customers from other towns, they'll write off the cost."

He saw that Conrad Selby was not convinced.

"The whole idea," he went on, "is to broaden our shopping area. Also, there are 27 weekly newspapers within a hundred miles of Williston. *Their* rates are low. If we advertise in them, there's no reason we can't triple the size of our present buying area."

To Paul's surprise, Ben now came to his support. "It's just wild and impudent enough to catch attention," he said, and his eyes were full of humor. "I take it these ads would not push specific items?"

"No. Institutional copy only. Simply tell what a great store Selby's is, and how easy and comfortable it is to shop for high-quality merchandise by driving to Williston."

The controller nodded. "Be fun to run one and see what happens." And on afterthought he added with a chuckle, "I'd give a lot to see Brian Halliday's face when he reads that ad!"

But Conrad Selby rose, and in the stiffness of his bearing Paul could see opposition. Conrad went toward the record player. Evidently he had decided to end this discussion. Just as clearly, however, he clung to the opinion that New York advertising would be a waste of money. And Paul —with a quick glance at Patrice—knew they were clashing again. . . .

Two days later, at the store, Paul met Patrice in the executive corridor. She carried two big boxes. He took them off her hands, and she explained she was merely leaving them with her father. "Some dresses I borrowed out of stock," she said.

He looked at her in wonder.

"For my model," she said. "I had to do six pictures of a bride in various costumes."

Strangely, Paul found himself thinking about that at odd moments throughout the day. It ignited an unexpected idea. . . . He knew, of course, that Patrice resented being used for promotional purposes—she had made that unmistakably clear. On the other hand, this series of a bride in various costumes—

Late in the afternoon he telephoned her. "Patrice, I'd like very much to see those bridal pictures you mentioned."

"Nice of you, Paul. Being polite?"

"When am I ever polite?"

She laughed. "All right. Come over tonight."

He went immediately after dinner, and Patrice led him up to her studio. Following her on the stairs, he was struck again by the slim grace and airiness of her figure. He had a fleeting recollection of the pleasure it had been to dance with her in New York. But also, he remembered the letdown he had felt when she had instinctively drawn back from his kiss. His mouth twisted with cynicism. You had to be careful, he recalled, about what you said or did or even thought with this girl. She took things too damned seriously. . . .

There were fluorescent lights in the studio. Scores of canvases were stacked against the walls. She took the bridal series up one at a time, set them on the easel. Paul stood a few feet away, eyes narrowed as he studied one after another.

The first was the misty figure of a girl in white bridal lace. The face was soft and glowing. The eyes were filled with joy—as if Patrice had caught her at the instant she saw the groom waiting at the altar.

"These six carry the bride through her first summer," Patrice explained. "For the center pages of *Fashion World*."

The second canvas presented the girl in a trim traveling suit, waving good-by from the door of a plane. The third showed her, sylphlike in a yellow swim suit, rushing into a tropical sea. There was one in a white summer dance frock; another in a swirling evening gown; and finally, caught before her vanity mirror, the bride wore flowing pastel-blue lingerie.

"Doggone good," Paul mumbled.

"Thanks. It's the biggest commission I've ever had."

"Model a local girl?"

"Yes. A high-school senior." Paul's eyes were still narrowed. He puffed a couple of times at his cigarette.

"The things full of local interest," he said. "Local artist, local fashions, local model. How'd you like it if we showed one painting in each Main Street window, together with the Selby dress the model used? We'd pose the mannequin exactly the way you've got the figure on the canvas. It'll be a knockout display."

She stared in amazement.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Don't you *ever* think of anything that isn't—promotion?"

"This one is a natural. We'd have to get the magazine's permission, of course. But it's good promotion for them, too."

"Paul," Patrice declared. "I've never met a man like you! If you're not trying to use *me* as a sales gimmick, it's my work!"

He asked bluntly, "Think the idea is *too* commercial?"

"I don't know. Haven't had a chance to think about it one way or the other."

"Any more commercial to show pictures in store windows than in a magazine?"

"No-o, I suppose not."

"We'd use them at the same time the magazine comes out. Probably get newspaper publicity out of it, too."

To his astonishment, Patrice began to laugh. Her hand went to her throat. She sat down on the square hassock. She tilted back her blonde head, and the laughter continued.

"Paul, you're incorrigible!"

He watched in perplexity, not understanding. It could be, he supposed, that she found his promotional pressures ridiculous. Would he *ever* understand how these people thought? . . .

The full-page institutional advertisement of the Selby Department Store appeared in the New York *Times* in June:

SELBY'S

—IN WILLISTON, PENNSYLVANIA—
ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT STORES

invites you to take a pleasant drive to a city where there are no traffic or parking problems, where you are never rushed, where you can find the highest quality in fashions, housewares, furniture, toys, garden implements or anything else at prices that make a visit worth your while.

SEE SELBY'S!

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE

The effects of the advertisement were prompt. Monday morning, Conrad, seated at his desk, had dozens of telephone calls. Most of them were from New York, congratulating the store on its enterprise. A raincoat manufacturer said, "If you're out to make Selby's a national institution, you've certainly picked a good way to begin!" The general reaction was one of good-humored surprise. The ad was apparently conceded to be a startling and provocative gesture. Even Brian Halliday, of all people, telephoned his congratulations, though there was a cutting laugh in his words. Conrad became thoughtful. . . .

And Wednesday afternoon, when Paul came back from lunch, Maud Heller entered his office. There was an odd light in her eyes. She kept her voice low.

"Mr. Blaze, Dr. Gordon Bailey is waiting to see you."

"Who's he?"

"Dean of the business school at Borden College."

"Oh? All right, send him in."

Dr. Gordon Bailey was surprisingly young for the position he held. He could hardly have been more than thirty-five—a brisk, light-haired man with a staccato manner of speech.

"I've come with an invitation," he said.

The following Tuesday, he explained, would be Commencement Day at Borden. Sixty of the graduates would represent the School of Business Administration, and they would have a class luncheon of their own before graduation.

"I hate to make this request so late," Dean Bailey apologized. "But I'm hoping, Mr. Blaze, you'll be able to be our luncheon speaker. This morning we got word that Senator Wickendon, who was to have come, is sick."

Paul scratched his jaw. Then he toyed with a pencil on the desk. For some reason this struck him as amusing—being asked to address a commencement luncheon.

"Very kind of you," he said. "Seems to me, though, you ought to ask Mr. Selby."

"We've had Mr. Selby in the past." The dean's smile broadened. "What we'd like you to do is talk about your own

theories of retailing. And if you want to throw in an explanation of why a store like Selby's advertises in New York City"—the dean's eyes flickered with merriment—"that'll be fine."

Paul knew that opportunities like this could result in good publicity. They carried the store's name into the news columns. They gave the store a chance to be identified with the community. He accepted. . . .

Bernardine picked up her home telephone and called Paul at the Williston Hotel. This was Saturday evening. "My passport's come," she said. "It gave me a jolt."

"Why a jolt? Should think you'd be pleased."

"Makes my leaving for Paris seem so immediate and—and *rushed*. You realize I'm scheduled to fly just one week from tonight? I'm practically terrified."

"Take it in stride. Berry."

"Sorry, but the blood pressure's 'way up. Isn't it time you gave me a briefing?"

"On what?"

"What firms you want me to see in Paris and so on. How about coming over for dinner?"

"Got to work on inventory reports."

"Knock off for an hour. You've got to eat."

"Well—" He hesitated. "All right. Seven o'clock?"

"I'll look for you."

At the dinner table he discovered that the prospect of going to Paris had brought a glow into Bernardine's face. She looked extraordinarily well tonight—full of eagerness and anticipation.

"First time I'll be out of the country," she said. "You're an angel!" Her hand came across the table to rest on his.

"Forget it." He took a pen from his pocket. "Suppose we jot down some of the firms you ought to see. . . ."

They planned her visits throughout dinner. It was not till they were having coffee that Paul disclosed a new notion.

"Send us a daily cable," he said. "Paris fashion notes. About a hundred words a day. We'll whip it into shape here. We'll run it as a signed box on the fashion pages. Tips from our Paris representative." He grinned. "That'll keep the town awake to the fact that our fashion co-ordinator is in Paris."

Bernardine threw back her head and laughed. "You think of more things for me to do than I've ever dreamed of for myself!"

"Don't build it up, kid," he said. "We're doing it because it's good business." He looked at his watch. "Now I've got to get back to those reports—"

"So I'm being ditched. Okay." She rose. "By the way, better make your Borden College talk a knockout. The Selbys have taken a table."

He looked at her in surprise. "What for?"

"To applaud, naturally."

"Who told you?"

"Mr. Selby. I've been invited. It's a table for eight."

Paul frowned in irritation. "Oh, hell! Didn't want this turned into a show!"

"You represent the store, and the owners have a right to be on hand." Bernardine added, "We'll all clap like mad."

Chapter 8

It seemed to Paul, when he accompanied Dean Bailey into the dining hall at Borden College, that Commencement Days were always hot. His own, as he recalled it, had been insufferable. He still remembered how the perspiration had streamed down his body under the academic robes.

This day was as bad. Sitting on the dais beside the dean, he faced some 200 people. Apart from the graduates and their families, there were a good many alumni and faculty members, too.

He nodded to the Selby table. The four women—Patrice, Grace, Bernardine, and Mrs. Isabelle Rorich, the head of the store's personnel—were accompanied by Conrad Selby, Everett, Ben and Harry Manderson.

Half a dozen members of the faculty sat on the dais. Their easy fellowship helped ease the nervousness that was gathering in Paul's stomach. But when the meal ended and the dean rose to rap for attention, the tightness caught him again. Dr. Bailey made a gracious introductory talk, outlining Paul's contributions to the Selby Store.

"I'm hoping," he continued, "that Mr. Blaze will give us some of his own ideas on the importance of retailing as a career. But whatever he says, I'm sure we shall find it of tremendous value. . . . Ladies and gentlemen, I am delighted to present the general manager of the Selby Department Store. Mr. Paul Blaze."

The applause was polite. It was too hot for any great show of enthusiasm. Rising, Paul acknowledged it with a vague smile, a slight bow. He buttoned the jacket of his light suit, ran a hand over his brown hair.

"That's quite a question the dean brought up—the importance of retailing," he said. "Gives me some odd recollections. My ancestry happens to be British. I can still remember the visits my London grandfather used to pay our home outside Boston. He was one of those fine old Victorians, portly and mustached. An editor for a book-publishing house. Wrote poetry on the side. And I can remember how upset he was over the fact that my father had gone into trade. Those were the days when trade was regarded as a second-rate way of life. Especially by the intellectuals. And this was only yesterday—when I myself was a kid.

"Well, times have changed. Nobody sneers at trade any more. There are schools throughout the country—fine schools like this one—which recognize trade, business, commerce, retailing as the important careers they are. Today any man who holds business in contempt ought to have his head examined. We've come to see that few things are more important than the mighty job of keeping the world's economy going.

"What's the retailer's position in all this? How important is it for the retailer to do the right kind of promotion to which Dean Bailey has referred? Well, let me tell you my own feelings."

He paused, looked over the crowd.

"We Americans spend about $130,000,000,000 a year at the retail level. No nation in history has ever come near that kind of spending. It means our people are investing in the best and the most they can get out of life. They're absorbing, using up, $130,000,000,000 worth of merchandise every year.

"Who makes this $130,000,000,000 worth of goods *available* to the public? Who distributes it, pushes it? The retailer.

"We may talk about our country's tremendous productivity, about all the things we turn out in greater quantity than any other nation on earth. But this very productivity—the basis of our national wealth—would be bottled up and useless if it were not for the American retailer with the great distributional system he has created."

Paul glanced around the room. Maybe this wasn't a good speech; he was talking simply. But he was dredging out of himself thoughts that were always there, though unspoken. He saw that Patrice was watching him intently. So, for that matter, were most of the others at the Selby table. Only Bernardine avoided his eyes. She was looking at the glass with which her hand played. Perhaps Bernardine was nervous for him. Curiously enough, he himself was at ease now. He spoke without effort, saying things that came of their own accord.

"This process we call sales promotion—I won't deny it's primarily the job of building up your own volume, of stimulating your own profits. But it's something more, too. If, through promotion, you sell 1,000 wrist watches where ordinarily you might have sold only 100—then you have also created more work for packagers, for distributors, for a hundred others. Promotion at the retail level is a shot in the arm for industry all along the line.

"And promotion isn't merely a matter of advertising. That's a big part of it—certainly. But it's just as important to promote confidence in the retailer himself. That is the *highest* form of promotion. Largely it's achieved through sound publicity. A great many people may scorn deliberate efforts to get publicity, but I say that kind of scorn is nonsense.

"There's nothing disgraceful, for example, in a store's engaging in public service and letting everybody know it. The store may not at once make money by throwing its weight behind a Community Chest drive. Yet activities like that, by making people talk and think about a store, by making people respect a store, are among the greatest business boosters any retailer can adopt."

He spoke with conviction. He found it easy because this was an intimate chat with people who shared his interests.

He sought no dramatic effects. What he gave was his own creed, the reasons he himself had found for respecting the vocation and the methods he had adopted. And since this was the vocation all these graduates, too, would soon follow, it turned out to be a simple heart-to-heart talk. . . .

When he sat down after fifteen minutes. there was a moment during which no one applauded. The silence, the heat, the attention were intense.

Then, as though someone abruptly realized he was finished, the applause began tentatively. It gathered momentum. Suddenly it was loud and overwhelming. It continued so long that Paul, slightly flustered, had to rise and bow before he sat down again.

He bent toward the dean. "Tried not to talk too long."

"Mr. Blaze," the dean replied, "when you can make these kids proud of the careers they're about to follow, you've said as much as any man can possibly say."

An hour later, in his rooms at the Williston Hotel, Paul took a quick shower, got into fresh clothes. When he reached the store, it was almost four o'clock. And Patrice telephoned.

"Wouldn't you say," she asked, "that the general manager of Selby's—especially on a hot day when he's made an excellent speech—is entitled to quit a bit early?"

He smiled. "It might be arranged. Why, Pat?"

"For a swim out at Hollow Lake."

This kind of cordiality surprised him. It had little precedent. He wondered what Patrice had in mind. . . . Then he looked at his watch. A quarter past four. The talk at Borden College had left him depleted, and the prospect of a swim seemed very alluring.

"Pick you up in half an hour?"

"Fine."

He had never before seen Hollow Lake. There were, indeed, a good many of Williston's attractions to which he was still a stranger. The lake was a surprisingly attractive place. Some two miles wide, its waters sparkled within a circle of low green hills. It offered the only natural swimming facilities near Williston, and during the summer months, Patrice told him, it was generally crowded. But now, on a midweek afternoon in June, Hollow Lake was quiet.

He discovered that Patrice swam with a smooth, tireless stroke that easily matched the pace of his crawl. They swam side by side, following the shore line for a couple of hundred yards before they came out, dripping and breathless and grinning. No sandy beach bordered Hollow Lake, but there were innumerable pleasant coves and shaded grassy slopes

under trees. Patrice stretched her slight figure in the shade of an elm. She clasped her hands under her blonde head.

Paul lay beside her, propped up on an elbow. His eyes went over her figure. In the yellow bathing suit, she looked unbelievably slim and lovely.

"Paul—" She continued to gaze up into the branches. "While you were talking at that luncheon I—I got the feeling that I owe you an apology."

"For what?"

"For never really seeing you as you are."

"What would that mean?"

"Well—a man with a—sense of vision about his work. . . . Maybe that doesn't express it."

"Up to now I was just a guy whose vision was a block of Selby's stock. Is that it?"

"Something like that."

"You don't have to apologize. It's exactly what I am."

"No."

"I'm working for myself, Pat. Strictly business. Don't get any illusions." As he spoke, he snapped up blades of grass. "Only, that isn't the kind of thing you say to a graduating class."

"The things you said, Paul, were the things you meant. I could hear it in the way you spoke. You're like Dad. You've got a deep respect for the job you're doing."

"So what?"

"So I—wanted to tell you I'm sorry I—"

"—had a grubby opinion of me?"

"A wrong opinion."

He looked down at her face. It was faintly drawn, as though even now Patrice was not certain she had said exactly what she had intended to tell him. He still leaned on his elbow, considering her troubled eyes, the straight, sharp line of her nose, the lips that were slightly parted.

What she was trying to tell him, he supposed, was that she had acquired a new respect for him. He stopped tugging at the grass. He let a full minute go by in silence. His eyes never left her face. It began to pull at him again, as it had one night on a ferry. . . . There was a limit, he learned, to which you could put off a compulsion. He reached that limit now. Bending over deliberately, Paul kissed the parted lips.

This time Patrice did not recoil. Her eyes met his frankly. Maybe she, too, was aware of the inevitability of this kiss.

"That was to say all previous opinions are forgiven," he said.

She gazed up at him, almost expressionless, as if trying to understand what lay in his mind. Then she slowly sat up, shaking back her blonde hair. What amazed him was her calmness. He himself was a bit shaken. He straightened, too, wondering why he felt as if someone had punched him in the stomach.

Patrice said quietly, "So we start on a new basis?"

It alarmed him. What did she mean by a new basis? Did she think that because he had kissed her—

"Don't get me wrong," she said with a smile. "I'm not being romantic. I mean a basis of—better understanding."

"Oh, sure, sure." Paul's voice was short. "Definitely."

"Don't look so scared. You haven't committed yourself to anything by kissing me."

He blinked at her, taken aback by the candor.

"So help me," she said, rising, "never in my life have I seen a man so worried about a kiss."

Paradoxically, it was she who was trying to reduce the incident to something trivial, he who was lending it importance.

Patrice held her hand out to him. "Let's swim back."

She all but pulled him into the lake. Again they swam side by side. When they came out of the water at the bathhouses, she looked up at a clock. It was almost six.

"You weren't planning anything for tonight, were you?" she asked.

"Matter of fact, yes. The boys from the TV department are coming to the hotel. To talk over a TV promotion plan."

"Oh—?"

"Sorry. Arranged this yesterday."

"It—doesn't matter." But Patrice's tones were disappointed.

In the morning, when he came to his office, Paul was vaguely exasperated with himself. In kissing Patrice he had let down bars which he had never intended to lower—bars intended to keep his job at the store unaffected by entanglements. Inexplicably, he regarded the kiss as a triumph for her, a defeat for himself. He had in some way surrendered. It put him in bad humor which he found hard to shake off.

He buzzed for Maud Heller. "Ask Bernardine Sorel to come in," he said. He hadn't slept well. A thousand thoughts had been milling through his mind. In an effort to escape he had concentrated on the store, and at least one constructive notion had come out of the ordeal.

Bernardine, in a sweater and skirt, looked ready to model for the cover picture of a fashion magazine. Yet he saw that some of its customary glow was missing this morning.

"Sit down, Berry. Got an idea."

"At the lake?"

He shot her a surprised glance. "What would that mean?"

"News spreads fast."

"So what?"

"Nothing."

"Then drop the sarcasm. This is about Paris."

She waited, saying nothing.

"If we hired a designer," Paul said, "could you get her to make up dresses, coats, and so on, according to Paris specifications?"

"Certainly."

"We'll open Selby's Paris Shop. A corner in the fashion floor."

Her eyes narrowed.

"Our own exclusive numbers. The latest in Paris styles. You'd head the thing."

"Who'd make up the dresses?"

"I'll take that up with Randolph Green."

Her interest increased. "So Selby's will go into manufacturing?"

"We'll go into anything that boosts volume," Paul said. "The point is: can you handle your end of it? Running the shop?"

"Of course!"

"Okay. That settles that."

He turned back to the papers on his desk. Bernardine rose, clearly excited. Yet something was troubling her, conflicting with the eagerness. She couldn't wrench it out of herself. From the door she looked back at him.

"What—what gives, Paul?"

"What do you mean?"

"You and Patrice."

"Nothing gives!"

She forced a smile. "Know what I'm getting to be? Jealous. Jealous as hell."

This annoyed him.

"Don't be silly, Berry."

"Funny," she said. "For the first time I almost regret having to go off to Paris."

He turned to her in anger. "Will you cut it out?"

She finished in a half-taunting way. "Of course, Paul."

The day Randolph Green returned from his weekly buying trip in New York, Paul summoned him to a conference.

The buyer was nervous. He sat tense, his fingers pattering on the leather arm of the chair. It was hard to understand this perpetual unease in Randolph Green. And yet Paul had found dozens of reasons to admire the man's ability. He was still sending in special buys that were unquestionably a large factor in the steady increase of Selby's volume.

Lighting a cigarette, Paul explained the plan to open a Paris Shop, with exclusive styles, at the rear of the second floor. Whether this pleased Green, it was impossible to tell. He stared impassively at the floor.

"The point is," Paul said, "whatever numbers we run in the Paris Shop will be obtainable at Selby's only. We'll have them especially made up."

"By whom?"

"Find a manufacturer who'll work with us. That's your problem."

Green glanced up with sharpened interest.

"Let the work out on a cost-plus basis," Paul said. "We'll do our own designing. All we ask is workmanship. But damned *good* workmanship. Can you find a shop that'll do it?"

A new light seemed to shine in Green's eyes. "Of course!"

"Here's a chance," Paul said, "to throw something to the old sources you didn't want to drop. Cluss & Hein, for ex-

ample. Nothing wrong with their workmanship. It's their designs that smell. Think they'd go along on this?"

Green almost rose, but lowered himself again. "They—they'll go along," he said. "And if you're thinking of coats—"

"Shantz. I know." Paul smiled. "The only stipulation I make is that they quote us a fair price."

"Leave that to me!"

"Think we can get moving by the time Bernardine gets back?"

"You bet!" This time Green did rise. "How much work do you estimate there'll be? They'll all want to know."

Paul shrugged. "All depends on how well you and Bernardine push the Paris Shop. Don't make any big promises. Get 'em to come along on a trial basis."

The buyer nodded. When he left, it seemed to Paul that he had suddenly become a man with a purpose.

During August, while Conrad and Patrice were away on their annual vacation in Canada, Paul discovered that he could get along surprisingly well with Ben Lork. Though the controller kept a close check on everything that occurred, he offered few objections to Paul's methods.

Toward the middle of the month, however, he received a letter that quoted prices for the use of a helicopter. It began: "Referring to your inquiry of August 10th—" Because it had to do with costs, the note came to Ben's desk. Puzzled by it, he went along the corridor to consult the general manager.

"Say, Paul, what's this about a helicopter?" he asked.

"Oh, that. Christmas promotion."

"A *helicopter?*"

Paul smiled. "The idea," he said, "is to have Santa Claus flown in, circling all over town. Then we'll have him leave the helicopter by a rope ladder and come down on Selby's roof."

"You're kidding."

"Not at all. We'll dress a stunt man in a Santa Claus suit. Give the event plenty of advance publicity. I'll bet the streets around Selby's will be jammed with kids and their parents. It'll be the talk of the town."

Ben's face became grave. He stared at the letter, then shook his head. "No dice, Paul. I can't go along with that."

"Why not?"

"Sounds like something better suited to an amusement park."

"Santa Claus is for the kids," Paul argued. "I think the kids will go for it in a big way."

Ben became solemn. His voice sank. "Paul, I've been trying to go along lately with every notion you've had. But this one—it's exactly the kind of circus stunt I fought against from the beginning. Lacks the dignity we want for the Selby store."

"Will you still say that if we double our Christmas toy sales?"

"I'll still say that no matter what happens. Flying Santa Claus in by helicopter strikes me as—hell, like making a joke and a spectacle of the whole Christmas season. People in Williston are sensitive about things like that."

"Well, look," Paul said. "This is only August. We don't have to argue over it now. Why don't you leave it to me?"

"I'm just saying—"

"I know, Ben. You don't like it. Okay. Let me do the worrying over this one."

It was the only time they discussed it during Conrad's absence. Possibly Ben felt the idea had been dropped after his objection, because his normal spirits were soon restored—perhaps by the fact that summer business retained a high level.

Paul, however, did not forget the conversation. It made him foresee a serious Christmas struggle. . . .

Conrad and Patrice returned from their vacation soon after Labor Day, and the following morning the tall, gray-haired president of Selby's accompanied his general manager on a tour of the store. It proved to be an unsettling experience.

For Conrad saw too much that was unfamiliar. The interior displays had undergone changes in practically every department. As he went from floor to floor with Paul, he felt like a stranger who had been away for years.

There was, for example, the new Paris Shop. He halted, stared—seeing a corner of the fashion floor which had been completely rebuilt. Its walls had murals depicting the Place de la Concorde, with the Champs Elysées running off to the distant Arc de Triomphe, barely visible a mile or so away.

Bernardine, beautifully sun-tanned, came to greet him with a bright smile and a warm handclasp. "Welcome back, Mr. Selby!" She waved to the shop. "How do you like it?"

"Very impressive," he had to admit. As he blinked at the smartly dressed mannequins, he saw Paul and Bernardine exchange the glance of two people who had accomplished something spectacular. "How's it doing?" he asked.

"Better than I'd dared hope," Bernardine answered. "We may hit $200,000 this first year."

"That so? But production costs must be pretty high on those exclusive models—"

"Oh, we've licked that."

"Ben started to tell me last night, but we were interrupted." Conrad turned questioningly to his general manager. In a light gray suit, Paul, too, looked as if he had spent a good deal of August in the sun—though, actually, he had allowed himself only Sundays.

"Matter of fact," Paul explained, "all we did was pick three other department stores around the country—one in Texas, one in California, one in Boston. It took a few weeks of negotiation, but we put it over. They've all installed Paris Shops like ours. The four of us now use the same exclusive numbers. So quantity production has cut costs considerably."

Selby was thoughtful as he walked on. The daily specials, too, he saw, were still attracting crowds. As a matter of truth, things seemed to be flourishing in every department.

On the main floor he looked in surprise at a small counter, rolled along on wheels, on its way toward a Main Street exit. It was laden with plastic raincoats and umbrellas, and he remembered it had begun to rain when he'd arrived.

"One of our new movable displays," Paul said. "Some thing we've been trying out the past few weeks. In bad weather, for instance, we roll raincoats and umbrellas to the front, so they'll be the last thing people see before going out into the rain. Did good business last time."

Selby watched the display set up near the door. "Been using portable counters for—anything else?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. Several things. For example, we ran a special men's shirt sale last week. And among the shirt counters we rolled one of these portables piled high with women's hosiery, another loaded with women's gloves. A sign on each said 'Be nice to yourself, but remember her, too.'" Paul smiled at the recollection. "I guess when a man spends fifteen or twenty dollars on himself, he feels a bit guilty. Thinks maybe he ought to spend a couple of bucks on his wife, too. So when he sees a feminine display handy right next to the shirts he's just bought . . . Well, the two portable counters, hosiery and gloves, ran up an $800 day. . . . Next time we'll try the reverse: men's socks, ties, handkerchiefs and so on in the women's department during fashion sales.

All this was so foreign to the things Selby's used to do that its president found himself accompanying Paul in an increasing daze. After the tour, as he went toward his own office, Everett stopped him in the executive corridor. And Everett was enthusiastic.

"Hope you like the way things are humming," he said.

"They—they're humming, all right," Conrad granted.

"It'll be a year that builds up to a promotional climax at Christmas. Paul tell you about the helicopter idea?"

Conrad's eyes widened. "Helicopter idea?"

So, laughing with the contemplation of the Santa Claus spectacle, Everett outlined it. Obviously he felt it would be effective. But Conrad, though he concealed it, was appalled. He recoiled from the plan. . . .

Alone in his office, he sat down to think. With his elbows on the arms of his chair, Selby made an arch of his fingertips. He stared intently at the wall.

Though he was somewhat pale now, he looked well. The month in Canada had left him rested and clear-minded, and he could view things with new perspective.

A helicopter. But he pushed that aside. It was only one part of a pattern. Only a fool, he told himself, would deny that Paul Blaze was having remarkable success. Dollars were the proof. Yet Conrad could find no satisfaction in what he had found. All this reminded him too keenly of the Humphrey Lascot incident.

Humphrey Lascot was a middle-aged novelist who owned a summer cabin on the same Canadian lake to which Conrad went. Through the years, they had become fairly close friends.

And a couple of weeks ago Conrad and Patrice had driven into Three Rivers with Lascot to see a new motion picture based on one of his novels.

Conrad had found it an engrossing picture—taut, moving, extremely well acted. True, it bore only a remote resemblance to the book from which it had been adapted; the screen writers had taken incredible liberties. But what they had produced, Conrad secretly felt, was infinitely better than Humphrey Lascot's leisurely and somewhat obvious plot.

Coming out of the theater, Conrad had said with complete honesty, "It's excellent, Humph! Congratulations!"

To his surprise, Lascot had merely grunted. And when Patrice had squeezed his arm, Conrad had turned to see that Lascot's expression was bitter and disillusioned, and his eyes were filled with cynicism. "I don't care how good it is," Lascot had said. "It isn't *mine*. . . ."

Now, sitting at his desk, Conrad Selby could understand exactly how Lascot had felt. The store, too, was good; but it was no longer his own. It bore the mark of Paul's personality, not of Selby's. Like this crazy helicopter plan. The changes that were taking place were the measure of his own loss, he told himself.

Yet it need not be a loss. He sat up stiffly, took a cigar from his pocket. He frowned as he lit it. The final decision could still be his, and he intended to seize it.

As he tossed the match into a tray, his son-in-law came into the office. Ben was brisk and in good spirits.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

Selby said impassively, "Quite a few things seem to have happened around here while I was away."

Ben grinned. "They sure have! Things are going well."

"*How* well, Ben?"

"At this rate we should hit somewhere between seven and eight million this year."

Selby nodded. "Very good." After a moment he got up. His manner changed.

"You and Grace free Sunday night?"

"Far as I know, yes."

"Come over to the house. I'll call the others. I want a stockholders' conference."

Ben eyed him curiously. "Something wrong?"

Conrad Selby said only, "There's a matter I've got to discuss with you all. . . ."

Chapter 9

Sunday evening, contemplating the family group in the living room, Patrice thought it a pity that they gathered so seldom. Some had their idiosyncrasies—Mark Reickert, for example, with his rough, hard-driving ways. But fundamentally they were a decent lot. She liked them. Each in his own way had reached a respectable level of achievement. She sat on the couch, smoking a cigarette, looking about at them with a pleasant sense of possession.

"Something's come up which I'd like you all to think about," Conrad Selby said, glancing from face to face. "It started some months ago at an NRDGA meeting in New York. At that time Stephen Wolcott talked to me."

They had all heard of Wolcott. A major figure in the department-store industry, he directed the destinies of 23 huge stores throughout the country.

"The Wolcott chain is expanding," Selby continued. "Adding a dozen outlets next year. This summer, Wolcott came to see me to continue negotiations. The Wolcott chain wants to buy Selby's. They've made the kind of offer I cannot ignore."

The fact that someone had made an offer for the store was not surprising. Such offers had come at various times in the past. What was astounding was the fact that Conrad Selby appeared to be giving it serious consideration. Never before had he done that. The store was his birthright, his heritage, and in the past he would as soon have sold it as sell a part of his body.

Mark Reickert said with some uneasiness, "You—you turned the bid down, didn't you, Con?"

"I did nothing," Selby answered. "I simply agreed to pass the offer along to the other stockholders."

Martha asked quickly, "Did Mr. Wolcott stipulate a price?"

"That's to be based on the store's business at the time the transaction is arranged."

"Meaning," Martha pressed, "that every dollar Paul now adds to our volume increases the price?"

"Exactly."

Mark asked in amazement, "Con, are you saying you *want* to sell?"

"I have an open mind on the subject. This happens to be an excellent offer."

"*I* can't see why we even consider it!" Mark declared.

"On the contrary, I think it's well worth considering."

Dr. Philip Selby smiled as he tamped tobacco down in his pipe. It was a wan smile, almost sad in its understanding. No doubt Philip guessed that Conrad Selby felt *he* had already lost the store. Its control had been out of his hands ever since Paul Blaze had arrived. What difference did it make, then, if it were operated by a Paul Blaze or a Stephen Wolcott?

Martha, her face flushed, asked, "What—what sort of deal would this be, Con? Cash?"

"There'd be only a part cash settlement. For the rest—on an exchange of stock, all of us would get a proportionate share of stock in the Wolcott corporation." He paused, glanced at Ben and Everett. "Naturally, I made certain stipulations. I said we would not consider any deal in which Ben did not continue his position as controller of the store—at either his present salary or better—and the same, of course, goes for Everett. Wolcott has no objection to that kind of arrangement. In fact, he *wants* the store to be run by local personnel."

Philip inquired, "What about you, Con?"

With a vague smile Selby shook his head. "My position doesn't matter much now. I—I'll retire. I'm almost 63. Maybe it's *time* I saw a little of the world."

Mark Reickert pushed his heavy figure out of the chair. "This is ridiculous! No reason in the world we should sell out now! For the first time in years we're really going places!"

"You're wrong," Selby said. "At a time like this, when we're on the upgrade, we can get the best price."

"But we don't want to sell! If the store is valuable to Wolcott's, it's just as valuable to us!"

Ben declared, "I see no advantage in giving up our present independence. We don't need the backing of a chain."

"Doesn't make any sense to me, either," Everett said. "If business is going to boom, let it boom for us, not for Wolcott's."

Only Martha seemed to find the prospect exciting. Her eyes were bright. It was as if Conrad had suddenly opened visions of unexpected wealth.

He went on: "Wolcott has asked that we make up our minds by the end of the year. I'm putting it to you now so that you can give it thought. We can discuss it again some other time."

Mark Reickert said harshly, "Look, Con—you're not going to let the news of this nonsense get out to the co-workers, are you? Spread the rumor that the store's up for sale, and you'll kill the morale of the whole sales force!"

"I quite agree," Selby said. "I count on all of you to keep this confidential."

Everett asked, "What about Paul? *He's* entitled to know."

"I don't see why."

"He's got a potential stock interest—"

"His contract will be protected."

"How?"

"We can discuss that with Wolcott at the proper time."

Grace put in, "Dad, Everett's right. I, too, think Paul should be told what's in the wind. Seems to me the general manager is entitled to that."

Selby raised his brows. There was no sense making an issue of something which didn't matter. "Very well," he said. "If you all feel that way, I'll tell him."

Paul heard about the contemplated sale just before he was scheduled to meet with the store's buying staff. The shock of the news made him face Conrad Selby incredulously.

But at that instant Maud Heller came into his office to say, "They're waiting for you in the conference room, Mr. Blaze."

So there was no time to speak to Conrad with any degree of calmness. At this meeting the plans for Christmas promotions were to be laid out—a matter too urgent to be postponed. Most of the buyers had come in from New York for the conference. And though he was shocked by Selby's news, Paul had to leave him.

The meeting began at four. By the time it ended, after five, he found that Selby had gone home. He felt harried when he went into his own office. Bernardine was waiting, and she gave him a searching scrutiny. "You look beat," she said. "What's the matter?"

He sat down, ran stiff fingers through his hair, reached for a cigarette. "Nothing. What's on your mind, Berry?"

"Mostly you. You walked into that meeting like a ghost. And you don't look much better now. . . . Anything *I* can do?"

"No." His fingertips drummed impatiently on the desk. Selby had asked him not to mention the sale, and he could see the wisdom of silence. "No, Berry, nothing at all."

"Couple of things I *should* talk to you about. Only, you don't look in the mood. Maybe tonight—" She paused. "I'm fixing a cool supper. That's an invitation."

He gave her a forced smile. He was about to refuse—and then he knew he didn't want to be alone; didn't want to brood over having the ground cut from under him. He said abruptly, "Sounds fine, Berry. Thanks. I'll be there. . . ."

Her apartment was warm. While she worked in the kitchen he threw off his jacket, opened his collar, lay down on the long, modern couch. With his hands clasped under his head, he stared at the ceiling.

There was no use fooling himself. He had no desire to pour out his heart and his energy for the Wolcott Corporation. If they bought Selby's, he might as well quit.

As general manager of an independent store you could follow your own judgment. You were boss. You used your initiative; you enjoyed flexibility of decision; you shaped your own future. But once you became a puppet in a chain like Wolcott Stores, you did what you were told by a management board in New York. They bought for you, they set your prices, they established your policies, they even decorated your windows. . . .

While Selby's remained independent, it was easy to dream of some day owning a substantial share of the store, but he could hardly have that kind of dream about the Wolcott Corporation. At best he'd be another of 10,000 stockholders. . . .

Funny, he thought, looking at the ceiling. Funny as hell. By his very success in sales promotion he was shattering the goal he most wanted. The bigger Selby's volume now grew, the more determined Wolcott's would be to acquire the store. Could it be that this was why Conrad Selby's attitude had changed in recent months? No doubt Selby had long known about the offer.

That was how Bernardine found him when she came in to set the table—smiling at the ceiling in bitter understanding.

She made no comment. When the food was down, she waved to it with a casual gesture. "Come and get it."

It was a pleasant meal for a hot September night. It helped to restore Paul's spirits. He finally leaned back from the table.

"Sorry, Berry. Didn't mean to go sour. . . . What was it you wanted to talk about?"

"It can wait."

"No. Let's have it."

"Well—" She was stirring sugar in her iced coffee. "Paul—there's something I picked up in New York. I don't *like* to speak about it. On the other hand, you ought to know."

This was a tone he rarely heard in Bernardine—hesitant. He studied her curiously. Ever since the opening of the Paris Shop she had spent at least one day a week in New York. She had to keep in constant touch with the American branches of French couturières.

She said, "In spite of the way we've lowered costs on the French numbers we're having made up for the Paris Shop, we're overpaying almost a dollar a garment. So are the other stores that rely on us."

"Impossible," Paul said. "Ben checks every bill."

"The *bills* are all right. We take our loss on what Cluss & Hein charge to make up a dress; on what Shantz charges to make up a coat. I've checked with half a dozen other manufacturers, Paul. I tell you I can have the Paris line made up at a dollar a garment under the price Randolph Green is paying."

Paul's eyes narrowed. "Green's a good man," he said. "He wouldn't let himself be played for a sucker."

"*You* figure it out."

Paul raised his coffee, sipped it. His eyes remained fixed on Bernardine.

"Think Green's getting kickbacks, do you?"

"All I know," she repeated, "is that *I* can get the same work done at a better price."

An amused flicker came into Paul's eyes. "Berry, are you by any chance gunning for Green's job?"

To this she did not reply.

"Things begin to add up," Paul said. "The time you showed me the order he placed with Cluss & Hein—"

"Paul," she broke in, "I'm on the board of directors. I don't want to see the store gypped!"

"Am I wrong about Green's job?"

Bernardine deliberately put down the glass. "All right, so I want to get ahead."

"It would take an awful lot to make me shove a man like Green aside, Berry. He knows his business. And so far you haven't proved a thing against him."

"Ask him why he's overpaying."

"What do you expect him to answer?"

"Ask him why he doesn't go to other manufacturers!"

"Okay," Paul agreed. "I will. If you're sure of your figures."

"I'll have them on your desk in the morning." Bernardine rose. Her thumbs hiked up the belt of her skirt as she went to the window. He had the impression that her whole body was tense. As he contemplated her through the smoke of his cigarette, he recognized her driving ambition more clearly than ever before.

Not that he blamed her. Who wanted to stand still? And in the Selby organization the next step upward from fashion co-ordinator would be head buyer. It was a job to which she could not aspire, however, as long as Randolph Green held it. . . .

Rubbing out the cigarette, he rose from the table and went to stretch himself on the couch. "Why don't you quit sniping? You can leave Green to me."

Bernardine drew a deep breath, then began taking dishes into the kitchen. And Paul lay thinking. The possibility of the store being sold still darkened his mood, so that nothing else seemed very important—not even Bernardine's complaints.

When she joined him again, she had regained some of her normal good humor. She switched on the television. Half an hour later, when the program was over, she glanced down at his face. A slow smile came to her lips. "You look a lot better."

"Let's say you're the restful kind," he answered with a grin.

"I *am* good for you."

"Wouldn't be surprised."

"I ought to make you marry me. For your health."

He said nothing to that; he didn't even think Bernardine was serious.

She added, "Before somebody else gets you."

"Baby," he said, "I plan to go on being single a long, long time. I'm a lost cause."

She got up, crossed the room to seek another program on the TV screen. When she found something she wanted, she swung around.

"I'll be damned," she said, "if I know why I let you kick my pride around. I practically propose, and you turn me down. I wouldn't take it from any other man!"

Paul kept thinking about the possible sale of the store, realizing this was the one act which could bring his efforts to defeat. Whatever he might hereafter accomplish would be done for the Wolcott chain, not for himself, and he had no interest in Wolcott's. He certainly did not intend to spend his life as the manager of a Wolcott outlet.

The sense of frustration was still with him the week the Main Street windows featured Patrice's paintings.

For a time he had forgotten about them; but on this Monday morning, as he passed window after window, what he saw should have pleased him. In the left corner of each display a painting by Patrice stood on a small easel. The pose and costume of the mannequin beside it were accurate reproductions of the painted figure, and copies of the magazine lay open to Patrice's illustrations. It was all extremely effective.

Near the main entrance, Paul met Patrice herself. She had obviously come to see how Ripley's staff had treated her work.

"It's wonderful!" she said. "They did a beautiful job!"

"Glad you like it."

"I'm supposed to meet a *Reporter* photographer here at ten. Wants a picture of me in front of one of the windows."

"Everett must have dreamed that up."

She looked very well this morning, he saw. Her eyes were extraordinarily bright. It was good to have *somebody* happy about all this. He was aware that Patrice was suddenly sober, inspecting him with the intensity that always made him feel he was being photographed in her mind.

She said abruptly, "Paul, you need a vacation. You look tired. In fact, you've looked fagged for days."

His laugh was dry. "I'm all right."

"What's bothering you? The Wolcott thing?"

"Of course."

After that, she accompanied him into the store. She came all the way up to his office, her expression serious. When they were inside, she shut the door.

"You're taking it the wrong way," she declared.

"Am I?"

"The store hasn't been sold yet. I thought you were a smart operator."

"Overplayed my hand. I should have figured that when I started building volume some of the chains would become interested. Only, I saw Selby's as a sort of Gibraltar—something the family would never give up."

"They *won't* give it up! Not if you make them realize how valuable it can be—that the Selby boom has just *begun*—"

He looked at Patrice keenly. She could be right, he supposed. Perhaps his answer to the threat ought not to be surrender or even acquiescence, but redoubled promotion. If the future promised greater profits than Wolcott could possibly offer, why should anybody, even Conrad himself, dream of selling?"

Paul sat down behind the desk.

"*I* don't want to see the place sold, either," Patrice said. "And I've talked against it. But the final argument lies in your hands. It's got to be an argument in terms of dollars and cents." She looked at her watch. "I've got to go down to meet that photographer—but think it over!"

When she had left, a glaze came over Paul's eyes. He leaned back, staring at the wall.

Promotion—more and bigger promotion. Beyond doubt there was logic in Patrice's advice. If he could make the Selby boom so big that no Wolcott price would seem attractive enough. . . .

Restlessness was back in him. He could feel it in his stomach. He got up and paced the office. He ran a hand through his hair.

Build up volume to a point at which no Selby stockholder will want to sell. . . . Patrice was right. That was the only answer.

There were other things, too, to settle today. When Randolph Green came back from New York, Paul summoned him to a conference.

"Green," he said bluntly, "I'm told we're overpaying on goods for the Paris Shop."

Though he had begun to sit down, the buyer arrested the movement. He stiffened. Then he lowered himself more slowly.

"Where did you get that?" he asked. "There are four stores handling the line. This is the first I hear of overpaying."

Paul handed him a sheet of paper. It listed the half-dozen firms Bernardine had queried, together with the prices each had quoted. Randolph Green stared at it.

"Are—are these bona fide offers?"

"Absolutely."

Green raised suspicious eyes. "Bernardine?"

"She felt it was part of her job."

The buyer tossed the paper back to Paul's desk. "I see."

"Think you can get Cluss & Hein and Shantz to meet competition?"

"I—don't know, Mr. Blaze."

Paul studied the man's face, pale now. He could detect a nervous twitch of muscle. In a moment, he suspected, Green would have to eat one of his pills.

Paul went to the water cooler. As he filled a cup he said, "You puzzle me, Green."

"Do I? Why?"

"You're a damned good buyer. Best in the store. Yet every now and then you go off the handle on one of these cockeyed deals." Paul drank some of the water, fixed his eyes on the cup. "Which is generally the situation when a buyer goes in for kickbacks. He's got to earn what manufacturers give him."

Green's face was suddenly colorless. He rose. The flesh at his jowls appeared to be trembling.

"Mr. Blaze, I—"

"Take it easy, take it easy." Paul sat down, made himself comfortable. "Ranny," he said, and it was the first time he had called Randolph Green by his first name, "I've been in this racket a long time. So have you. I don't have to kid you. You don't have to kid me, either. All I want is to keep you working for us. So I'm just suggesting that Cluss & Hein ought to meet these prices—or else let's transfer our business."

This time Green was silent.

"Another thing," Paul went on. "You in debt?"

The direct question must have been a blow. Green drew a long breath. He said, "I—I owe *some* money. Who doesn't?"

"Much?"

"Couple of thousand. Why?"

"You'll make it up in bonuses this year. If it'll help, though, Selby's can advance it now. Just say the word."

Green started to answer, but the reply seemed to catch in his throat. He finally said, "That's—that's very decent of you."

"Only, let's not allow anybody like Cluss & Hein or Shantz to play Selby's for a sucker. Everything else can be straightened out." Paul got up. "Do we understand each other?"

Green looked at him a long time. His face was still white. At last he said in a constricted voice. "I guess I do, Mr. Blaze."

"The name's Paul. . . . Think you can get these prices adjusted?"

"I—I'm sure I can, Paul. Thanks. . . ."

With his resurgence of spirit, Paul threw himself into work as he had never worked before. He was no longer striving only to increase Selby's volume; he was fighting to achieve the kind of success which would put the store beyond a selling price.

He pressed with every idea that came to him, including the controversial plan to bring Santa Claus to Williston in a helicopter.

And his fervor was contagious. He could see his own rising excitement reflected in every co-worker. It was evident even in the way the Co-Workers Association prepared for the annual anniversary banquet, as though it were a special celebration this year. They had half a dozen committees devoted to the affair.

The 56th anniversary sale in early October—a full week's event embracing every department—was, as always, preceded by the Saturday-night banquet. It took place in the Pavillion, a huge dance hall outside Williston. The Pavillion was a barnlike structure that had once been a skating rink; but for all its lack of architectural beauty, it was the only place big enough to accommodate Selby's co-workers. The store now employed 920 people.

The executives and their families had two long tables of their own. At one of these, Paul was seated between Patrice and Grace. Almost directly in front of him, at the next table, sat Bernardine; and it seemed to him her eyes and his were constantly meeting.

It was a noisy affair. The seven-piece band blared throughout dinner, playing from the stage. Part of the floor had been left clear for dancing, and many couples rose between courses. But the small floor space was overcrowded; those at the executives' tables seemed content to wait until later, when the hall would be cleared and the dancing space made twice as large.

A group of co-workers entertained with skits. Since these concerned the tribulations of working in a department store, they proved intimate and hilarious; they lampooned everyone in Selby's with irreverent glee. In one sketch Paul saw himself impersonated by a man who rushed from department to department, his left hand waving a dollar sign, his right cracking a whip.

And when the show was over, George Weaver, the chubby master of ceremonies, stood in front of the microphone. He looked around, sweating and beaming, until there was silence. Then he spoke in the oracular voice so familiar to those who were accustomed to the Selby public-address system.

He introduced a group of six co-workers who had been with the store more than 40 years. When the applause for them ended, he called on those who had served Selby's for 25 years. This time more than eighty responded. He called on

the new general manager to take a bow, on several other executives. Then his tones changed.

"It is traditional at these dinners," he said, "that nobody is asked to make a formal speech. And we won't break tradition tonight. However, I'm sure that this year you are all as proud of working in Selby's as I am. This is the year in which we are establishing a new record in serving the public of Williston. I think there's one man in this room who would be very happy to *hear* how proud you are to work for him. I think, too, that you're all as anxious as I am to show him just how you feel. So I am going to ask him to rise and take a bow—and I hope you'll bring down the roof. Co-workers of Selby's, it is my privilege to present the president of our store, Mr. Conrad Selby!"

Conrad slowly rose. Whoever had been playing lights on the stage now turned the spotlight on him. He stood in it, erect, gray-haired, smiling as he waved a hand.

And the applause was overwhelming. It came in a burst that welled up louder and louder, accompanied by the stamping of feet, the beating of spoons on glasses and dishes, the cries of co-workers who were not content merely to clap. And while Conrad continued to wave his hand, the band burst into a familiar tune. It caught the ears of the crowd even through the din, and within a few seconds more than nine hundred voices were shouting:

For he's a jolly good fellow,
He's a jolly good fellow,
He's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny!

Through it all Paul watched the president's face. He saw the muscles of Selby's jaws tremble as he struggled to maintain the smile. Finally he bit his lip and lowered his head, and when he sat down Paul wondered if he had seen tears in the man's eyes.

He glanced at Patrice. She, too, had looked down. She seemed almost as moved as her father had been. . . . He bent toward her, starting to speak. Then he realized that at a moment like this it was wiser to be silent, and he said nothing.

Moreover, there was something else which kept him silent. It surprised him. It was hard to analyze, but he could find only one way to interpret this feeling. He *liked* Conrad Selby. . . .

Yes, in spite of all their clashes, in spite of the strain and the antagonisms that had so often cropped up between them, he had to recognize a genuine affection for the man. Conrad might be obstinate and hard to handle, but in whatever he did he was sincere. An honest opponent. He believed in his principles and he clung to them. And in fighting for them he had always conducted himself with dignity.

In short, it occurred to Paul, Conrad Selby was the kind of man he himself would have liked to be. And that, when you considered it, had certain aspects of grim, paradoxical humor. . . .

When the demonstration for Selby subsided, George Weaver announced, "The waiters will now clear the tables and make room for more dancing. So we'll call a ten-minute intermission. Stretch your legs!"

Paul whispered to Patrice, "How about a breath of air?"

She nodded. He had felt instinctively that she wanted to get out of this heat and noise. More accurately, she wanted to recover from a moment of emotionalism. As he guided her through the crowd, toward an exit, he saw Bernardine again. Bernardine was watching him with a curious expression—watching as he led Patrice away—not giving any attention at all to the young man who was talking to her. . . .

Hundreds of cars were parked outside the Pavillion. Moreover, the co-workers were streaming out for air and a smoke. So Paul took Patrice's arm and started toward the road. There were trees here, and they walked under them.

It was very dark. Patrice had drawn a wrap over her shoulders. As he glanced over her, he thought she had never looked more attractive.

She said, "Dad was—moved tonight. I—I've never seen him so shaken."

"It was quite an ovation."

"An evening like this *could* make him see that the new atmosphere of the store is good. It could even make him see *you* differently."

"That would be nice, but I doubt it."

"He's never had so much applause before. It certainly must make him realize you've done him no harm—"

Paul said, "It doesn't matter. He'll always see me as an outsider trying to push him aside."

"Maybe not. In time."

"Even time can't change it. I'm not part of the family, so I'll always be an outsider to him." He uttered a tight laugh. "Which means, I suppose, that for the sake of harmony in the store I ought to get you to marry me. Make me one of the family."

Holding her arm, he could feel her stiffen. Instantly he knew he had said the wrong thing.

She looked up at him.

"That was not very nice, Paul."

"I know. I'm sorry." His voice was almost inaudible, and he frowned at the grass. There was a sudden thumping in him, and he couldn't understand it. He had never felt this kind of nervousness before. He said, "It—it wasn't the way I meant it to sound."

"How *did* you mean it?"

"I don't know, Pat. Never before gave it any thought. Now that I've said it—well, it—it's got me hanging on the ropes. All of a sudden it seems like something I've been *wanting* to say—"

She turned abruptly, her face white. "Let's go back."

"Pat, I'm serious—"

"You're not. You're out on a limb, and you feel you've got to—Oh, let's forget it!"

He had an impulse to protest. But he choked the words. *What the hell's got into me?* he thought. Did he really want to marry Patrice? It was a wholly new idea. He scowled, not knowing what to say about it.

Patrice, too, was preoccupied. Dancing with Everett and then with Ben, she scarcely spoke.

Paul's proposal, she realized, had been as casual and impulsive as his kiss at Hollow Lake. She ought not to give it much weight. Yet it disturbed her. Maybe "disturbed" was not the right word; the truth was it *excited* her. She hadn't felt so stirred since the first time Victor de Lange had kissed her that unforgettable autumn in Paris. Even Warren Graham, whom she liked, had never roused her like this.

Looking back over the past months, Patrice could almost measure, like tracing its course on a graph, the change in her attitude toward Paul Blaze. She had begun by resenting and disliking him. Then, somewhat grudgingly, she had been forced to acknowledge his ability as a promotion man. And in New York she had found certain unsuspected traits which she had definitely liked—a touch of humor, of ease, of honest self-appraisal. Whether she had begun to respect him then, she wasn't sure; it might have been later, when he had made his talk to the Borden graduating class.

At any rate, her feelings *had* changed.

And now that he had spoken of marriage—even unwittingly—she found herself, for the first time in years, giving earnest consideration to what marriage to a specific man might be. And in this case she saw that it could be stimulating, exciting.

Did all this mean she was in love with Paul? She didn't know. She was confused. She needed time to think. . . .

Conrad Selby could not go to sleep that night. Long after Patrice had gone upstairs, he sat alone in the living room, puffing at a cigar. More than an hour passed, and he remained unstirring.

At two o'clock in the morning he heard sounds on the stairs. Patrice came down, binding the belt of her dressing gown, her eyes troubled.

"So you can't sleep, either," he said.

"I've been waiting to hear you come up."

He put aside the dead cigar. "Pat, sit down."

She dropped into a chair, facing him.

"That banquet did something to me," he said. "Seeing that crowd of co-workers, realizing they represented what I had built, what I had put my whole life into—" He shook his head. "Pat, I can't sell them down the river."

"I never thought you would."

"Shows you what can happen to a man when he allows himself to be motivated by—by chagrin, by anger."

"By resentment of Paul Blaze," she said. "But Dad, he hasn't done anything cheap or undignified. The things you used to fear really didn't happen."

"Some are on the way now," Selby said. "Like his Christmas promotion."

Patrice frowned. She had heard about the helicopter stunt. She couldn't help sharing her father's compunctions.

"Maybe I'm wrong about such things," Selby said with a sigh. "Everything that's happened in the past six months seems to *prove* I'm out of step. So—" He paused. "Pat, I won't sell, but—I'm going to retire."

Patrice started.

"It'll simplify matters," he said. "And October 15th is the ideal time." That was the date of the board's next meeting, coming just after the anniversary sale. "I want to step out, Pat. Leave it to the younger men. I'm tired of fighting against things like this Christmas nonsense. The only thing I'm interested in is seeing that Ben is elected president after me."

Though she was dismayed, Patrice hardly knew what to say; he had so obviously reached his decision.

"One of the reasons I want to retire now," he continued, "is that this year the president couldn't be anybody by Ben. Or possibly Everett. But another year—who knows?"

"There's nobody else!"

"There's Paul."

"Paul? Oh, no! He wouldn't—the board would never elect anyone outside the family!"

"I wouldn't be too sure. A year ago I'd have sworn the board would never hire a *general manager* who wasn't part of the family."

Patrice's glance shifted uneasily.

"Paul's ambitious," Selby went on. "And he's doing a good job. This year, Ben says, he'll probably hit close to eight million. If he promises them ten or twelve million the following year—" He shrugged. "Who knows? He'll be a stockholder by then. And from what I've heard, I know he'd *like* to get himself elected president."

"Who told you that?"

"The man he used to work for—Edmond Christie. Met him in New York. He was joking, of course. But he assured me that if he knew Paul Blaze, Paul would some day wind up as Selby's president—even if he had to marry into the family to do it. He was joking, as I say, but I believe it's fundamentally serious."

The words hit Patrice like a blow. She bent forward, started to speak; but she could find nothing to say. . . . Suddenly she wanted to get away. To be alone. She urged Selby to go to bed, then ran up to her room. When she shut the door, she looked at her pallid face in the mirror. And her eyes were stunned.

Had Paul's proposal been part of a premeditated plan? Another step toward securing a firm grip on Selby's? Self-promotion? Was he again trying to *use* her?

A shiver went through Patrice. She rose, threw off the robe. She got into bed, switched off the light. Then she looked up in the darkness, wide-eyed, too shocked to sleep.

Chapter 10

Two days after the banquet, when he came into the store, Paul sustained a shock. A memo lay on his desk:

> To all members of the board of directors:
>
> In order to allow you time to consider the matter of my successor, I am informing you now that as of October 15th I shall retire from the presidency of Selby's.
>
> CONRAD SELBY

It gave Paul a wrench. He went into Selby's office, but the president wasn't there.

Maud Heller said, "Mr. Selby's gone to New York for the day."

So Paul walked down the corridor to see Ben Lork. "What brought *this* about?" he asked, holding out the memo.

Ben was impassive. "Apparently he made up his mind Saturday night, at the same time he decided not to sell out to Wolcott's."

"Not to sell! Is that *definite?*"

"Yep. Notified the family yesterday."

All week the announcement twanged on Paul's nerves. He was still upset the evening Bernardine telephoned him.

"Paul?" she sounded worried. "Could I see you? I'm down in the lobby."

"Sure, kid. Come up."

She wore a smart fall suit of Oxford gray. When she sat down, her fingers pattered on the bag in her lap. Paul, leaning back against a table, watched her in perplexity. It wasn't often Bernardine frowned like this.

"Paul, I'm in a spot."

"So I see."

"You—you've got to be frank with me."

"Baby, I'm never anything but."

Her troubled eyes rose to meet his. "Last night I was out with Roger Halliday."

Paul lifted one brow. His expression became partly sardonic, partly quizzical.

Bernardine said bluntly, "He offered me a job."

"No kidding."

"Head fashion buyer. The same job Randolph Green holds here. And they'll pay me $2,000 a year more than Randolph gets."

Paul said without a change of tone, "They know what they're doing, Berry. Can't say I blame them."

"Oh, stop smirking!"

"I'm not smirking. Just admiring their good sense. They let Selby's build you up. They let Selby's send you to Paris and advertise your going and coming. They let Selby's turn you into a fashion authority. Then they hire you away. Damned good business. Provided you don't give a damn about things like loyalty."

"*I* didn't ask for it! They came to *me!*"

"Sure, Berry. I know."

"How far am I supposed to carry loyalty to this store? Is it a life sentence?"

"What did you tell Roger?"

"Nothing yet. First I—wanted to know what my chances are at Selby's." She looked down at the bag. "For a while I thought—"

"—that Randolph Green was on the way out?"

"Frankly, yes. But now he seems more solidly fixed than ever. If I stay in Selby's, where've I got to *go?*"

Paul's smile had a sad quality. "Reminds me of what a man named Christie once said to me: 'Once you're near the top you can't push much further.' . . . I don't know what to tell you, Berry. This is something you've got to decide for yourself. I'd hate to see you leave Selby's. You're good. You're tops. Don't know how we'd replace you."

Bernardine bit her lip. "Don't make it tough on me, Paul."

"Sorry."

She looked up with candor. "You know I'd rather work with you. But if this is all there is for me—"

"How far did you think I *could* promote you?"

"The—the kind of promotion I hoped for wasn't necessarily in the store. . . ." She rose, walked across the room to the window. He suspected she turned her back so that he would not see her face. And he felt uncomfortable. "Paul," she said, "nobody else is concerned about me—not anyone. I've got to look out for myself. This thing at Halliday's is a—big chance."

Paul contemplated his shoes. He was trying to hide the sting of Bernardine's words. To talk about loyalty, he knew, would sound hypocritical. Wasn't she doing to Selby's what he had done to Christie's? On what grounds could he protest?

He hated to see her do it. Apart from her value to the store, he was really fond of Bernardine. He supposed he could offer her an increase in pay. Still, he knew this was not what she wanted. She would never be satisfied, as far as her job went, unless she became the fashion head. And as for her private life, he suspected she would not be content until he asked her to marry him. . . .

Bernardine turned from the window. "They want their answer by the first of the month."

"It's up to you, Berry," he said quietly. "I hope you'll stay with Selby's. But you've come to the same fork in the road I faced six months ago. The only way to be happy is to make your own choice."

She drew a long breath. "In that case, Paul, I—I'll have to accept their offer." He did not reply.

The problem of replacing Bernardine could be serious. At seven o'clock that Sunday evening Paul telephoned Conrad Selby to report on it. "Like to talk it over if you're free," he said.

"Come along," Selby answered. "I'm dropping in to see Martha, but I should be back by the time you get here."

So Paul drove to the house on Warwick Hill. On the way, he became uneasy, primarily because of Patrice. Though he had seen her several times since the evening of the anniversary banquet, they had never been alone.

When he entered the house, Conrad Selby had not yet come home. But Patrice was there. And he at once sensed a strange coolness in her manner. It surprised him. Were they back, in their attitudes, where they had been six months ago? Surely the fact that he had proposed, even involuntarily, could not have left her offended.

He tried for a while not to notice the change. Lighting a cigarette in the living room, he spoke as easily as he could. Nevertheless, he couldn't evade the fact that Patrice, when she spoke at all, replied almost in monosyllables.

He asked bluntly, "Pat, what's got into you?"

She sat on the couch, her arm stretched along its back. It seemed to him that she was looking through him.

"*Some* things I can't take, Paul."

"What now?"

"Like being used as a step to the presidency of a store."

Paul stared. "What kind of crack is that?"

"I'll say one thing—you were direct. Even when you talked about marriage, you made it clear it was for the sake of the store."

"Pat! You're not going to dredge *that* up again! Just because I—"

"It falls into the pattern. You *came* here because you wanted to get a grip on the store. You've worked at it every minute, day and night, for six months. You've grabbed every means you could find—including an attempt to use me." Though she spoke quietly, her eyes flared. "But you'll *never* get the store through me, Paul!"

He pushed himself out of the chair. His face was as white as hers, and his voice was choked. "Wh-where'd you pick up the idea I wanted anything like that?"

"It was part of your plan even before you came here. Isn't it what you told Edmond Christie?"

At first he couldn't understand. Obviously she or her father must have had some communication with Christie, but what on earth could the Philadelphia merchant have said to suggest this crazy notion? . . . And then, in a revealing flash, he remembered his last luncheon with Christie.

"Pat—you can't *believe* a thing like that!"

"It's what you told Christie."

"In a joke! It didn't mean a damn thing!"

Now a taunt, almost derision, came into Patrice's voice.

"Oh? You wanted to marry me for myself—is that it?"

"Damn it, yes!"

She, too, rose. She faced him with increasing anger. "You came here with ambitions that had nothing to do with me, Paul! Ambitions that were concentrated on the store!"

"That has no connection with my wanting to—"

"You hoped, one way or other to become president."

"No!"

"It's what Dad believes. It's what I believe, too. Because it fits in with everything you've done. Everything you've said. . . . Oh, you'll come out all right at the end of the year. You'll get your block of stock. But when Dad tells the board what you have in mind—eventually pushing Everett and Ben aside as you've pushed Dad aside—I don't think you'll get a renewal of contract for *next* year! There are some things they won't sell out, no matter how high you build their volume!"

The front door closed. Patrice said, "Now you can talk with Dad. There's nothing more for me to say. Good night."

She turned and walked quickly out of the room. At the door she almost collided with her father. He looked after her in surprise as she went up the stairs.

"What's the matter with *her?*" he said. And then he turned to Paul. "Sorry to've kept you waiting."

Paul was staring at the stairs. He hardly heard Selby. Conrad said, "What do you want to do about Bernardine?"

"Nothing!" The word trembled with anger. Paul didn't care about Bernardine now. He'd had more than he could take. He certainly couldn't worry over a new fashion co-ordinator. The hell with that. The hell with everything. Rage against Patrice, against all she had said, blazed in him. He said to Selby, "This Bernardine thing will keep. See you at the store. . . . Good night!" And while Selby looked after him in amazement, Paul left the house.

Chapter 11

An air of tension held the October meeting of the board. With Conrad Selby retiring, a new president would have to be elected that day. When he called the meeting to order, Selby seemed more solemn than usual. Aside from that, there was nothing to indicate this was the last meeting at which he intended to preside.

He planned to save the matter of his retirement for one of the last items on the agenda. Now he began by calling on Ben for the controller's report.

It was impressive, showing that in the past six months Selby's gross had exceeded $3,500,000.

"With the Christmas season still ahead of us," Ben said, "we may expect that the total for twelve months will be somewhere in the vicinity of $8,000,000. This, of course, is beyond anything we had anticipated. I think the Board has the right to congratulate itself on the prospects for the future."

Ben finished and sat down. Except for a slight stir, the report brought no response. No questions. No comments. Selby waited patiently. When it was clear nobody had anything to say, he drew a deep breath.

"We'll have the report of our general manager next."

Paul rose at the far end of the table, buttoning his jacket. His lips were drawn in tightly. "I *prepared* a formal report," he said, "but this morning I tore it up."

The directors stared at him in surprise.

"I tore it up for several reasons," he said. "Whatever facts and figures you should hear, you have already got from the controller's report. As to what I myself have done during the past six months, there's no need to review the projects we launched. You're all aware of them. In the main they've been successful. They've borne out my contention that Selby's can look forward to vastly increased business in the years ahead."

He touched a handkerchief to his mouth.

"When I came to this store I had only one purpose—to create a business boom. I knew that in the process I might step on a few toes. I might hurt people. I might even have to push a few aside."

This was not the kind of report they had expected. Some of the directors exchanged uneasy glances. Conrad Selby himself, having begun to take a cigar from his pocket, forgot it.

"If I have been of any service to the Selby store in these past six months," Paul said, "I am, of course, pleased. These months—and especially the past few days—have taught me a great many things. Principally that I was wrong when I came here with the feeling that emotion, sentiment, call it what you like, had no place in business."

He was looking at the center of the table.

"I used to think that as long as I kept piling up volume I needn't worry about how people felt. In the long run, an increase of several million dollars would wipe out a lot of opposition. . . . That was a mistake. A very bad mistake in judgment. I've tried to assess what my six months here have meant to the store. In dollars and cents the results are good. In some other ways, however, they're bad—very bad."

His hands had been in his jacket pockets. Now he took them out, held the edge of the table.

"These six months have resulted in some bitter frustrations," he said. "Primarily I'm concerned with the frustrations they've brought to the president of this store. I can't help realizing it's because of my presence that he's resigning from something which means more to him than anything else in his life.

"This should not be allowed to happen. I see no reason for Conrad Selby's leaving the presidency. If there has to be a choice of his stepping out or my stepping out, there ought to be no question in anyone's mind as to what should happen. *I'm* the stranger here. The interloper. Somebody you hired to do a job. It's ridiculous that the president of Selby's should be uprooted for an outsider."

There was a stunned quality in the stillness.

Paul tried to find words that would make sense. His trouble was that he could not tell them everything. Too much of it had to do with his reaction to the contempt he had seen in Patrice.

He suspected that, like her, many of these people—whether they said so or not—must believe personal ambition was his only motivation in holding this job. Not that this was a stigma. Normally he would not have minded. But how could you go on working month after month when everything you accomplished must rouse the further contempt and distrust of people like Patrice, like Conrad Selby? Surely they would sooner or later communicate their feelings to the other members of the family. It was inevitable that all of them should come to regard him with distrust. A word from Patrice, a hint from Conrad, that he was striving for the presidency, could make even Everett recoil from him.

How much friendship, how much co-operation could he then expect?

Worst of all—and this was certainly something he could not say to the board—was the prospect of endless friction and conflict with Patrice. He wanted none of that. He'd had his fill. There were easier ways to make a living. There were stores where he could work *without* emotional entanglements.

"My presence here," he said, "has had a disrupting effect. There's no need for this to continue. The store is moving along at a fine clip. Its volume will continue to increase. So I do no disservice to anybody—nor to my own obligations—by resigning. With me gone, Selby's can revert to the *status quo*. Its president can continue in office. There need be no upheaval. You all happen to be people I like and admire. I'm convinced my going will restore the peace and good sense that should characterize an operation like Selby's. And so, with the hope that my act will make Mr. Selby reconsider his own retirement, I'll confine my report this afternoon to the single fact that I'll be leaving you tomorrow."

He sat down. The members of the board gaped as if he had lost his mind.

He knew he might have worked out the year of his contract. He might have waited to receive his stock bonus. But all that seemed unimportant now. It meant six months more of facing suspicion like Patrice's. Why inflict it on himself? He could devote these six months to finding a place with another store. It shouldn't be hard.

Everett, forgetting decorum, all but shouted, "What the hell's got into you, Paul?"

There was no way of answering him. It would have been absurd to speak of such a thing as sensitivity; to say that building business, even acquiring a block of stock, could be repugnant if in the process you lost the respect of those who meant most to you. . . .

At the Williston Hotel that evening, Paul packed his clothes. The thing was done. His bridges were burned. The sooner he made the break clean, the better.

He folded suit after suit into the grips that lay open on the bedroom floor. In the morning he intended to drive out of

Williston as early as possible. Why go through post-mortems with Everett, with Ben, with anyone else who might come up to protest? He supposed Bernardine would be here, too, before long—she had looked more shocked than anyone else at the conference table.

Yet Bernardine, he realized, was the last person who had any right to object to what he was doing. Wasn't she herself leaving Selby's? *Good old Berry*, he thought. *Always on the make.* He couldn't blame her. If your only aim was to get ahead, you couldn't afford to think of anybody except yourself.

He had been like that himself. The Malden boy on the way up. Ready to fight everybody and everything. And why? So that, in the end, he might become somebody like Conrad Selby.

Well, he had grown up. He'd learned something. People like the Selbys must not be defeated. They had to be preserved as ideals. They represented what all others like himself wanted to attain—dignity, respectability, integrity. Qualities like that had to be eternal; only a fool would try to destroy them or defeat them. . . .

At nine o'clock that evening, with his packing half completed, Paul remembered he had had no dinner. He picked up the telephone, ordered a sandwich, then went back to the grips.

A few minutes later, when he heard the knock, he went to open the door for the waiter. But there was no waiter.

He faced Patrice.

She stepped in quickly, a loose coat thrown about her shoulders. She wore no hat. Her blonde hair looked windblown. It seemed to him, from what he saw in her pale face, that Patrice's nerves must be coiled as tightly as his own.

He slowly shut the door behind her. Whether she realized it or not, she was the sole cause of what he had done this afternoon.

Her voice was low, quick. "Paul, we have only a few minutes. They'll be here soon."

"Who?"

"Dad, Everett, Ben. I drove down first. I—had to see you before they got here."

He frowned. "Let's take one thing at a time. What do *they* want? Why the visitation?"

"There's been a conference at the house. Martha, Philip—all of them. They want you to stay."

He shook his head. "That's out."

"They need you and they know it. They've been at the house since five o'clock, working things out."

"Working what out?"

"Your adding $3,000,000 to Selby's business this year. Nobody else has ever been able to do a thing like that. Do you think they're going to let you go without a struggle to keep you?"

"Listen, I—"

"They've got everything arranged."

There was another knock at the door. This time the waiter came in with the tray. When the man had left, Paul said almost harshly, "Will you please tell me what the hell's been going on?"

"Dad has agreed to become chairman of the board. Ben will be president. Everett's to be promoted to vice president. . . . It's all settled, Paul. They're all happy about it—and they'll spend all night to make you take back your resignation."

He was dazed, and turned mechanically to the tray. He took the napkin off it, looked at the sandwich, but he was no longer hungry. Tossing the napkin back, he ran fingers through his hair. He turned slowly to Patrice.

"Let's have the rest of it," he said. "Why did *you* have to rush up here first?"

"To tell you how ashamed I am."

"You? What've *you* got to be ashamed of?"

"Myself. What I've said to you."

"You said what you thought."

"I'm ashamed because I was—so wrong."

Now his eyes narrowed.

She said, "Paul, *I* know why you resigned."

"Do you really?"

"And—it made me feel humiliated."

"Why should my resigning hit you like that?"

"Because I thought nothing in the world was more important to you than getting yourself a—a piece of the store. Because I thought you'd go to any length to do it. . . . All you'd have had to do would be wait another six months, and you'd have had the stock you've been aiming for. But you're not doing it. You're throwing it away. . . . So there *are* things more important to you than stock, than—"

He seized her arms. His voice became hoarse. "Damn it, Pat, there are things a *hell* of a lot more important than a block of stock! But *you'd* rather listen to jokes by Christie!"

"Paul, I—I'm sorry. It was cruel. It was unjustified. I—I've come to apologize."

He swallowed hard then, and released her. "Okay. Okay, forget it. . . . Can't blame you, anyway. Asking you to marry me *for the sake of the store*—" He finished with a bitter laugh. "Of all the cockeyed things to say, that was the worst I could've picked!"

"Why *did* you ask me to marry you?"

"Why does any man ask a girl to marry him? Because I love you!"

Something happened to her whole face. Her voice, too, became gentler. "Do you realize this is the first time you've said that?"

"Is it?"

"I—I might not have taken that proposal so casually if you'd said something about love. But you didn't. Never a word."

"If you want it straight," he said, "I wasn't sure then. I wasn't sure till I found out how much it hurt to have you turn against me—to see the contempt—"

"Not contempt, Paul. Disappointment. If I was disappointed, it was because I—I'd begun to love *you*."

He tried to answer, but he found himself inarticulate. There were no words for this. Suddenly he pulled her into his arms. He kissed her hard, almost angrily.

"Asking you to marry me never had anything to do with the store," he said. "You've got to believe that!"

"I do."

The telephone rang. He glanced at it in exasperation. It rang again, and a third time, and finally he went to pick it up. "Yes?"

Conrad Selby's voice was crisp. "Paul, we're down in the lobby—Everett, Ben and I. All right to come up?"

He glanced at Patrice. She put a quick hand on his arm, nodded. He turned back to the telephone. "Sure. Come on."

He had never felt so stirred about anything in his life. His eyes went over to Patrice, and he held out his arms.

"Before they come up," he said.

They made the most of the few seconds alone. And then, as she stepped back from him, she remembered something. "There's only one thing Dad's going to plead about—that Christmas helicopter."

Paul rubbed a hand over the back of his neck. After a moment he said, "It—it *does* seem kind of screwy, doesn't it? I mean—when you consider the kind of store it's been, the kind of family that's run it. I suppose a circus stunt like that *doesn't* match the tradition of dignity—"

There was a knock at the door. As he turned to answer it, he nodded at Patrice.

"They're right, honey. We Selbys don't want circus tricks. I'll dream up something more dignified." . . . THE END

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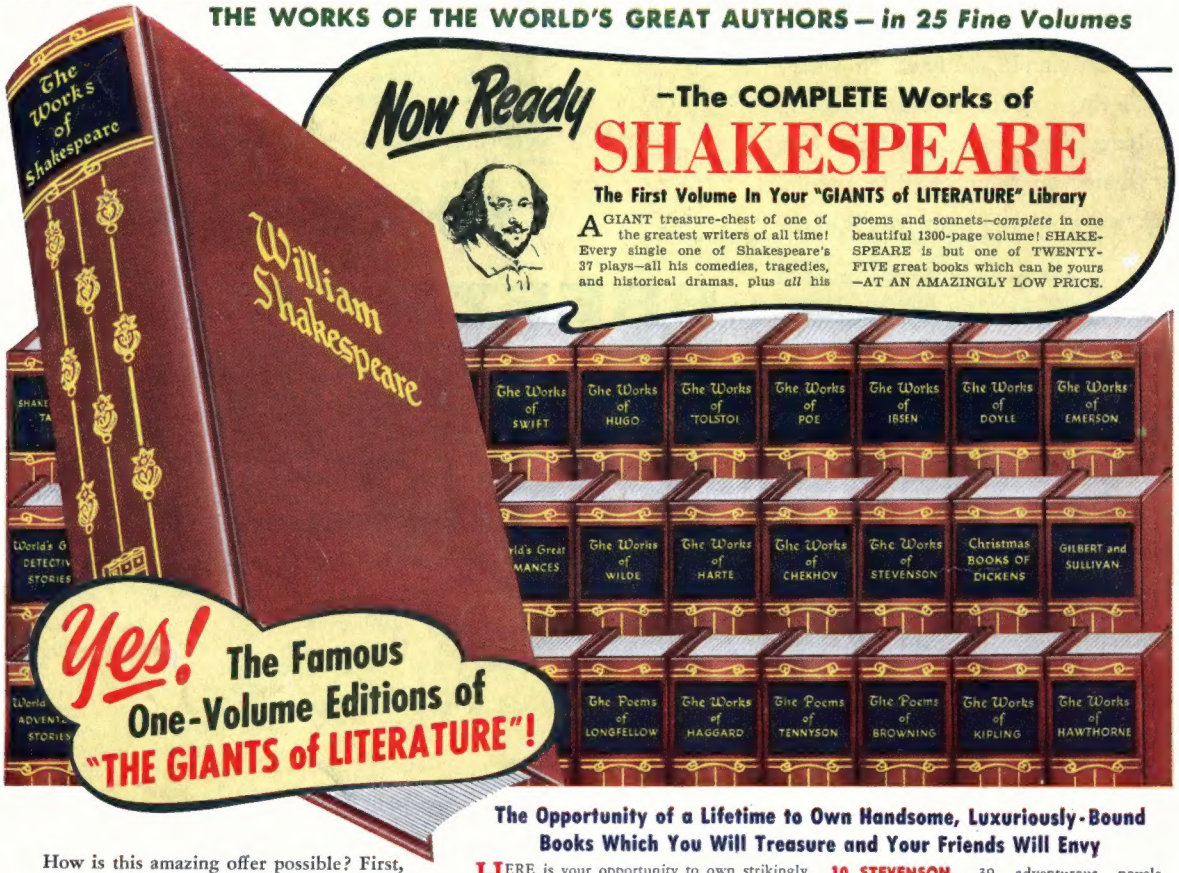

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